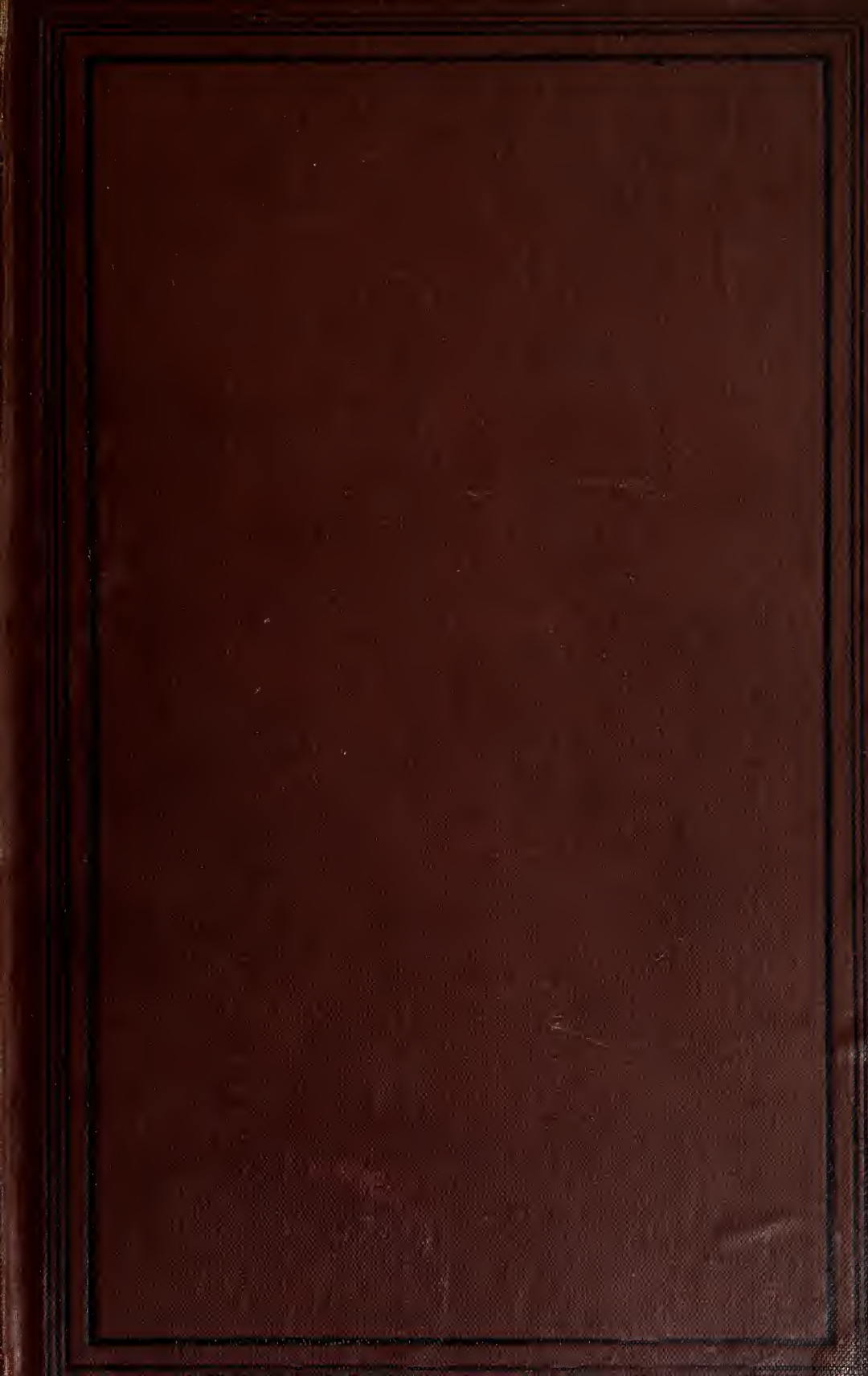






Ulrich Middeldorf



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SECOND SERIES.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE

LITERATURE OF THE FINE ARTS

BY

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, F.R.S., D.C.L., &c.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND DIRECTOR OF THE
NATIONAL GALLERY.

WITH A MEMOIR

COMPILED BY LADY EASTLAKE.

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MEMOIR

OF

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE.

CHAPTER I.

Analysis of character.—Birth, family, and education.—Plympton Grammar School.—The Charter House.—Haydon.—Resolution to be an historical painter.—First studies at Royal Academy.—Sir Charles Bell.—Mr. Jeremiah Harman.—First commission for a picture.—Turner.—History of John Eastlake.

IN perusing the life of a Painter the reader is reminded at the outset that it is the man rather than the artist who invites attention. The annals of a Painter's works may be comprised within a brief catalogue of subjects, dates, and patrons;—the critical estimate of them, as on most works of art which convey their own interpretation, may be given in comparatively few words;—the events in the life of a laborious and successful painter are generally scanty. It follows, therefore, that if the mind which underlies the art should not have found expression in forms of more general interest, there remain but slender materials for a memoir.

Nor is it safe to infer that a Painter's mind may in great measure be read through his works;—his mode of viewing Nature, his feeling for Art are seen in them; but the force or the refinement which they display are not invariably recognisable in the individual who gave them birth. It is a mistake to expect that we shall find the man always in har-

mony with his creations ; and this will be found to hold true in opposite senses. For if the powers of certain minds would seem to have been adapted by Nature to flow through the channel of the arts, and through that only,—leaving sometimes the rest of the man apparently the drier—there are, on the other hand, instances where the force of character and energy of will which assisted the painter's career would have ensured excellence in any path of intelligence ;—where the art, however attractive, presents but a portion of its author's mind, and where a true estimate of the man can only be gathered from evidence beyond that which his works can supply.

Sir Charles Eastlake, it may be asserted, was one of those painters whose art, however in unison with his mind, by no means conveys a just measure of it. He possessed a combination of qualities adequate to conduct him to success not only in pursuits congenial to the culture of art, but in those commonly held to be alien from it. He may be said to have been singularly endowed in this respect, that his strength lay in the union of two natures, rarely compatible ;—the accurate and judicial mind with the refined and ardent æsthetic sense. Whilst remarkable from early youth for the eager pursuit of learning, for indomitable resolution, acute judgment, and fine memory, he devoted all these faculties to the enthusiastic cultivation of a pencil the chief characteristics of which are delicacy of taste and refinement of feeling. And while in later years known for powers of organisation, capacity for business, and all that is supposed to belong to practical common sense, he combined these habits with the most sensitive type of the artist nature.

Yet, with all this enumeration of qualities,—rather instruments for good than good in themselves—small justice would be done to the object of this memoir unless the moral keynote to which the whole mental scale harmoniously responded were also given. It was here that the real

strength lay, for the deepest and sincerest moral convictions ever went hand in hand with his keenest intellectual purposes—giving them fresh meaning and dignity. While, happily, the analytical character of his mind never tempted him to doubts or speculations on those mysteries which appeal to a higher sense, he held all that came within what he felt to be the legitimate sphere of human reason with no weak or credulous grasp. In all conclusions and definitions which he arrived at, and in the processes which led to them, his mind was eminently clear;—so clear indeed that he could well afford to be temperate in maintaining them. And thus in the discussion of questions, whether of passing or permanent interest, he possessed the double advantage of firmness of position and moderation of manner. This systematic clearness of mental habit—the fruit as much of conscientious feeling as of intellect—lent itself equally to the transactions of every day life and to the patient search after those laws which govern even the perplexing problems of art. These problems are of so subtle a nature that if the writings of Sir Charles Eastlake on the deeper philosophy of art present difficulties to the unpractised reader, the cause may be ascribed rather to the nature of the subjects treated than to any defect in his method. For he was truly an expositor with whom few came even in passing contact without acknowledging a master artist in the arrangement of thoughts, and in quiet lucidity of expression. This was an impression which I venture to say he rarely failed to create, though in other respects his modesty and reserve, a certain anxiety of temperament, and a constant delicacy of health, tended rather to conceal than to display the range and abundance of his gifts.

The following brief memoir has been chiefly extracted from a collection of letters addressed to his parents and brothers, beginning from an early date. Little more has been left to me than the privilege of selecting such as tend

to show the gradual development of a remarkable mind, as well as the sure success which attends unrelaxing industry.

Charles Lock Eastlake—so named after his mother's step-father, the Rev. Charles Lock—was born at Plymouth, the 17th November, 1793. His father was Mr. George Eastlake, Admiralty Law Agent* in that town. George Eastlake was a man of energy and wit, and of liberal education, and played an important part in the improvement of his native city. The mother of Charles Eastlake was Mary Pierce, daughter of Samuel Pierce, of an old family settled for several generations in Exeter. She was a woman of very refined and gentle nature. Her son derived his features and expression from her. Charles was the youngest of four sons; the others being William, born in 1779, George, in 1785, and John, in 1791. All were men of more than average ability, especially John, of whom more will be said. The standard both of education and instruction was high in this family. Industry, application, and self-denial were strenuously taught and practised among them; and the habitual tone in conversation and letters between father, sons, and brothers, was scholarlike, cultivated, and accurate in thought and in expression. Charles was well qualified by nature to maintain the family standard; and a strong stimulus was early applied to the conscientious, painstaking, and highly ambitious disposition of the young boy, for his eldest brother William, fourteen years older than himself, and also a scholar and student of no mean class, took an almost fatherly interest and pride in his advancement. His early studies were conducted at the Grammar School at Plymouth, under the Rev. Mr. Bidlake. Charles also was one of the first pupils of Prout, the well-known water-colour artist, a native of Plymouth. He

* This office has been for three generations in the Eastlake family, and is now worthily held by Mr. William Eastlake, eldest surviving nephew of Sir Charles.

copied Prout's drawings, and, with other pupils, used to accompany Prout into the country and draw from nature. He also had lessons in French from a Monsieur Lelong; and a schoolfellow and fellow-townsmen still remembers the parts which Charles Eastlake and he took in the acting of a French play, called "Julius Cæsar"—Charles playing Brutus—which was given in the Old Assembly Rooms of Plymouth. Charles was then about ten years of age. This laid the foundation for the pure and perfectly pronounced French spoken by him in later times; and both the drawing and French lessons show the liberal standard of education laid out for him by his father. He was first intended, and I believe by his own choice, for the profession of an architect, and there is no doubt that the various acquirements requisite for a thorough knowledge of architecture held out peculiar attractions for him. At the same time, and in corroboration of the summary I have endeavoured to give of the many and varied gifts with which he was endowed by nature, I may observe here that the love of drawing does not seem, as in most painters, to have taken the lead of other pursuits in his youth. He could indeed hardly pursue it more ardently than he did all he undertook. What may be said to have been more strictly his voluntary delight and recreation was the art of Poetry. He committed much to memory, and composed many a rhyme. Of these early effusions a few survive which there is no occasion to notice further than as proofs of remarkable refinement of thought and propriety of imagery in one so young. He was also an enthusiast for music, had an ear of singular correctness, and was not devoid of mechanical power on more than one instrument. At the same time, though remembered as "always a quiet and a studious boy, "and determined to do well whatever he undertook," he partook ardently of boy's sports, was a skilful bird's-nester and a "dab at marbles."

Mr. George Eastlake had a small country home called St. Mary's Hill, in the beautiful village of Ridgway, in the parish of Plympton, five miles from Plymouth. Here, for a short time, Charles attended the old grammar school where Reynolds had studied before him. When he was fourteen years old, his father and eldest brother decided that his abilities warranted the supposed advantage of education at a large public school, and seem to have wavered in their choice between Eton and the Charter House. Finally the Charter House was selected. The boy was becoming by this time very impatient to distinguish himself. He writes from Plympton—where he felt he was not making sufficient progress—in May, 1808, to his ever dear and kind brother William, with an ardour not destined to evaporate with boyhood:—"In your answer to my former letter you seemed to think that I under-valued Latin and Greek. If I did make use of any expressions that might lead you to think so, it was only through my impatience of pursuing my professional studies, which I am sorry to say (though it is not my fault) have not been so hard this last year that I have been at Plympton as I could wish. After all the sanguine expectations that have been formed of me, if I should not answer them through want of study, the pain I should feel would infinitely exceed the disappointment of my friends. I know not whether this fear is pusillanimous or not, but in my present situation every month of retarded improvement seems a year." These few words are an indication of that fervent eagerness for knowledge which inspired him, and which subsequently, when entirely his own master, was pursued too ardently for his physical powers.

In the autumn of that year, 1808, Charles Eastlake was placed at the Charter House under the roof of the Rev. Mr. Watkinson—the Head-Master at that time being Dr. Raine.

On the 15th October, 1808, the boy writes to his mother

his first letter from the Charter House :—“ The regulations of the place, all of which I am hardly yet acquainted with, are for the most part very disagreeable. Mr. Watkinson, without any examination, more than asking me what books I had learnt, &c., put me in the ‘ Shell,’ but I find that the boys from the ‘ Shell ’ downwards are fags to the upper boys, and I am unfortunately included in the number. So disagreeable, indeed, is my position at present that I have written to William ” (his brother was then in London) “ to speak to Mr. Watkinson to put me into the fourth form, where they are exempt from fagging ; for though the work is much harder there, yet I would rather fag day and night at my books than be constantly employed for the whims of boys, precluding the possibility of studying, for this is really the case. At times I look forward to melancholy prospects, but I daresay I shall soon be comfortable. The thing is, I am now undergoing a change from what you called the Mathematician and Philosopher to the school-boy . . . I have a very good bed, and find everything comfortable except the unprivacy of the place we sit in. There are about sixty of us in a little room about 16 feet by 9. . . . The boys are so thick about me that I cover over every line as I write, so I suppose I have made a pretty scrawl.” . . . The young gentleman, however, appears to have had no lack of liberty and to have turned it to abundant use. In this same letter he says :—“ I have seen the Panorama of St. Petersburg, and went to the Opera House. It was the only thing in London which exceeded my expectations, except St. Paul’s. The streets, &c., were very nearly just what I thought they would be. The first day I came here I walked to St. Paul’s and Cheapside by myself, and the next morning went from the Gloucester Coffee House down to Westminster, over the bridge, from thence to the

“ Obelisk, then home over Blackfriars, and did it in less
“ than an hour. Tell Mr. Jope I have been through Dyot
“ Street” (a place noted for thieves) “after night, but it
“ was by accident and with William. I also know all
“ the intricacies of the Seven Dials, and in short am quite
“ a cockney. Give my love to John, and tell him he can’t
“ crow over me any more about his knowledge of town
“ life, and that everything he has told me is exaggerated
“ beyond measure.”

I purposely give extracts from these youthful letters—for no boy was ever more truly father of the subsequent man. Affectionate as was the spirit of his home, Charles was no petted child. He had enjoyed no indulgence under the paternal roof, except the love of his mother, and the facilities for his unlimited ardour for study. He had run the educating gauntlet of elder brothers’ persecutions—loving and excellent as they were—himself more refined and timid, but also as manly as any of them. There was, as I have endeavoured to show, a curious cross between the resolute will, inflexible principles, and contempt for labour, with the sensitive mind and delicate organisation; and it is in the harmony of these opposing forces that the true key to the comprehension of his character is to be found.

The next letter to his mother is equally characteristic.

“ Oct. 24, 1808.—Next Sunday I am asked with William
“ to dine at Mr. Jones’, where we are to meet Friend the
“ Astronomer. (You recollect ‘Friend’s Evening Amuse-
“ ments.’) Though you may think I am very comfortable
“ in going out so often, yet I am one who cannot enjoy the
“ present for the remembrance of the future. I allude to
“ when William returns home. However, can I succeed
“ in getting into the fourth form, I shall be comfortable
“ enough, but my present situation is most painful, as
“ I am in the agonies of suspense. . . . We have
“ a library here, to which I have subscribed a guinea.

“ There are a great many valuable books ; among them is
“ the ‘ Encyclopædia Britannica,’ ‘ Carey’s Maps,’ &c.
“ These two works, however, I have not the privilege of
“ perusing, being an under boy. . . . We may always
“ go out with a note of invitation ; and, while an under boy,
“ a man always attends me to the door of the house I
“ go to. This gives rise to innumerable impositions, which
“ the boys call ‘ fudging out.’ They write a note to them-
“ selves, get a day-scholar to put it in the post, and then,
“ when the man goes with them, call at a friend’s house, and
“ walk about the town the rest of the day.”

The Charter House episode was very short. Instead of getting into the fourth form, the boy’s determination and his father’s liberal sympathy soon removed him from school altogether.

Haydon the painter was a fellow-townsmen of Charles Eastlake. He was nearly eight years older, and just then in the first flush of temporary success. The latent feeling for art, in all its forms, in the young mind needed less eloquence than Haydon possessed to call it into life. A sense of the power and charm of pictorial art as combining accuracy of hand and eye, with refinement of taste and abundant erudition, burst at once upon him, and impetuously, and almost impatiently, declared itself in a resolution to be an historical painter. But this cluster of attractions may be better described in his own mode of reasoning—for he reasoned on all he did. (*June*, 1809). “ I was always particularly attached to
“ Poetry, and latterly used to regret that it was not
“ more substantial, so that I could make a profession
“ of it. But I have now entered upon that which, as it
“ were, embodies Poetry, and can safely say that in Paint-
“ ing not only the feeling of the Poet is required, but
“ a mind that can submit to be fettered by the most
“ unalterable rules of the deepest theories, though still

“ joined with feeling, and at the same time combined with
“ the hardest mechanical labour.” His letter to his father, announcing the determination he had formed, shows a union of cool reasoning and intense ardour very remarkable, however boyishly expressed in some respects, in a lad just turned fifteen. He had found the real purpose of his life, and pleaded for it with all the persistence compatible with unwavering filial piety. And in perusing this and following letters it must be remembered that while Charles Eastlake — boy and man — had a sense of duty towards parents and superiors which is only too rare, yet the peculiarity of his home education had practised and developed in him a power of argument which virtually put its possessor on a temporary equality with all towards whom it was used.

“ GLOUCESTER STREET [his brother William’s lodgings],
21 Dec., 1808.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ You will at first be doubtless greatly surprised
“ at the contents of this letter, but I hope that you will
“ both peruse it and judge of it seriously.

“ In the first place, it is necessary to inform you that my
“ profession is unalterably fixed—it is that of an historical
“ Painter. My enthusiastic propensity for it, my ardent
“ desire to begin my studies, and my future reputation as
“ a Painter, require that I should leave the Charter House
“ immediately. Though as to leaving it literally immediately, I myself do not wish it, as (were I to come away
“ this vacation) I should have a quarter to pay and receive
“ no benefit from it in the classical way, but at the end of
“ these holidays I would give notice of quitting at Easter.
“ To this there are, I know, objections. First, that I
“ should sacrifice all improvement in the classics—that
“ I should lose the chance of forming connections that
“ would be afterwards serviceable to me in life—that I
“ should not have been there long enough to derive any

“ advantage from the noise and bustle of a public school—
“ and lastly, that I should have paid eight guineas entrance
“ for so short a time. I answer thus. The improvement I
“ have made in the classics at the Charter House this last
“ quarter has certainly been something, but the improve-
“ ment I have made under Mr. Jones now in three days,
“ for an hour a day, is as much as I should there make in
“ three weeks, and William is satisfied by Mr. Jones’ argu-
“ ments that I should learn twice as much by myself as
“ I should at such a school. As to connections, if there
“ are any worth forming, and there are very few if any, it
“ would be among the Gown boys, and they live in a
“ separate house; so that it is next to impossible to be
“ intimate with them.

“ As to gaining a knowledge of the world from the noise
“ and bustle of a public school, the Academy is the place
“ for that, and Haydon, in his impetuous way, has offered
“ to introduce me there directly,—but all in good time.

“ Then as to the last objection” (the eight guineas entrance)
“ I am under no apprehension that my dear father will
“ think that the least obstacle to my quitting the school,
“ and the object I am in pursuit of would be more than
“ a sufficient excuse to the masters for my so doing. . . .
“ William thinks I should first come down and study the
“ sciences at Plymouth; but whatever are my studies in
“ addition to painting, London (to use William’s own
“ words) is the field for action. . . .

“ Under these considerations I should hope my dear
“ Father will not hesitate in making me happy. George
“ has only told you the *tricks*, William will tell you the
“ *vices* of the school I am at; and if he does not regret
“ sending me there, he confesses that it will be a miracle if
“ during my stay I get into no scrapes. I am persuaded
“ you think me proof against the various depravities I
“ allude to, but to use your own memorable expression,

“ ‘Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.’ The
 “ vices I daily witness are more than *Guttas*, and perhaps
 “ I am not equal to a ‘*Lapidem*.’* But why should I
 “ endeavour to influence your mind thus? I have one
 “ argument stronger than any, which is that the happiness
 “ of your youngest son (whom I am persuaded you love) is
 “ called in question. I am sure you will not check the
 “ ardour of my mind—indeed, I never knew what it was to
 “ like a profession till now.

“ I need only add that William acquiesces in your
 “ decision, whatever it may be, or, in other words, that I
 “ only wait for your answer to ratify and confirm my fate.
 “ Recollect, my dear Father, that my happiness or misery
 “ now depends upon you. . . . I wish I could think
 “ on anything stronger to convey to your mind an idea of
 “ the anguish (for it is more than solicitude) I feel while
 “ expecting your answer. But when I consider your kind-
 “ ness I fondly anticipate the result. Above all I must
 “ remind you that this is not the effect of the mere
 “ ebullitions of a fervent imagination—it is an irresistible
 “ propensity which will remain (if not untimely nipt) for ever.
 “ And when I cease to be a painter I almost cease to live.

“ Your affectionate and dutiful son,

“ C. EASTLAKE.”

The father formed a just measure of his son’s character, and took him, at whatever personal sacrifice, from the Charter House forthwith, placing him under Haydon’s care. By January, 1809, the young aspirant was established at 3, Broad Street,—where Haydon had formerly lodged. He writes to his father at that date:—“ I shall make it the
 “ business of my life to attend strictly to the kind admoni-

* These remarks, penned more than sixty years ago, will be taken for what they are worth. They are only retained as characteristic of the young writer.

“ tions contained in your letter. I shall set apart two
“ hours every day for the exclusive study of the classics.
“ Mr. Jones says that if I give up an hour every day, that in
“ a year I shall be able to read any Greek author. What I
“ principally want is to be able to read Homer without a
“ Lexicon, and I shall set about it forthwith. But all my
“ studies must be subservient to the grand one of Painting.
“ Fuseli, for instance, is an excellent classical scholar, and
“ has published two editions of Homer, but he knows
“ nothing of the mechanical part of the art. . . .
“ Haydon is very kind to me indeed. He mentions me
“ always as his ‘Fellow-in-arms and comrade of the War.’
“ . . . He has taken me twice to Lord Elgin’s, and
“ introduced me there to Mr. Hamilton, a friend of Lord
“ Elgin’s, who has been at Athens. I have seen and
“ touched those very friezes which I admired so much in
“ Nicholson’s ‘Architecture;’ and those little figures which
“ are actually half as large as life are the triumph of
“ Sculpture, though their beauties could never have been
“ seen from the ground, and they were intended merely as
“ ornaments to the cornice.” On February 17th, he
reports having obtained from Mr. Northcote a ticket for
Mr. Carlisle’s lectures on anatomy (at the Royal Academy)
—that he was drawing from the Hercules to qualify for
admission as probationer at the Academy, and that he was
impatient “to attend Bell’s” (Sir Charles Bell’s anatomical
School). “I shall, I suppose, finish the *theory* of anatomy
“ this evening, so that I am nearly prepared for the
“ *practice*. If you were to put Painting, Sculpture, and
“ Architecture out of the question, I think I would rather
“ be a Surgeon than anything else.”

At this time, 24th February, 1809, at midnight, Drury
Lane Theatre took fire and was burnt down. Charles
Eastlake spent the night in the street, climbed the railing
into the portico of Inigo Jones’ Church, “but was forced to

“ retire behind the pillars every minute, the heat was so “ excessive,” and writes home a letter full of little sketches of the scene, which he also commemorated by a poem.

On March 19th he announces to his brother William that he had gained admission into the antique School of the Royal Academy by a drawing of the back view of the Discobolus. “ Haydon gave me a very handsome letter of introduction to Fuseli, who was very kind, and said he should “ take pleasure in giving me any instruction while in the “ Academy. Since I have been there I have done two “ heads, and the front view of the Discobolus, *by which I “ might have got my ticket*, and become a regular Student, “ but as there was a little risk, and I am in no hurry, “ I chose rather to wait until after the vacation. The “ Academy closed yesterday and will not open again till “ July. On Friday night, Monro, Dr. Monro’s son—a “ great friend of mine—proposed to me to have a model “ in the vacation so many times per week to draw from. “ This spreading about, sixteen students agreed to subscribe, and we all left the Academy and repaired to the “ Hall; and after a great deal of speechifying, clapping, &c., “ Monro and another were appointed to find out some convenient room for the students and model to sit in and “ draw. . . . We shall meet again and nominate a President, Treasurer, and Secretary. It will not cost more “ than two shillings a week. We shall draw every night from “ 6 to 8, or from 5 to 7. My time has been well employed “ at the Academy. I rise early, and sometimes draw before “ breakfast, &c., &c., in my own rooms. At half-past 9 “ I go to the Academy and draw till 5—from 5 to 6 dine “ and take a walk, and from 6 to 8 am at the Academy “ again. Then, from 8 to 12, Latin, Greek, and Drawing.”*

We look in vain in these youthful letters for the signs

* In these early Academy days his fellow students used to banter him on his age. “ Well, Sir ! are you fifteen yet ? ”

of the *boy*, and equally in vain for that precocious coxcombry which generally takes its place. The only signs of the age are its ardour and its openmess, and yet these always expressed in language beyond his years, with a keen argument, an inflexible principle, and a steady purpose. Charles's natural logical powers, as I have already observed, had been early practised in the usual word-fencing with elder brothers. He was their pride and delight—nevertheless he had lived the defensive life of a junior member. In the April of this year, 1809, (still only 15,) a check upon his expenditure, in which he was supposed to be becoming too profuse, took place; and openmess and argument (and happy the father and elder brother who have no worse confessions to hear) “as to the cause of this sudden “bankruptcy” accordingly follow. He owns first, (this letter was to his brother William,) to laying out “a pretty large sum “in plates and casts,” and then to having instituted a practice of paying his lodgings per month, instead of per week, by which so fictitious a sense of riches was created that “I “astonished my friends with another influx of plates and “casts.” Then come statements of very small debts, and a confidential explanation that Haydon had told him that before finishing his first picture he owed £70. “As I do not “wish to let my fate depend on my first picture, as he “owns he did, as to money matters, I take this early “opportunity of mentioning the danger as soon as I “perceive it: and though it is as irksome for me to tell as “for you to be made acquainted with *this* evil, I am confident it prevents a *greater*—viz. : that of being involved “in debt without my father's knowledge. . . . The “sum of all that I have been saying is that I request you “to allow me £8 per month. However, should this not “meet with your approbation, I need not tell you that I am “ready to die for my profession, which I like ten times “better than ever. Had I now just left the Charter

“House my ardour would have been damped ten degrees, “whereas it is now rising (tell John) in geometrical rather “than arithmetical proportion.” He also owns to two more expenses “which I have not been able to resist, “viz. : buying Sir William Jones’ Institutes of Menu, and “going to see the Panorama of Great Cairo ;” and finally he confesses to having subscribed two guineas for a seat in Fitzroy Chapel, which was attended by Haydon and Wilkie, where two pictures by West still hang, and where at that time Sydney Smith preached.

This letter is not necessary to prove the radical difference between Haydon and his pupil, as much in their views of life as in the character of their art. No two men were ever more opposed in these respects. Poor Haydon made no exception to his habits in favour of the young lad, and money borrowed and never repaid soon caused a coolness between them. At the same time it would be most unjust and ungrateful not to own that Haydon’s great intellectual qualities and powers of appreciation were highly congenial and favourable to his pupil. A reference to Haydon’s biography will show how often he quoted the judgment of his young pupil when dealing with the higher philosophy of art.

It may be stated here that the principles laid down by Charles Eastlake as a lad of fifteen were never departed from. That *intensity* of conscientiousness—that truly religious horror of defrauding the labourer of his hire—which in after years made him anxious to pay his servants their wages on the morning rather than the afternoon of the quarter day, never diminished. However generous in benevolence, however profuse in all that concerned his advance or his pleasure in art, he never owed a pound that he could not command the immediate power of paying.

During the month of April, 1809, Charles Eastlake paid the necessary premium of five pounds—which had been in some jeopardy during the late embarrassments—for

admission into Sir Charles Bell's School of Anatomy, and began to draw the bones separately. His remark on being first introduced to the great anatomist, and one of no contemptible weight even from the inexperienced lad, was—"He is the most gentlemanly man I ever saw."

He was now, as he tells his father, "working as hard as my strength can reasonably allow"—and even, it is to be feared, beyond it—for every fresh opportunity only induced corresponding extra exertion. Speaking of the approaching celebration of the Jubilee (the completion of the 50th year of George the Third's reign) he says, "If there is an illumination I shall draw all night." He also reports that he could read Virgil without requiring the lexicon, and had made great progress towards a similar familiarity with Homer. At the same time there grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength a most just and clear discrimination of the nature and object of art;—what is oftener felt than defined by the juvenile student, and of which the outside world have rather vague notions. Brother William had got a little out of his depth in this way, and is thus satisfactorily answered by the accurate young philosopher of fifteen. "*September, 1809.*—I find that there is a misunderstanding between us with respect to my beginning to paint, inasmuch as you think that I want to transfer my *ideas* to canvas, whereas I only want to learn the mechanical part of painting by copying from nature. I must learn the language of art before I can express ideas. This is at once an answer to your queries; and what may tend to enforce it not a little is that Sir Joshua Reynolds used to think the mechanical part of painting of more consequence to be attained than drawing itself—though in this I myself by no means agree with him. In the beginning of your letter you say that the motto '*Infelix qui paucā,*' &c.,* is applicable to me in general matters,

* "*Infelix qui paucā sapit, spernitque doceri.*"

“ though you joyfully bow down to me on subjects connected with art ; but at that rate there is no occasion for quoting the motto at all, as art was the subject discussed. Of the two parts of painting, the mechanical and the intellectual, I certainly agree with you that the latter is the most difficult—indeed, so difficult that it cannot be acquired (in a certain sense) at all. Mr. Charles Bell has gone as far as it is possible in the doctrine of expression, and that doctrine any one now can learn ; but the combinations are effected by the artist’s feeling. As to attempting to discover the *cause* why certain muscles of the face are put in a certain action when a particular feeling is excited in the mind, this is beyond human comprehension and ever will be. I firmly believe myself that the will is conveyed along the nerves to every limb before it can move (except in involuntary motion) ; but all these ideas are merely hypothetical, since in these things it is impossible to discover the secrets of nature.”

His determination to master the difficulties of drawing was in accordance with the thoroughness of his character, which tolerated no carelessness in the foundations of any study or structure. “ Nothing is stronger than its weakest part ” was ever his favourite maxim. When he had applied himself to drawing for about six months, he sent some specimens home to his family with these observations :—“ My friends here all think that I have got on very well considering the time ; but I have not yet got that specious, masterly dexterity of handling the chalk which among superficial observers passes for the greatest excellence of the drawing, whereas it is only the ornament. If, therefore, the drawings you have seen and will see do not answer your expectations in this particular, it is because, to use the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, ‘ I do not prefer splendid negligence to painful and humiliating exactness.’ ”

In December, 1809, he obtained admission into the Life

Academy by a drawing of Cupid and Psyche ; and in April, 1810, the silver medal at the Adelphi by one of a bas-relief. Some of his designs at this time were seen by Mr. Jeremiah Harman, the well-known banker, who possessed a fine collection of pictures by the old masters. This gentleman, who subsequently became his most kind and liberal friend, immediately proposed that Charles should execute a picture for him. He suggested the subject of the Man possessed with demons coming out of the tombs, but a classical subject attracted the young lad more. One, accordingly, was chosen by him from which he expected great results, and which entailed much reading up of authorities and even buying of books. Pausanias—a quarto edition in French—Macrobius, &c., were purchased, and his brother William appealed to, as if life and death hung on it, for any authorities regarding the Panathenaic festivals. The letter winds up with this practical application by the youth of sixteen : “ Such a work as painting an historical “ picture may be divided into two parts—the conception of “ the subject, and the execution. The conception of the “ subject must be assisted by all possible information “ respecting it: that information is contained in books ; “ these books cost money. The execution of the subject is “ assisted by oil, paint, and brushes ; and these things also “ cost money. Now comes the Q. E. D. of my proposi- “ tion,” and a financial difficulty was stated. What was to be done with such a young reasoner ? It is but fair to both parties to state that money was liberally given and carefully spent ; but there was one error on the part of his family which the recipient had no difficulty in expressing in the clearest language. “ Nothing disturbs plans of economy “ more than irregularity in the receipt of money. I know “ that I am very liberally supported both with reference to “ your means and my wants ; but there is a lamentable “ want of economy and system in the method of affording it,

“ so that what is in itself liberal, very liberal, is rendered, “ by want of management, paltry and insufficient.” They failed to send him the promised sum at the stated times. Delays in remittances caused anxiety, and led to what he terms “ almost monastic privations,” which meant pinching of everything but his art, and to borrowings, however small in scale. And then the logical consequences were stated ; “ and if I borrow I must lend.”

Nevertheless, in July, 1810, he was rapidly progressing with this his first essay in oil and composition, when he discovered by further classical researches that the subject he had chosen was one not desirable in all respects to record. After much heartbreaking, therefore, at the loss of time incurred, the subject was abandoned, and that of the Raising of Jairus’ daughter, by the concurrence of Mr. Harman, chosen in its stead and painted on the same canvas.

At this time intense application and the late disappointment seem to have told upon his health, or rather to have inspired his affectionate brother William with anxiety which showed itself in urgency for his return for a time to the paternal mansion. The occasion would not be worth mentioning except as eliciting one of those ebullitions of ardour of expression and intensity of purpose, when engaged on what he felt to be duty as well as pleasure, which distinguished the lad.—“ 23rd April, 1811.
 “ I consulted a surgeon (and a physician, an intimate
 “ friend of Mr. Bell’s) last November about the blood-
 “ spitting, and he said *it came from the throat*, and that
 “ there was not the least occasion for me to be alarmed. . .
 “ Now, I most solemnly declare, I am as well as I ever have
 “ been. Besides, if it be allowed that health accompanies
 “ happiness, I am now the happiest of mortals, and any-
 “ where else, and doing anything else, I should be the most
 “ miserable. I have but just begun my picture, and how
 “ ridiculous it would look if I were to desert my post before

“ I had given any proof to others of ability, and when even
“ my own expectations are fluctuating between hopes and
“ fears. It would perhaps be different if my picture were in
“ a very forward state, but I see no end to it yet. I look at
“ its completion with a sort of awe—the gulf has yet to be
“ passed, and can I stand loitering on the brink till my
“ powers are dissipated by delay? My dear brother writes
“ under the influence of one motive only, that of fraternal
“ solicitude; but there are other things to be considered.
“ He should remember that I am not my own master.
“ What would Mr. Harman say if, on calling to see how
“ I get on, he was to be informed that instead of attending
“ to his commission I was gone into the country to enjoy
“ the summer months. It would ill become me (having
“ been so fortunate as to have a picture bespoke) to trifle
“ with my success, and to set at naught an engagement
“ which any other person would think it the business of
“ his life to fulfil. Again, if I have any regard for my
“ reputation, or any respect for my conscience, shall I not,
“ do I not, burn to make up for time lost, irrevocably lost?
“ The agony occasioned by this reflection is only relieved
“ by actual employment on what has been so long delayed.
“ The contemplation of the future being consequently sad-
“ dened by the remembrance of the past, all that remains
“ is to make this *future, present*, knowing that nothing is
“ denied to well-directed industry. Why then would you
“ seek to delay my approach to that happiness which has
“ been so long a stranger to me? All these arguments will
“ be, however, unnecessary; for as you only wish me to come
“ down because you think I am unwell, I most solemnly
“ assure you again that I am not unwell. This, I hope, will
“ be alone considered a knock-me-down argument. Should,
“ however, my plighted honour and all the arguments I have
“ used be insufficient to convince you of the truth, I now
“ proceed to declare by all that is sacred that I will not

“ come down—no—not if you were to come up with all the
“ town of Plymouth in your rear, not if you refuse to send
“ me one farthing more during your life. As your letter is
“ peremptory, it is necessary mine should be so too. I am
“ by no means insensible to your kindness (of which your
“ letter is a sufficient proof), and I hope one day to repay it
“ all substantially, but ‘your zeal becomes importunate’ . . .

“ P.S. I am sorry postage has cost you so much in this
“ affair; however, here there is now an end to it. I think a
“ journey to town would do *you* good, and I should be truly
“ glad to see you, but you may be sure you will return
“ without me.”

In the composition of Jairus’ daughter the young painter threw himself, as he had done before with his attempted classical subject, into the lore and archæology of the period represented. Costumes were ascertained with all the accuracy authority could supply, and accessories were matters of the intensest anxiety and research. There was the lustral basin of a reddish marble with a bunch of myrtle; the book of the law,—a roll of parchment. There was the vase containing flowers, “because among the Jews
“ a corpse was washed with water in which roses and
“ camomile had been boiled.” (He had extracted the funeral rites of the Jews from a Latin work in 34 volumes at the Royal Institution.) There were the cedar columns twisted round with palm leaves, and the burning candles in curious candlesticks. In all this was seen the natural propensity of a scholar, not sufficiently versed in his adopted art to know how comparatively unimportant is such historical accuracy. And of course such portions of the picture were more successful in execution than the figures themselves, though these also show the germ of the refinement and expression which became his characteristics—while in colour and breadth of light there is already more than a promise.

Not that the anxious finish of detail at this time—natural

to the conscientious painter, and always the right end at which to start in the career of art—implied any absence of the just estimate of the qualities to be desired. On the contrary, far from being misled by any enthusiasm for the wrong thing, there is a most striking proof, in these early letters, of admiration for a painter whose art, to this day, is a Shibboleth to the uneducated or half educated. At seventeen years of age (July, 1811,) he writes to his father, introducing to his notice Turner the painter, who was on his way to Plymouth :—"What he wants is to go on
"board some large ship, and I daresay George will be very
"happy to take him on board the *Salvadore*, and perhaps
"into the Dockyard, &c. He is the first landscape painter
"now in the world, and before he dies will perhaps be the
"greatest the world ever produced. I hope all at Plymouth
"will be attentive to him, as it is really an honour to be
"acquainted with him. He is much higher in his branch
"of the art than West and Fuseli are in theirs. I say all
"this because you may never have heard of him—if you
"have it is unnecessary." Turner afterwards became one of Sir Charles' sincere friends.

It may be noticed that there is an absence in these letters of a recital of the youthful difficulties and dawning ideas in the path of art. So far as this exists it arose from the nature of the mind,—always somewhat deficient in hope—to shrink from communicating equally those ardours and despairs,—especially the former,—which mark the artist's progress. There are hearts which do *not* speak by the mouth from their abundance. It was thus, in great measure, with Charles Eastlake as regarded his profession. He looked, as he has said, on the completion of a picture "with a sort of awe;" and this was the case not only with his first work but with every work he executed. In the course of this memoir, however, no want of communicativeness will be found as to his growing experience.

During the progress of this first picture, on which so much ardent enthusiasm was spent, Charles had been joined in London by his brother John—two years older than himself—(born 1791.) This brother was so remarkable in power and gifts that the unknown sister-in-law, writing almost sixty years after his death, will be excused for inserting his too short biography here. John received his education, first at the Exeter Grammar School, and afterward at the Reading School, under Dr. Valpy. He was equally as ardent as Charles in the study of the classics, and also showed extraordinary aptitude for mathematics, which he studied under Mr. Harvey, the well-known mathematician at Plymouth. He was still more enthusiastic in expression and equally determined in purpose, was of a stronger physical frame, and, lacking the love of art, of a less complex character than his younger brother. A portrait of him by Charles, painted in 1811, shows a young man of broad forehead, black brows, and strong jaw, and with the expression of a resolution which one would not willingly have contested. But his character had its tender side, and the affection for and faith in his brother Charles, which runs through his letters, shows a fondness oftener found in a sister than in a brother.

John's character displayed itself strongly in his early years. He is still remembered for his nobleness, courage, and indifference to pain. An old school-fellow, Dr. Cookworthy of Plymouth,* has given me the following anecdote of him. "On the night of a 5th of November, when "Exeter was more hostile to Popery than it is said to be "now, the boys of the Grammar School had a grand flare-up in the school yard with skyrockets and fireworks of "various kinds; and after the head master, Mr. Bartholomew, had retired, a bonfire was made with the rocket "sticks and some old rabbit-hutches. Whilst dancing round

* Dead, since this was penned !

“ the tiny blaze the bell for prayers was unheeded by the
“ boys, and Mr. Bartholomew, greatly displeased, inquired
“ with whom the fire had originated? Of course all were
“ silent, and, on his saying if he were not told he would
“ flog the whole school, John Eastlake stepped out and
“ said, ‘I began it.’ Mr. Bartholomew then insisted on
“ his naming another, threatening to flog him severely if he
“ did not tell. The boys had been drawn up for this in-
“ terrogation in two long lines facing each other. My place
“ was immediately opposite to John Eastlake, and I shall
“ never forget his prompt and firm ‘NEVER.’ He was
“ accordingly punished, and cared no more for it than if
“ the rod had descended on the bench.”

John was intended for the Bar, and had begun the study of law in his father’s office at Plymouth. His letters at the time show that he threw himself with ardour into the routine preparation for that profession; indulging, by way of relaxation, in the study of Geometry and Algebra. Why he abandoned the course for which he had been destined does not appear; such, however, was the case, and before he was eighteen he addressed to his elder brother an appeal, which, for ardour, resolution, and dutiful feeling, may be placed by that of Charles’, already given, to his father. The brother William, always a sufferer from asthma, was then at Teignmouth for his health. John writes to him from Plymouth, May 29, 1809:—“ My dear
“ William,—This sudden and unexpected application to you
“ upon a subject, I may say, almost entirely novel, will prob-
“ ably be construed to be the unwarranted lucubrations of
“ a mind destitute of experience, or ‘the hasty ebullitions of
“ ‘a fervent imagination.’ But I must entreat your serious
“ attention to the object of it, inasmuch as I consider it
“ (without any possible imputation of egotism) as materially
“ affecting my future situation in life and the commonwealth
“ of our family.

“ My object then is this. That should you see any
“ impropriety in my enthusiasm to follow the profession of
“ a merchant, you will not hesitate to communicate your
“ objections, that I may check the progress of my ardour
“ while it is yet in my power to do so ; nor suffer it to take
“ root in my heart, from whence no persuasion, however
“ enticing, no arguments, however clear, nor threats, how-
“ ever menacing, could possibly eradicate it.

“ To you then I appeal, as a father in a brother, to
“ decide the fate of this new enterprize. It is useless
“ for me to say more at present without knowing whether
“ you approve of the *principle* of the *Bill*. I shall only
“ add that this is the first step I have taken in the
“ business, not having communicated it to my father.
“ Should you be tolerably well when this arrives, I hope
“ you will answer it as soon as convenient, and free me
“ from my present suspense.”

William's answer, which has been preserved, is wise and kind, and admirably adapted to meet the “aspiring mind.” He explains that *Credit* is indispensable in commerce, but that “Credit in the commercial world applies more to the
“ circumstance of property (*unde* responsibility) than to that
“ of *probity*. In other professions, *knowledge and integrity*
“ are the stock in trade upon which a man may build up
“ a fortune. In commerce *credit* is the *sine quâ non*.” But John's wishes were not discouraged, though a year's interval took place, well filled up with ardent study, and with the acquirement of modern languages, especially French, Portuguese, and Spanish. Finally, in the summer of 1810, Charles, then the lad of sixteen, thus writes to John, then the lad of eighteen, regarding a Mr. Hullet, a merchant whose house John ultimately entered. “He has
“ the highest opinion of your abilities, but says that the
“ modern languages will not be of such importance as
“ Commercial Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Accounts, &c.

“ He hopes that it will not be long before your talents
“ have full scope, but that before you have acquired ex-
“ perience everything will be worth nothing. All there-
“ fore which he expects you to begin with are a docile
“ disposition, activity of mind and body, and obedience.
“ When you pack up your clothes, instead of
“ shavings or paper, use rags, which mother will give you,
“ as I am very much in want of some to clean palette,
“ brushes, &c.”

In the summer of 1810 John came to London and entered the home of Mr. Hullet of Austin Friars. Within a very short time his energy and abilities were fully recognised, for, in addition to being book-keeper, cash keeper, discount manager, Spanish correspondent (“and French and Portuguese ditto when required”) he became Mr. Hullet’s private and law secretary, transacting the most confidential and intricate business before and after office hours, and evidently filling a place for which no one else was fitted.

The two young brothers did not live together; John’s lodgings were in Old Bethlem, and Charles kept necessarily in the region of studios. Each respected the life-purpose of the other too much to tempt to idleness; but they often dined together at chop-houses, or sometimes with kind friends at Stockwell and elsewhere. All the anxieties and ambition of their ardent minds were then freely exchanged, and it must be owned that their good father and brother can have had no easy task in the perusal and answering of the letters which the combined young forces poured upon them. As for resisting them, that was in the long run impossible. Notice would be given of an impending “date obolum;” and then arguments were plied, fast and furious, upon the paternal and fraternal hearts at Plymouth, supported by such a host of quotations in Greek, Latin, and English—Shakspeare and Bacon

being the favourite native authors—and all urged in language of so much acuteness and wit, as were well worth the price they cost. For all common purposes of life,—costly as those days were—the supplies were sufficient, but each of the youths had his special expenses connected with his special dawning career; and while they would sometimes dine for eightpence-halfpenny a-piece they were gradually and respectively collecting libraries of no contemptible order or size; and in Charles's case a large number of engravings from the old masters were added. John, as the elder, pleaded chiefly for Charles, proposing to give up a portion of his allowance in favour of his brother “for the purpose of his “ advancement in his divine art” (the good father must have smiled at the proposal), and adding, “Take Charles “ all in all, and you will find that none of your other sons “ has similar merit.”

And there is beautiful evidence of the part the good brother William (that “father in a brother”) ever played: Now the monitor and now the friend; in turn attacked by the ardent couple, and in turn subduing them. “I have “ heard you say,” writes John, “that if I or Charles turned “ out bad it would break your heart.” And again, after a little epistolary sparring, “There shall be no excuse on “ my part for any disagreement between us—on your’s “ there cannot be, for it is impossible for any one but of “ the most malicious disposition to be at variance with “ you more than a quarter of an hour.”

Happy the parent or elder brother who have no extravagance to check but such as is described here, and in knowing that every failing leaned to virtue's side. In August, 1812, Charles's clear and fair mind perceived the justice of the occasional home remonstrances, and, then eighteen, he thus writes to his father—“It would be wasting time to “ attempt to defend these proceedings, though I could give

“ a good account, if necessary, for the apparent extravagance. It is evident from the above that I have spent at different times what amounts to a large sum, and I have only to inform you as to the *manner* in which this has been laid out, and to show that it has been applied, without a single exception, to the furtherance of my art and intellectual improvement. I do not mean to urge that the mode of the expenditure lessens the extravagance. I allow that I have been extravagant. I have been too fond of considering myself an intellectual desperado—and, as such, too much in the habit of thinking the acquisition of that lawful which the caprice of the moment may have deemed necessary to rouse emulation. I have, however, not practised this system to the extent of some of my acquaintances. I contend, too, that this species of extravagance is pardonable, inasmuch as it arises less from want of principle than want of care. The art of taking care of money is not to be learnt in a day, and anything in the way of advice and example which I have here received or witnessed has been in direct opposition to true judgment, and calculated to inflame the imagination of a painter aged fifteen—sixteen. If I had had the frequent personal advice of my dear father and brother, and if I had been always as ready to profit by their experience as I am now, I should perhaps have been spared the unpleasantness of acquainting them so frequently with my own unconscious extravagance.”

Charles Eastlake was enthusiastic in his admiration of the beauties of Greek architecture, the principles of which he thoroughly mastered. That this taste was greatly nourished by his classic predilections and associations is a fact which needs no comment. As a specimen of the ardour with which the sight of the remains of antiquity fired him, I give a few extracts from a letter, written in

1812, to his brother William. The opening reference is to a previous communication.

“DEAR WILLIAM,—I sent you a letter by Prout a few days since, for the contents of which some apology is necessary. The fact is, that in bending his mind to different parts of his work, a painter is influenced by a variety of feelings, or sets of ideas. These ideas are excited in him by—no matter what; but the worst of it is, that he fancies the same causes will produce the same effects (*i.e.* excite the same ideas) in others. The nonsense which I sent you was capable of working *me* up to a *pitch* for painting, but you see it (not having the associations which I annex to it) in its native absurdity. It was nevertheless paying you a sort of compliment to suppose that by a certain intelligence of your own you could enter into my views, and catch a spark of that enthusiasm which was excited even by such flinty materials in me.

“The feelings which actuate a Painter are regulated by the nature of his employment; at present, having just finished the architectural part of my picture, which is Roman, I am musing in idea among the ruins of the Campo Vaccino, or wandering in imagination along the banks of the Tiber. About a week ago I had a very imperfect idea of Rome. I can now tell the situation of the principal buildings, by whom they were erected, the inscriptions on them, their connection with ancient history, &c. This of itself is a delightful study, but it is particularly useful to me from its close alliance with costume, and, in short, with classic taste. . . . It is to excite this feeling in my future works that I wish to throw my mind back as far as possible to the bright eras of Greece and Rome. With the former I am pretty well acquainted through Pausanias and Anacharsis, and really with regard to the places I think the present remains of

“ Rome capable of exciting still finer associations, perhaps
“ because it is celebrated as a modern as well as an ancient
“ city. I forget where I have seen the following passage :—
“ ‘ It was on a fine Italian evening, when the barefooted
“ ‘ Franciscans were singing vespers, that Gibbon, seated
“ ‘ among the ruins of the Capitol, first thought of writing
“ ‘ the Decline and Fall of Rome.’* If this quotation does
“ not fire you with the same ardour that I feel, I don’t
“ know what will ! . . .

“ When the theatre at Plymouth is finished, in standing
“ under the portico you will be able to fancy yourself in the
“ Temple of the Ilissian Muses, for the columns at
“ Plymouth are to be exactly like those at Athens. The
“ screen before Carlton House professes to imitate the
“ same proportions, but is not correct. Mr. Harman, in
“ his dining-room, has two columns from the Temple of the
“ Minerva Polias, very beautifully executed. I wish my
“ dear father, who takes great pleasure in buying books for
“ his sons, would make me a present of some work on the
“ antiquities of Rome, or any of the following, if they are
“ to be met with ; ‘ Archi Trionfali,’ by Bartoli, ‘ Colonna
“ ‘ Trajana,’ ‘ Colonna Antonina,’ ‘ Admiranda Roman-
“ ‘ orum ;’ I believe all by the same Bartoli. They consist
“ of etchings from the antique bas-reliefs. I could now
“ devour Gibbon’s ‘ Rome,’ but don’t send it, because it
“ would be an interruption at present.” He adds later :—
“ I content myself, at present, with abridging at intervals
“ the Roman History.”

Lest, however, such rigid though enthusiastic applica-
tion to the choice of his life should suggest too severe a
picture, it may be added that he could occasionally in-
dulge in a little dissipation, though even then not without
a moral and a quotation. “ *May 12, 1812.*—My dear
“ William,—In order to comply with your request for an

* See Life of Gibbon, prefixed to “ Decline and Fall, &c.” Edition 1807.

“entertaining letter, I had resolved to dedicate last evening
 “to you. But going up to Gandy’s* between the lights to
 “ask him to come and sit for something to-day, I found
 “him and his brother and Jago taking wine together; so,
 “without the least hesitation, I sat down and cracked a
 “bottle with them, and afterwards played cards till mid-
 “night (Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γέειτ’). I must finish this now
 “before breakfast: although I have been a little put out of
 “the way by this *raking*, I am not at all sorry for it, for
 “without making a toil of a pleasure, I made a duty of a
 “relaxation; ‘utile dulce,’—that is, not joining business and
 “dissipation, but making a business of dissipation.” He
 also writes to his mother: “I have been seen lately by
 “several Plymouth people at the Opera; and, lest I should
 “be thought guilty of extravagance, it will be proper to tell
 “you that I get orders very often, and never go without
 “one. I only go on Saturdays, because then the labour of
 “the week is over.”

Though at this time showing great vigour of constitution,
 —for he mentions walking home from Gravesend with John
 and another, not having been in bed at all the night before,
 and being the least tired of the three,—yet there is no
 doubt that such proofs of strength tried him far too
 severely. He accordingly began to feel the evils of English
 winters, which afterwards became so trying to him. In
 November, 1812, he writes: “I can hardly write for the
 “cold. I have been thinking so long of Italy that I can
 “hardly fancy myself a *native* of this climate, and I think I
 “feel the cold more severely than others. Flights of
 “imagination on the Capitoline Hill are exchanged for
 “twinges of rheumatism in Broad Street, Carnaby Market.
 “However we may rival the Continent in talent during the

* Mr. Edward Gandy—late of the Admiralty—a gentleman of considerable attainments, and schoolfellow and life-long friend of Charles Eastlake.

“ summer months, I am sure that a winter in England is
“ not very fostering to genius. But what I most complain
“ of is that it is even inimical to labour, for the little fire that
“ a painter is able to preserve in his head seldom extends
“ itself to his fingers.” Again, as displaying another vein
of the rich nature, and one which lay too deep at the heart
to come often to the surface, I quote a short passage to his
mother after receipt of a kind Christmas present from her,
and from his always affectionate aunt, Miss Anne Pierce.
“ It is very seldom that I sit down at my ease to write a
“ letter, but I am now so overpowered by your and my
“ aunt’s unbounded kindness, that I am determined to
“ devote a little time, not to express my thanks, for that
“ would be impossible, but merely to impress you with the
“ conviction that I am sensible of your affection, and to
“ delight and recreate myself for a while in an imaginary
“ conversation with you. . . . Even a complaining letter
“ from my father is pleasant to me, I see his writing so
“ seldom.” The real value of such letters from a young
lad must be estimated by the use he made of his time;
only rare and spare minutes snatched from rest being given
to such an indulgence. He writes later to brother William :
“ I should as soon think of reading a novel in the middle
“ of the day as of writing a letter.”

But to return here to the brother John. Another
change, and that of a more startling nature, was about to
take place in his views. The first indication of a plan
which only the most ardent spirit could have formed, is
given in a very remarkable letter from Charles to the
father—dateless, but obviously early in 1811—prefacing the
subject with those philosophical and generalising reasonings
which were congenial to his mind.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—A resolution to be great in any
“ profession is generally accompanied by stern and un-
“ daunted modes and habits of thinking. ‘ He,’ says

“ Foster, or nearly in these words, ‘ who has made up his
“ ‘ mind to be great, must accustom himself to habits of
“ ‘ thought and action that to common observers must
“ ‘ appear like insanity.’ In some professions, such as
“ mine, this daring being entirely mental, the individual
“ has no apprehensions of the cold, mistaken views of the
“ world, for he is enabled to appear externally like the rest
“ of mankind, from whom, however, he is essentially
“ different. In other professions, though the daring be not
“ really greater, yet, as the hazards to which the individual
“ exposes himself are external and visible, the world is
“ influenced accordingly, and is apt to consider the enthu-
“ siasm with which he voluntarily encounters difficulties as
“ something little short of madness. . . . To be great,
“ or perish in the attempt, is, of course, what I have long
“ made up my mind about, without fear of being thought
“ insane. This John has also done, but I am afraid you
“ will *now* think him mad, and, if he persists, I am sure I
“ shall think him so too. In short, to keep you no longer
“ in suspense, he has determined to explore the interior of
“ Africa! He had been reading the proceedings of the
“ African Association some time since, and I then laughed
“ at the idea—but all of a sudden, within the last two days,
“ he has called on Mr. Macaulay, the secretary of the
“ African *Institution*, who has referred him to the African
“ *Association*. He has put himself under Mr. Firmeyer
“ (who, in Brewster’s ‘Encyclopædia,’ wrote ‘Astronomy,’)
“ to learn the use of Hadley’s Quadrant; he is studying
“ Natural History; he has talked to Mr. Jones about the
“ study of Arabic; he has written to Mr. Morton Pitt, who
“ is one of the committee of the Association; he has written
“ to Dr. Hamilton, another of the committee, and called on
“ Lord Moira and Lord Hardwicke. Lord Moira received
“ him very politely and referred him to Sir Joseph Banks.
“ All that I have said to dissuade him having been useless,

“ or rather having served only as fuel to his flame, I can do
“ no more; but as affairs have taken the turn I have
“ described, I think it high time to write to you. I send
“ this merely that you may not be in the dark as to what
“ he is about, for it would be impossible to enter into a
“ detail of his motives and intentions, even if I could com-
“ prehend them. I am afraid even you will not be able to
“ prevent his going.”

Whether the father tried to divert him from this sudden and extraordinary scheme does not appear. At all events, it progressed with all the accumulating motive power which intensity of purpose, urged with singular enthusiasm and eloquence, could give it. John's special object was to explore the Niger, but his views embraced also the philanthropic, the commercial, and the scientific—the three great levers of human sympathy—and thus soon won over powerful friends in all these three departments. He dined with Mr. Wilberforce to discuss his plans. Sir Joseph Banks pronounced him to be the greatest enthusiast he had ever met with. The interest in him spread from the African Association to the Royal Society; and Government, chiefly in the person of Lord Liverpool, then Colonial Secretary, at length took his plans under their protection. John Eastlake prepared himself intellectually in various ways, by acquiring, as already hinted, the use of the quadrant—by mastering more than the elements of botany and chemistry—by studying the language and customs of the Moors—by learning to play on several instruments (he had lessons from Lindley), with a view to facilitating his intercourse with savage tribes, and finally by subjecting himself, for bodily training, to extraordinary fatigues and privations. Such ardour soon made his name known in wider circles, and the newspapers of the day gave it a wider circulation still. An extract from the *Herald* of the 10th June, 1812, lies before me. “Mr.

“ Eastlake, whom we have before introduced to the notice
“ of our readers, will soon sail. That enterprising and
“ enthusiastic character, whose object it is to explore the
“ interior of Africa, and who has taken every precaution to
“ avoid the difficulties to which Mungo Parke was subjected,
“ has likewise received the sanction of Government. He
“ is a young man of liberal education, considerable abilities,
“ and indefatigable perseverance, and we doubt not that he
“ will benefit the countries he means to explore, and bring
“ an accession to the resources of his native country.”

In June, 1812, at the age of twenty-one, John Eastlake started on his voyage in a Government packet; sailed to Goree and Senegal, and thence to Sierra Leone, where he occupied the ostensible position of Paymaster of the Forces. But the dauntless energy and noble ambition were too soon to be quenched. Shortly after his arrival he was invited by the chief of a tribe to visit him, and did so, remaining for some time in the Mandingo country. Finding himself attacked with fever, he set out on his return to Sierra Leone for medical advice, and descending a river in an open canoe, the damps aggravated his condition, and he reached Sierra Leone only to die. His death took place in January, 1813, just six months after his departure from England.

All such information as the family could obtain regarding John Eastlake's short residence at Sierra Leone was in keeping with the fervour and nobility of his character. The Governor, Colonel Maxwell, had become much attached to him: all who knew him there were deeply interested in him. He had progressed much in Arabic, “ would speak nothing else,” and was inuring himself gradually to the climate. John left valuable papers and effects, which, unhappily, never reached his family. They were dispatched to England by the “ Amelia,” Hon. Captain Irby, but the vessel encountered two French

frigates ; many parcels were thrown overboard in the action, and John's effects are supposed to have been among them.

The afflicting news of his brother's death reached Charles first through the newspapers. His depression was almost alarming, considering his youth ; but he had been suffering before with overwrought anxiety regarding his picture, and this early acquaintance with acute grief seemed to paralyse him. He soon, however, met the stroke with the courage that might have been expected. " I am trying " to get over the first shock by employment ; but you know " how we loved each other." This employment, in addition to his usual application, consisted in drawing at Lord Elgin's gallery the then neglected Marbles of the Parthenon, with his youthful friend, the afterwards well-known Mr. William Brockedon, every morning from half-past six to nine. After this, by the wish of his family, and especially of his mother, Charles returned home, and there is a record of a portrait he painted of his old master, Mr. Bidlake, which was engraved. To this time belongs also a portrait of his dear mother in mourning for her noble son—a picture of great force—which shows the strong likeness between the sitter and the painter. He executed numerous portraits during his stay at Plymouth, for he alludes afterwards to improvement he had derived from " the months of portrait painting in " the country."

CHAPTER II.

Severe Winter.—Expedition to Calais.—Louis the Eighteenth and Duchesse d'Angoulême.—Return to London.—Visit to Paris.—Copying in the Louvre.—The splendours of the Louvre Gallery in 1815.—Remarks on principal pictures.—Admiration of Titian.—Leaves Paris on return of Napoleon.—The Bellerophon in Plymouth Sound.—Portrait of Napoleon.—Journey to Rome.

ON the return of our young Painter to London in December, 1813, he took lodgings at 5, Woodstock Street, Bond Street.

January, 1814, brought that severe cold and enormous fall of snow, which is still memorable in English annals. "The hackney-coaches," he writes, "here, are drawn by four or five horses, and are more like ploughs in their motion than anything else. The snow is constantly consolidating, and wherever the pipes burst there is a well of water down to the ground, which is very dangerous to horses, and of course to passengers." He speaks of himself now as stronger, and more able to resist the depression of the atmosphere. One is also glad to read of "seven country dances," and of a visit to see Kean in Richard. February 28, 1814, "I wish you (William) were here to partake the delight I felt. It is different from any acting you have ever seen. His 'Off with his head, so much for Buckingham,' makes the pit toss up their hats with ecstasy; and when he dies (losing his sword through faintness, and stabbing with his hand alone, as if he still grasped his weapon, till his feet cease to take root), every soul in the house stands up and

“cheers. Before he retires to his tent, he is engaged for
“a moment in drawing the plan of the next day’s battle
“upon the ground. Nothing can be finer. Everybody says
“he is a second Garrick.”

In the April of this year (1814) an event occurred, great in the youthful annals of those days. On a sudden impulse Charles and a fellow-lodger, Mr. H., decided on crossing to Calais at the same time with Louis the Eighteenth, then returning to France. A sword-stick for each (his, borrowed from Kirkup,* a student friend) and “plenty of white cockades” were the chief preparations. The mail coach for Dover took them up at six o’clock on April 23rd, St. George’s day. “White flags were hoisted everywhere; crowds were on the
“road by 9 and 10 o’clock. Gravesend was like a theatre. It
“would be in vain to attempt to mention all the modes in
“which loyalty and happiness were demonstrated through
“all Kent. . . . The Prince Regent passed us before we
“reached Gravesend, in a very private manner The
“whole road from London to Dover was filled with horse
“soldiers passing and repassing, and lining the approaches
“of every town. Soon after we had passed Rochester, the
“guns of that place and of Chatham fired, and presently
“the King of France passed us, unaccompanied by any
“other carriage, but escorted by some military.” Rochester and Canterbury were in the same state of turmoil as Gravesend; and Dover, which they reached in the evening, was brilliantly illuminated. Here some anxiety about passports, which had occupied their minds, appears to have subsided, and the inference is that they required none. How to cross the channel was the next question. Plenty of boats were at hand, but no one would take the travellers over that night under thirty guineas. The King’s yacht, “gilt all over,” lay at the end of the pier, and his Majesty passed the night there. Various arrivals took

* Mr. Seymour Kirkup, still alive, and resident in Florence.

place that evening in Dover: among the rest that of Count Titschagoff, the Russian Ambassador, himself an evidence of the late isolating wars, for he could not speak a word of English. The Count was about to sail, and was requested through his interpreter to allow the young travellers to form a part of his suite, but his Excellency declined the honour. That night they rested a few hours at a miserable inn, with their swords under their pillows, and by six o'clock the next morning were on the top of the Shakspeare Cliff. By ten o'clock the military began to line the streets and piers, and the houses and cliffs were crowded to witness the departure of the restored Bourbon. "At one o'clock the King set sail. The Prince Regent stood at the pier-head waving his hat, thousands around huzzaing, colours flying, bands playing, sun shining for the first time, and cannon roaring." Our young travellers had meanwhile found a passage in a packet-boat, the "Lark," which took them for two guineas, and sailed ten minutes after Louis the Eighteenth.

They had a fair wind, and landed without interruption between six and seven o'clock. Charles thought of Hogarth as they passed through the gate of Calais. Then the young men, their number increased to three by a friend of Mr. H.'s, walked about the town, having ordered dinner at eight o'clock. The ramparts of Calais were in a ruinous state—the 36th regiment then in garrison. They also fell in with companies of the 24th and 55th regiments. All was novelty and excitement, and Charles showed that he could still be a boy when manly duties might be put away. "The women were more rejoiced than the men—the women full of vivacity, the men of sang-froid. An old lady at a shop where I bought gloves wept with joy at the prospect of returning peace." The first impressions of the natives were most favourable. "As French politeness is proverbial it may appear needless to men-

“ tion it, but form what idea you please, I will answer for
“ your being surprised with more kindness, affability, and
“ good breeding in the very lowest ranks than you could
“ possibly expect. I was delighted with all, but especially
“ with the women. But though dinner was ordered at
“ eight, nothing was ready in the hotel at half-past nine,
“ and we were glad to satisfy our hunger with some veal
“ pies which I laid hands on in the kitchen. By way of
“ feeling ourselves in France we three had a bottle of
“ claret—five francs. Presently I heard some violins, and
“ following the sound went into a large room where French
“ and Englishmen were smoking, and a girl of about twenty
“ with her brother, were playing duetts. He played ex-
“ quisitely, and she soon after sang in a way I shall never
“ forget. Her hair was very nicely curled on each side
“ of her face. I observed in her and in other women that
“ it was stiffened by some means to prevent its uncurling.
“ The elderly women paint their eyebrows black. After
“ enjoying the girl’s music and talk I went up stairs with
“ Finchette, the ‘*femme de chambre*,’ to see about beds.
“ She at last promised to make up some in a ball-room.
“ The town was illuminated, and Finchette illuminated the
“ ball-room too. This was about ten o’clock. Then we
“ paraded the streets, which were well lighted up—and on
“ an archway saw a transparency with these words—

‘ Français ! Louis 18 ramène dans la France
Le Commerce, la Paix, les Arts, la Liberté ;
Relevons les autels de la Reconnoissance
Et ceux de la Fidélité.’ ”

Then follows a scene worthy of Don Quixote. “ On
“ our return to the hotel there was quite a fracas about
“ beds. Finchette was followed about wherever she went
“ by dozens, wearying her with their entreaties for rest.
“ She herself had not slept for two nights—this made the
“ third—and yet she was not once out of temper. It now

“ appeared that people had got in and gone to bed with
“ the greatest sang-froid in rooms which belonged to others.
“ H. and I thought it prudent to guard our beds. The
“ French hotels are very spacious; this had a courtyard
“ inside and a suite of rooms all round it. Here, then,
“ there was plenty of room to race about. Finchette never
“ moved without some twenty about her. While she was
“ wrangling with them, H. stole a warming-pan and we
“ both aired our beds. He was by this time very sleepy
“ and could not enter into all the fun (not understanding
“ French) which I witnessed. He accordingly went to
“ bed, first stealing all the blankets from another bed in
“ the room which was bespoken by an old Englishman.
“ After I was tired with laughing at seeing one room after
“ another broke open, I left Finchette to her persecutors
“ and went to bed too. Presently the old Englishman came
“ in—grumbled much on missing his blankets—and got
“ into bed without undressing. He had locked both doors,
“ the room being a thoroughfare, but in a few minutes
“ a crowd was clamorous for admittance. We made the
“ Englishman get up and open the door because he was
“ dressed. This he did over and over again, till he would
“ do it no more, and, leaving the doors unlocked, the ball-
“ room was soon the principal rendezvous. Suddenly a
“ door in the room which had escaped observation was
“ espied. It was instantly bombarded; behind it appeared
“ some tapestry—this was dragged aside, and half-a-dozen
“ lights flared upon the slumbers of some poor fellows who
“ were beginning to enjoy their ‘prima quies.’ This door,
“ it appears, was never opened, and was not the right way
“ into the room, the unfortunate inmates of which had
“ been disturbed often enough by the regular entrance.
“ I now put out all the lights, except a few near the
“ Englishman’s bed, and all was quiet for a minute or two;
“ when, thinking on all that had passed, I gave way to

“ my feelings in a loud laugh. H. joined, when the
“ Englishman said, ‘ if either of you young gentlemen have
“ ‘ taken my blankets it is a deuced shabby trick.’ I as-
“ sured him I was not thinking of the blankets, but his
“ suspicions being now aroused, he appealed to Finchette,
“ who entered, in a torrent of plaintive English, of which
“ she did not understand one word. I interpreted—she
“ took the injured man’s part,—and both of them attacked
“ H.’s bed. I was laughing too heartily to assist either
“ party. The people in the room behind the tapestry,
“ hearing the noise, peeped in and joined in the laugh.
“ H. was worsted at last, and finally all was quiet—except
“ that various parties still scoured our room from time to
“ time, examining each bed and its inmate with their
“ candles. After this we slept till six.”

That day the wind still blew from the north-west, unfavourable to return, with some rain, “ but we were always
“ sure of amusement.” They ascended the tower of the
Hôtel de Ville for a *sou* each—then came down and watched
the women catching shrimps—then made their way to
where the Lancers were parading. “ Their captain, a very
“ fine young man, addressed them nearly in these words :—
“ ‘ Lanciers ! Je suis chargé de vous dire que vos officiers
“ ‘ et vôtre général ont eu l’honneur de dîner avec le roi
“ ‘ hier, et sa Majesté a eu la bonté de vous agréer comme
“ ‘ sa garde d’honneur jusqu’à Boulogne. Vive le Roi !’
“ upon which they all shouted ‘ Vive le Roi !’ I after-
“ wards understood that they were examined man by man,
“ and only one refused to acknowledge anything but the
“ French Nation and Liberty, and he was put in prison.”
Then our travellers strolled into a convent and hospital,
where the nuns were dressing up the door “ with laurel and
“ white.” And the nuns invited them into their chapel,
where they looked at the pictures, and a “ Sœur Elizabeth”
was called ‘ qui aime les Anglais,’ “ and who made many

“inquiries about English names and families I had never heard of.” Soon getting tired of these ladies, they made their way back to Calais, and Charles, the spokesman, talked to every soldier and woman they met, and gathered information about “les gardes de côte,” and the “Pompier,” and heard Buonaparte called a “Casse-cou,” and nearly got into a scrape by praising his head on a Napoleon, and by asking some soldiers if they were “de la Garde Impériale,” who retorted vehemently, “Non—non—de la Garde Royale.” And they ascertained that eggs were only two sous per dozen, and meat infinitely cheaper than in England, and, in short, were amused with anything and everything, from the postillion’s horn, to the women who acted as barbers, shaving the men, and the dogs who took no notice of “poor fellow, poor fellow!” Then followed the novelty of the table d’hôte, and the singing girl again.

But the principal event was reserved for the next day. The travellers had set their hearts on seeing Louis the Eighteenth, who remained two nights in Calais. They accordingly went to the hotel where his Majesty lodged, passed all guards without remonstrance, and, joined by Sir William Curtis, stood where they could see into a room where the royal family were at breakfast. Finally they succeeded in entering a kind of audience chamber where the King and the Duchesse d’Angoulême soon made their appearance. “The room instantly echoed with ‘Vive le Roi,’ ‘Vive la Duchesse d’Angoulême,’ ‘Vive le bon Louis,’” in which we of course joined. The King seated himself (he walked very badly with the gout). Meanwhile our friends the Nuns, with some Priests, had marched in through a private door. A kind of Master of the Ceremonies stood at the King’s right hand, and said: “Que les Religieuses s’approchent.” They did so, and knelt round the King. Their Superior said something which I did not hear, nor the King’s reply. When these had retired, the same man

“ said in English, ‘ Let the English officers come and be
“ ‘ presented to the King.’ There were several naval
“ officers, but not above a dozen English in the room
“ altogether. Officers, or not, we were all introduced. The
“ Master of the Ceremonies took me by the hand, I told him
“ my name, it was repeated to the King, and His Majesty
“ bowed. The English now stood in a body before him, and
“ he said, ‘ You are witnesses of the first moments of my
“ ‘ felicity.’ This was answered by shouts on our part of
“ ‘ Long live King Louis the Eighteenth!’ The scene
“ already began to be affecting. I felt my eyes swimming,
“ and, looking round for support, saw H. in the same situa-
“ tion, and an English captain with tears trickling down his
“ cheeks. The Mayor of Calais now delivered an oration in
“ an impassioned French manner ; assured the King of the
“ fidelity of the Citizens, and hoped in return for ‘ un peu,
“ ‘ un petit peu’ of His Majesty’s affection. The King was
“ affected and answered kindly. The Mayor then knelt
“ down and kissed his hand eagerly twice. This was what
“ we had been waiting for. All the English were now at his
“ feet in an instant, and H. and I both succeeded in kissing
“ his hand. The Master of the Ceremonies repeatedly cried,
“ ‘ Prenez garde au pied droit.’ All this while the poor
“ Duchesse d’Angoulême was crying like a child. French
“ generals, English officers, Archbishops and Prefects were
“ alike affected. At this time the band began to play
“ ‘ Vive Henri Quatre.’ The King now retired, and within
“ five minutes got into his carriage, with six horses of the
“ most wretched sort, and ropes for harness.”

The young men would have gone on to Paris, but for the
“ *res angustæ*.” They now left Calais by the same vessel,
the “ Lark,” that had taken them over, and reached Dover
by half-past eight that evening.

Charles’ immediate occupation in London was prompted
by the rejoicings of the time—being a design for a trans-

parency at the Bank of England. During the summer and autumn of 1814 he remained in London, working very hard indeed at a picture of Brutus; having a model at one time at half-past five in the morning, and occasionally taking a portrait. At the same time he continued to cultivate the French language with which he was quite enamoured;—dined at a French restaurant, took French lessons, and also subscribed for a French newspaper; pursuing a plan for which few would have had the patience—that is, he persevered in reading the paper *entirely through*; a practice which he found of great service in mastering the language.

Meanwhile a plan of going to Paris to study the Louvre, still teeming with Buonaparte's spoliations, was gradually matured. Brother William, thinking only of Charles' health, counselled delay, whereupon there followed one of those precise definitions in which the young philosopher excelled. "You talk of my deferring my tour for reasons to " which might be added a hundred others if I was a young " Nobleman about to travel for my amusement—whereas I " am an artist, going—no matter where, to see—a great " matter *what*—viz.: the finest pictures in the world, which " every one is afraid will be dispersed ere long. Besides, I " am arrived at that precise period of study when copying " from fine things can do me good—two years hence the " contrary would be the case."

The picture of Brutus was finished by the last days of the year, and, assisted by Mr. Harman's very liberal and judicious kindness, the preparations for a sojourn in Paris were made. This assistance was not confined only to the "sinews of war" but extended to introductions in no common tone to persons of no common order—bearing witness to the estimation in which the bearer was held—viz.: to Visconti, Denon, and Count de Laborde. On the 1st of January, 1815, Charles Eastlake arrived in Paris.

The first impressions of the French capital fully realised

all the expectations of the young traveller. The Tuileries and the Louvre, even unfinished as the last-named palace was then, called forth all his enthusiasm. “The buildings of London in general are barns compared with this exquisite architecture, all peopled with marble statues, and glittering with brass ornaments. The arch of the Tuileries ” (Carrousel) “would turn your brain. Well might Dryden “translate Ovid by saying of Jove’s Palace—

‘This place, as far as Earth with Heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.’

“No royal palace on earth can be like it. I never saw anything near it but the designs of poetical architects. It is possible that it strikes me more from the imposing and merely ornamental look which the French seem to delight in. Ovals of variegated marbles, surrounded with festoons, are let into the walls, and the splendour of the contrast of a figure entirely gilt, upon or near pure white marble, produces an effect which I thought beyond the powers of architecture. It is odd, that my painting friends who have been here should not have said a word upon what has struck me so much. To prove, however, that my opinion is not singular, Reynolds has said that the façade of the Louvre is Perrault’s masterpiece, and Voltaire pronounced it one of the most august monuments of architecture in the world.”

Charles Eastlake lost no time in delivering his letters of introduction; and to Baron Denon, and to a M. de la Vallée, secretary “de l’Administration des Musées,” he presented himself first, these gentlemen being best qualified to assist his object of copying in the Louvre. “Denon is all politeness and La Vallée surly, jusqu’à l’Anglaise, but the moroseness of the latter was well worth the ‘unprofitable gaiety’ of the other. Denon, however, asked me to come and see him when I pleased. He is, I

“suppose, more than seventy years old—the very picture of “what one conceives of an old, elegant, fashionable French-man.” Some private interest was needed at that time, for part of the gallery of the Louvre was unhung to accommodate the modern exhibition. M. de la Vallée gave him permission to select any small picture by an old master thus displaced, and allowed him the use of a private room in the Louvre, where other artists—two French women among them*—were also painting. Charles selected a picture, a copy of which he thought would be acceptable to Mr. Harman—the Vision of St. Paul, by Poussin.

His introductions also gave him a little insight into French society; he attended a few *conversaciones* and a ball or two. The former were very “*précieuses*”—some of the company reading their own poems. “Among the “circumstances in which this kind of meeting differs from “those in England may be mentioned the absence of every- “thing in the eating and drinking way.”

At this time—the middle of January—the cold was very severe, the Seine being frozen as far as the daily careful breaking of the ice permitted. He remarks that he sees no women with muffs, but plenty of men. “It is not an “uncommon sight to see old beaux going out to dine “towards the evening, dressed entirely in velvet, with a “muff, but with their hats under their arm, shivering along “bareheaded for fear of discomposing their powdered “wigs.”

But while pursuing his copy of the Poussin with his usual industry, he did not neglect the glories of the Gallery itself; his impressions of which form a very interesting portion of his letters to Mr. Harman. By the middle of February he writes:—“I have now had time to get acquainted with the “principal pictures; which indeed requires time. In such a

* Charles Eastlake at that time mentions that a large number of French women earned their bread by their proficiency in the Arts.

“ vast assemblage of fine works it is not to be wondered at
“ that one passes at first with indifference what in a private
“ collection would be the choice specimen. One has some
“ difficulty at first in reconciling abundance with excellence;
“ the usual characteristic of which is rarity. I ought not to
“ wonder at Reynolds not having been much struck with
“ the Vatican, while I could pass many of the finest works
“ in the Louvre without feeling half the impressions they
“ ought to excite. I remember, in particular, that Titian’s
“ Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo, than which a finer picture does
“ not perhaps exist, hardly excited a passing glance on my
“ first walking through the Gallery. I have since atoned for
“ this by unbounded admiration.”

The admiration of Titian, always the painter of painters in his estimation, was first imbibed here:—“ It has been
“ observed that the Roman style (distinct blues and yellows)
“ resembles and affects one like martial music. I confess I
“ never was impressed in this way in looking at an in-
“ harmonious picture. But Titian often excites feelings of
“ this sort. In the Pietro Martire the intense blue sky—
“ the sparkling white of the clouds—the tall trees dark
“ against the distance—the evening gleam on the horizon—
“ the assassination which is going forward—and lastly, the
“ majestic though natural action of the escaping friar—all
“ seem to have this connection with grand music, or rather
“ with the sound of a trumpet. If ever a picture was
“ uniformly *grand*, this is.”

He speaks again of the Peter Martyr, and all upon it from his pen is the more interesting now that it has perished:—“ Reynolds in one of his discourses censures
“ Count Algarotti for describing this picture in a manner
“ (according to him) injurious to Titian’s reputation, by
“ saying that the trees and the weeds in the foreground will

* It perished by fire in the sacristy of S. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice, in 1866; shortly after the cession of that city to the Italians.

“ bear the inspection of a botanist. Mr. Payne Knight, in
“ his criticism on Barry’s Life (in the *Edinburgh Review*)
“ contends that Algarotti is right, and refers his reader to
“ the picture itself. Accordingly, although Doctors dis-
“ agree on this point, a mere inspection of this famous
“ work settles the question at once; for, though the fore-
“ ground has been retouched, enough of the master remains
“ to show that it was exquisitely and even minutely painted.
“ But this is not the only instance of Titian’s care in this
“ respect. In Lord Kinnaid’s Bacchus and Ariadne,* the
“ flowers and plants were executed with a beautiful accuracy,
“ and evidently from his hand.”

Correggio also excited his full enthusiasm, and remarks of the utmost nicety and discernment follow, which, I think, he would not have been reluctant to endorse in later years. Young or old, Charles Eastlake was never lavish of such terms as “exquisite” and “divine.” After describing the Madonna della Scodella, he adds:—“The old man Joseph,
“ without having anything repulsive in his appearance, and
“ with a head and expression sufficiently agreeable, is, how-
“ ever, far from being happy in the *tout ensemble*. There is
“ something unpleasant in his dress and in the arrangement
“ of his drapery, and certainly a want of dignity. . . .
“ The young Christ is sweetly drawn, and the head very
“ pleasing. The Virgin, without being decidedly beautiful,
“ has a most exquisite expression. The boy Angel, who
“ pours out water, though his head is partly hid, and the
“ other, who ties the ass, have astonishing grace and beauty.
“ These four heads—viz.: The two boy angels, the Virgin,
“ and the young Christ—are extraordinary specimens of ex-
“ pression, and create that delight which perfection alone
“ can communicate. All that can be said of these heads
“ belongs also to the beautiful St. Sebastian, St. Catherine,
“ and the Virgin in the Marriage of St. Catherine (II

* Now in the National Gallery.

“Giorno). As I already know your sentiments about that picture I suppose I shall not act contrary to your wishes in beginning a copy of it as soon as circumstances will permit. It is doubtful whether Correggio knew anything of the fine antiques: if one may judge from these and his other pictures, I am inclined to think he did not. What is most to be admired in him is certainly entirely his own. I mean his wonderful feeling for expression which is often in him (as in nature), independent of beauty of form. There is an unaccountable mystery about this painter which interests one still more for him. The best account is that by Mengs, and it is an account full of doubts and conjectures. . . . I do not find or yet feel that extraordinary harmony of effect and colour in these works for which he is so celebrated, though there is always a silvery brightness about his flesh which has a sweet effect, and in point of colouring (in the flesh) he leaves little to be wished for. But his prodigious excellence seems to me to consist in expression; the more astonishing as it seems to flow from his own mind unassisted by any other means than a most divine taste.”

Charles Eastlake had far too much modesty and sincerity to descant much upon Raphael during this first early visit to Paris. He knew, as he has implied, that Sir Joshua passed the great painter at first unnoticed in the Vatican. He stood even somewhat puzzled before the *Madonna della Sedia*, though before long he felt the head of the Virgin to be “one of the finest in the Gallery.” Of the *Transfiguration*, he writes, “It is said to have been much restored, and I dare say has been, but there is a strength of light and shade in it which I did not at all expect.” He paid due homage to the more easily appreciated qualities of Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolommeo and Paul Veronese, and was immediately struck by “the astonishing resemblance,” then not so

intelligently acknowledged, between the works of Bernardino Luini and Andrea Solario, and those of Leonardo da Vinci. “ I suppose they were both pupils of Da Vinci ; a head by “ Solario seems to be a disputed point, and I am quite sure “ his master never did anything finer.”

His catholicity of taste, the true test of a real lover of art for its own sake, immediately asserted itself in presence of the varied excellences which shone in this great hemisphere. Rubens and Vandyck, Teniers and Ostade, all received unfeigned worship in their turn, and discriminating praise and criticism as well ; and in the ardour of his non-exclusiveness, he adds, “ I could sit down with pleasure “ to copy almost any picture here, from Teniers to the “ Transfiguration.”

But the picture which may be said to have fascinated him *par excellence* was one, which, knowing the classical bent of his mind then, and the ultimate character of his own art, especially proves how alive he was to all excellence, to all truth of Nature. This was Paul Potter’s Bull. “ I “ have been longing to speak of a picture which I could not “ well mention together with Raphael and Correggio ; it is a “ Cattle Piece by Paul Potter, the animals as large as life. “ If this performance is not absolute perfection of its kind, “ it is, at least, the nearest approach that will ever be made “ to it. I cannot describe the delight and admiration I felt “ at first seeing it. The perfect imitation of the animals, “ the unaffected style of execution, the unquestionable daylight and air which exist on the canvas, are wonders of “ art. I am not at all afraid of your seeing it after my “ having thus spoken of it.”

The event which once more plunged Europe in war was now, however, imminent. Napoleon had left Elba and passed Lyons, and the painter had to turn from thoughts of art to those of personal safety. “ *March 12, 1815.* (To “ Mr. Harman). I am not afraid of any personal danger,

“ though the behaviour of the people here is manifestly less
“ respectful to the English, seven hundred of whom are
“ said to have left Paris yesterday. All my French friends,
“ at least all who speak to me sincerely on the matter,
“ advise me by all means to quit. They don’t busy them-
“ selves, however, much about the English, for, as they
“ very justly say, ‘How can we advise you, when we don’t
“ ‘know what will become of ourselves?’ I have the
“ strongest hopes of being able to stay, though these are
“ founded principally on the consciousness of what I enjoy
“ here. But, whatever my regret at being possibly obliged
“ to leave this Paradise for painters, I have the consolation
“ of knowing that the impressions I have already received
“ from these master works will influence my taste for ever.
“ I feel my mind opened in the art in a manner which I
“ hope to express otherwise than by words. Another regret
“ is still more poignant, it is that of being deprived of the
“ best and only means in my power of returning your kind-
“ nesses to me. . . . My acquaintance with Visconti
“ had completed the sum of my delights here, and I was
“ likely to gain everything useful to a classical artist from
“ such an advantage, which again I owe to you. Eustace
“ could not quit Rome with half the regret with which I
“ shall leave this place, to whose usually boasted attractions
“ I am, however, a stranger.”

Charles Eastlake lingered till the evening of Sunday, the 19th of March, the same evening on which Louis the Eighteenth left the Tuileries. The last line of his last letter from Paris was characteristic, “Heaven preserve the
“ pictures in case of an insurrection here.” He and another Englishman reached Rouen the next morning at eleven, and stayed there that day, partly to see the place, and partly from reluctance to go farther from Paris. “But the next morning, Tuesday, our doubts were cleared
“ up; the post came in with tricoloured ribbons flying, and

“ the *conducteur* cracked his whip with ‘ Vive l’Empereur.’ ” Napoleon had reached Paris on the intervening Monday afternoon. “ No sooner was the news spread about Rouen “ than we could perceive a sensible difference in the “ behaviour of the people towards us. Two or three shouts “ from some soldiers of ‘ *à bas les Anglais*,’ rather annoyed “ me. A scuffle took place between some of these fellows “ and the volunteers (Royalists), in which the latter were “ victorious. We were not sorry to get into the diligence. “ Our postillion had thought proper to tie blue and red “ ribbons round his hat, which attracted cries, some- “ times for the Emperor, sometimes against the postillion, “ and always against the English.” They made their way safely, but with delays and difficulties, to Dieppe, and crossed to Newhaven.

Our painter now proceeded at once to Plymouth, and there found plenty of demand for portraits, never a favourite occupation with him, though he turned it into a means of practical improvement. And here again, within a few short and publicly eventful weeks, his occupations were affected by those changes which affected the whole civilised world. The ‘ hundred days ’ had run their course, and Buonaparte reached Plymouth Sound on board the *Bellerophon* at the latter end of July. Although the vessel was anchored four and a half miles off Plymouth, the young painter daily took boat and hovered round, watching for every glimpse of the great captive with the keenest attention, and taking rapid sketches. His assiduity attracted the notice of Buonaparte, who, occasionally, by keeping in one position, gave the painter reason to believe that he lent himself to his object. He generally made his appearance at the gangway on the starboard side about six in the evening, when he bowed to the spectators assembled by thousands in the boats around. “ When I was nearest “ him he stood for about a quarter of an hour or more,

“ and seemed to be amused by examining the extent of
“ the crowd below him with an opera-glass. At first he
“ appeared with his hat on, but, since he has contrived
“ to assemble his visitors at a certain time, and the regu-
“ larity of the thing has assumed more the appearance of
“ a levee, he remains with his hat off while he exhibits
“ himself at whole length. A suppressed cheer has more
“ than once greeted him on retiring, but it was, I suppose,
“ intended as an answer to the very civil manner in which
“ he takes leave of the company. . . . I hope, but for
“ the object I have had in view (that of getting a likeness of
“ him) I should not have paid him that respect which more
“ than one visit implies ; and, notwithstanding his dignified
“ appearance, I can see him yet reeking with the English
“ blood that has been lately shed.”

These sketches resulted in a small, full-length portrait of the Emperor,* standing on the gangway of the *Belle-rophon*, leaning on a bulkhead with his right arm, and holding an opera glass. He is evidently looking at the crowd below. As the uniform and decorations worn by Napoleon on these occasions were sent on shore by his authority for the service of the Painter, a description of them as seen in the picture may be permitted. He is dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of Chasseurs, dark green, with red collar and cuffs, and a red edging to the lappels : under his coat, on the left side, is seen part of the broad red watered ribbon of the Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and he wears the large star of that order. Three small decorations hang from the left lappel of his coat, viz. :—the small Cross of the Legion of Honour, suspended by a red ribbon ; the Order of the Re-union by a blue ; and that of the Iron Crown by an orange one. His smallclothes are of white kerseymere, with gold buckles at the knee ; and white silk stockings,

* Now in Lady Eastlake's possession.

with shoes and gold buckles, complete one of the most unbecoming costumes that a short, ungainly figure could wear. Nevertheless, from the interest of the subject, and the excellence of the likeness, this picture attracted a perfect fever of enthusiasm at the time. All who had come into contact with Napoleon were unanimous in their approbation—all who had not seen the man were eager to see this. It was also taken on board the Eurotas, whither most of his suite had been removed, and there received the warmest eulogies.

The success of this portrait, one of unmistakeable individuality and great delicacy of execution, led Mr. Eastlake to undertake another of the Emperor on a larger scale from it. This was executed on a canvas eight feet high by six feet wide. It represented Napoleon, the size of life, in the same position and dress as that already described, but with other figures. Behind him, on the left, is the Grand Marshal, Count Bertrand, uncovered; behind, on the right, also uncovered, an adjutant. A marine is on guard on the left, and a sailor below is getting towards the main chains, where he always remained until Napoleon retired. The letter S, on the hammock casings, indicates the starboard side. This large picture was purchased by five Plymouth gentlemen, who combined for that purpose. It was publicly exhibited in London and in the provinces, attracting great attention, and the painter received altogether and ultimately 1000*l.* for his labour. The subsequent fate of this picture is unknown to me.

Having thus obtained comparative independence, Mr. Eastlake began to prepare for the accomplishment of his highest wish, viz.: a journey to Italy, and a residence of a year at Rome. His classical reading had been long directed to that view, and now he further qualified himself by the acquisition of the Italian language. He writes to Mr. Harman:—"I find that the qualifications are without

“end that would enable me to make the most of such a trip. . . . But I must remember that I travel as a painter, and not as an antiquary.” With a mind so stored with classic lore this was no unnecessary reflection.

He started at the end of September, 1816, crossing the Channel from Plymouth to Roscoff, in Brittany, where he landed. Thence he took a long and circuitous route, but, it appears, the only one then feasible, first on horseback to Morlais, and thence by diligence to St. Brieux, by Rennes, Nantes, Angers, Saumur, Tours, Vendôme, Rambouillet, Versailles, and so to Paris. He observed and heard all that opportunity afforded on the way; the English look of the spires and hedges in Brittany—wolves not uncommon—twenty-five francs given for a wolf’s head at Rennes—wild boars also a great terror—stories of the Vendéan war still current. He passed the height of St. Florent le Vieux. “Was it here,” I asked of the conducteur, “that the battle took place?” “Le massacre,” said he, correcting me. He was struck with a sign of the ancien régime in the wall enclosing the forest of Rambouillet—seven miles in circumference, so that the diligence had to make a détour; also with the preservation of game; partridges walking about in the fields near Rambouillet like barn-door fowls. When finally, after nine days’ hard travelling, he entered Paris at four o’clock in the afternoon by the Champs Elysées, “the Place Louis Quinze, the trees, the statues, the fountains, and the palace, seemed almost like Fairyland.”

At Paris he again attended some of those supperless conversaziones which he had mentioned before. They presented rather curious social features. “I was present at the lecture of part of a new opera, *Virginie*. It was not bad, but disputes got so high that I wished the author good night soon after the first act. It is singular how impassioned these people become without losing themselves utterly, or giving offence. They had no mercy.

“ One man would have it that Virginia, when she finds
“ herself in Appius’ palace, instead of saying ‘ Où suis je ?’
“ should cry ‘ Laissez-moi sortir.’ ” A musician insisted
“ that ‘ ton époux t’attend ’ was ‘ un mauvais vers lyrique ;’
“ but when somebody hinted that the interest was not
“ enough excited at the end of the first act, a friend of the
“ author’s ingeniously proved the contrary by observing
“ that Madame was impatient for the second. Such a noise
“ I never heard. I hope Molière and his friends were
“ a little quieter at ‘ Ninon de l’Enclos.’ ”

He also made acquaintance with some of the private collections in Paris, and speaks of one belonging “ to a
“ M. Sommariva, an Italian gentleman, who seems deter-
“ mined to encourage the Arts *à tort et à travers*, for he has
“ hung the most detestable French things by the side of
“ Titian and Vandyck—employs French artists to copy his
“ whole gallery in enamel, and Italian ones to transform
“ his pictures into cameos and bas-reliefs. His patronage
“ of one Frenchman I cannot wonder at, for if any one of
“ them has merit he has—I mean Prudhon. The matter
“ for astonishment is, that his colouring is chaste and
“ natural, and his expression and light and shade very *very*
“ like Correggio. A crying defect in all French painters,
“ though perhaps not so much their fault as their country’s,
“ is that ‘ goût libre ’ which is such a terrible abuse of the
“ art, and which our countrymen are happily free from, with
“ one or two exceptions.”

These few days in Paris, however, secured a chief object of his ambition, viz. : the renewal of the acquaintance with Visconti, and letters from that distinguished man to friends in Rome ; letters which showed that he had taken a just measure of the remarkable young Englishman. In Paris he heard so much of the chances of detention at that season of the year (October) in the Mediterranean, that he resolved to cross the Mount Cenis “ in spite of the brigands,” and

to travel to Rome entirely by land. He left Paris October 16, 1816, and by all the English he encountered was at first taken for a Frenchman; this was from his command of the language, or, as he amusingly says, "because I wore "a brass buckle in my hat and ate fish after meat." At the time that peace had restored the liberty of travelling, few Englishmen possessed the power of speaking French. He took the road by Geneva and crossed the Jura, which gave him the first sight of "Alps which one may "see but not describe. I descended most of the Jura on "foot, and wore out my shoes by taking short cuts to "meet the coach." From Geneva, next day, the young traveller, then in the highest spirits, joined with a fellow passenger in taking a "char à côté" for Lausanne. "Ur-quhart had the honour of driving out of town, but as "the horse did not understand 'come up' and so on, "I took him in hand with 'en route,' 'sacré,' and those "kind of expressions which are known to be persuasive to "French horses—*vide* Tristram Shandy—and astonished "the natives of the Canton de Vaud with a specimen of "superior driving." Arriving at Lausanne, he found out with difficulty Gibbon's house, made a sketch of it, and another of Coppet on returning; but the superior driving ended in an overturn, which did no one any harm, but occasioned expense and delay.

At Chambéry he took a vetturino through to Rome, there being no regular conveyances. "The horses went "step by step, and I of course walked a great deal; and, "unless I was sketching, I was sure to arrive at any town "long before my driver."

But few and slight memoranda of the journey are left. Turin, Milan, and Piacenza were passed through rapidly. At Parma, Marie Louise had collected the pictures from the churches, with those returned from Paris, into the Academy, and the Madonna della Scodella and the St.

Jerome were already in that inner room where they have remained ever since. At Bologna, where the Academy was also already established in the same way, he speaks of the want of care too observable towards the pictures there and elsewhere. The Marescalchi Gallery at Bologna was then in its glory—"the Judgment of Solomon,* an unfinished "picture by Giorgione, is very curious for an artist." At Florence the sculpture, antique and cinque-cento, seems to have especially engaged his limited time. Siena is also passingly mentioned. A day or two before entering Rome he was joined by a young Dr. Bunsen, then unknown to fame. The two young men entered Rome together on foot on the 24th November, 1816.

* Now at Kingston Lacy, the seat of Mr. Banks.

CHAPTER III.

First impressions of Rome.—Mr. Cockerell.—Dr. Bunsen.—English Society.
—Naples.—Tivoli.—Enthusiasm for Italian Landscape.—Starts for
Greece.—Corfu.—Zante.—Patras.—Delphi.—Corinth.—Khemil Bey.—
The Plague.—Athens.—Sicily.—Return to Rome.

THE young Painter was soon settled, in No. 1, Via de' Cappuccini, "the people, a woman and her daughter, very kind—and I am upon the whole better off than I ever was in London." Letters of introduction were then delivered, and his French recommendations immediately opened the Villa Medici (French Academy) under M. Thévenin, to him, where he drew every evening and attended conversaziones every Wednesday. He also drew from the antique sculpture in the Vatican, then, with the help of the British Government, restored to the Pope. Phillip and Alexander Visconti, brothers to the antiquary at Paris, were also very kind to him. Charles Eastlake immediately condemned the style of modern painting at Rome, remarking that the modern sculpture was far superior. "There is, however, a French taste about Canova;—a Dane, called Torwalzen, is very celebrated, and firmer and purer." Gibson had not yet come.

In Rome now as a young man, as in London when a boy, he began by active explorations on foot, and soon mastered its topography. He also soon reported himself as having been "in the ball of St. Peter's," which meant all over it. "But, whether from accident or an unconscious impulse, I visited the ancient ruins before St. Peter's."

He knew these so well from Piranesi's engravings, and from other sources, that the Arch of Severus, quite cleared instead of half buried, took him by surprise. He enters carefully into a description of the excavations made by the French, and then making by the Pope and the Duchess of Devonshire, which led to signs of original diversities of surface difficult to reconcile with the level of the Arch of Severus. On the exterior of St. Peter's he was, as might be expected, critical. The disproportion between the means employed and the effect obtained was a direct inversion of his principles of art. "This is one
" of the greatest faults I have to find—every means seems
" to have been made use of to produce a deception on
" the wrong side," that is, to make objects appear small which really are large. "To mention one of the com-
" monest;—in the inscription on the frieze of the whole
" front, 'Paulus Burghesius Romanus, &c.,' the letters are
" about as high as a man, and you read them with ease
" at any distance. Under this you see what appear to be
" but moderately large columns, but when you stand at
" the base of one of them, though they are not on pedes-
" tals, you cannot reach the lowest moulding. The sense
" of the real size is the same in the end, but produced by an
" effort of the reason, by having ascertained the *truth*,—but
" the imagination is the legitimate field for the arts."

He then passes on to a description of the Stanze of the Vatican. "Two circumstances have contributed to pre-
" serve Raphael's works here—his peculiar practice, which
" led him to excel rather in firm outline than in soft
" effect—and to prefer hard distinctness to rich confusion;
" and also the process of fresco painting, where it is
" necessary to dig the outline into the wall. The fading
" of colours mostly affects the draperies, which seem to
" have suffered more than the extremities, where, the parts
" being small, there was consequently more *line*. Here

“and there are some cracks in the wall—this does no
“great harm—what is worse is the ignorant folly of some
“who have scraped lights in the eyes, &c.” He was then
making drawings from some of the heads in the Stanza
of the School of Athens and Dispute of the Sacrament.
“There has been no possibility yet of working in the
“Capella Sistina, so that I have not seen so much of it as
“I could wish. I was first struck on entering with a
“tremendous depth of effect, both in the ceiling and the
“Last Judgment, for which I was not prepared In
“the summer the chill which pervades the rooms of the
“Vatican renders it dangerous to work there, and then I
“hope I shall do something in the landscape way. This
“is a magnificent place for all that has to do with a
“classic picture. Pines and cypresses present their dark
“masses against the buildings and blue Apennines. Would
“to Heaven you (Mr. Harman) were here! The finest
“Nature and the finest Art never were more completely
“blended.”

Again, to his sister-in-law—the excellent wife of his
brother George—“February, 1817; this Spring is said
“to be particularly fine. A Roman Spring! You can
“conceive nothing too delightful for it. The sun and
“the Fine Arts are the sources of most of the impres-
“sions one receives. I have no longer any doubt about
“the effect of climate; and everything one sees in
“the streets—even the hand bills—have something to
“do with art. By night too, suppose me now on the
“Trinità de’ Monti, on my way home from the Academy.
“There is the city sleeping below, with its domes and
“columns; and, that nothing may be wanting in the pic-
“ture, a single pine or cypress tree is seen among the
“architecture;—higher, on the right, is the Villa Medici,
“like a fairy palace, surrounded with evergreen oaks,
“through which a fountain sparkles—nothing is heard

“beside its murmurs but a flute or a guitar, and over-
“head is the moon without a cloud. And who does one
“know in this fairy city! Who are to me its inhabitants!
“the learned, the tasteful, the polite, and the beautiful.
“Ought I not to be happy!” These were the bright
impressions at twenty-three years of age, which as regards
the outer world of Italy never wore off.

To his mother, at the same time, after describing the
grand function at St. Peter’s on Christmas Day, he adds,
“Priests and artists are the great men here—’tis a most
“singular state of things—no commerce. I have only
“to do with the *outside* of Rome, and nothing can be
“more beautiful.”

He next describes some of the young men—fellow
countrymen and foreign—with whom he associated. “Of
“all the artists who are here, Cockerell, the architect, is
“one of the cleverest. He is the man who—in company
“with Linck and Stackelberg, Germans—discovered the
“Phigaleian and Egina marbles. He has brought a most
“valuable portfolio of drawings from Greece. I heard of
“him as soon as I arrived, and afterwards met him at
“the Duchess’ (Devonshire). Mazois, the author of the
“‘Antiquities of Pompeii,’ is also here. The first volume,
“which is finished, he very kindly lent me, and will let
“me examine everything as fast as it is printed. He is
“the only architect who has been allowed to measure and
“draw the ruins thoroughly. Dr. Bunsen is the young
“German with whom I got acquainted on the road. He
“travelled with an Englishman called Cathcart. I break-
“fasted with them one day—took up a huge quarto and
“found it a Latin treatise—took up another book, and
“found it a Persian MS. This young man is now
“employed in translating the oldest Persian poem, which
“he has found in the Vatican. Sir William Jones, he says,
“intended to have done it, but died without accomplishing

“ his wish. Dr. Bunsen takes me to-night to a Mrs. Waddington, an English lady, who has three daughters. I dined on Saturday with M. Thévenin, at the Villa Medici, for the second time—met Cockerell, Linck, Mazois—a man who had travelled in Asia,—and two Frenchmen. We met to look over the grand work on Egypt, published by the French Government;—immensely interesting. Linck and I are going to look it through again, and have fixed a day for the purpose. He is an architect and an antiquary, and I shall learn more than if I studied it alone.”

At the same time the English society at Rome, headed by the Duchess of Devonshire and the Countess of Westmorland, who assumed to be leaders of art as well as of fashion, admitted our young painter to their soirées and dinners, which, though not long to his taste, were profitable in opportunities of meeting the chief savans and artists. The Duchess of Devonshire was the first who gave him a commission, if such it could be called. She was engaged in preparing an edition of Horace's Journey from Rome to Brundisium, with illustrations, and requested Mr. Eastlake to execute two of the designs. He selected the subject of Horace's departure from Rome and another, and his drawings were pronounced by Canova and others to be of a higher classical character than any that had been done. These he presented to her Grace. He afterwards painted a small picture of Marius among the ruins of Carthage, in which he introduced the palm, the aloe, and the acanthus, and painted the architecture; also a picture of Cicero reading in his villa at Puteoli. These were both intended for the Duchess.

In the month of April, 1817, he started with his friend Mr. Seymour Kirkup—one of the young artists studying at Rome—for Naples. At first the young men had proposed to walk there and back, but finding a vessel in the Tiber

bound for Naples they took their passage on board of her. Virgil was in Charles Eastlake's memory and Addison in his hand as they left their moorings under Mount Aventine, and floated down the river—the Campagna on either hand,—“foundations of buildings, chiefly of reticulated work, in “and near the river. No living creature to be seen but wild “buffaloes. The trees have certainly been cut down since “Virgil's time. There are two mouths to the river— “one by Fiumicino navigable—that by Ostia not. The “modern Ostia is not very striking, but the actual mouth “of the river—with a large tower, some picturesque build- “ings, a lock bridge, and masts of ships against an Italian “evening sky—the Tiber glassy and golden, and the sea “meeting it suddenly, stormy and blue,—was a singular and “picturesque scene. We slept upon the deck under a sail. “The next morning, 8th April,” (1817) “the whole of Latium “lay before us. Circe's promontory is so high as to be seen “from Ostia on one side and Ischia on the other.” The course of the voyage did not run smooth. They passed the ruins of Antium; wind contrary and provisions short. Got some bread at S. Felice on Circe's Cape. On the 10th they were beating off Terracina. The captain tried to run into a small river near Terracina, and struck his vessel on a bar two hundred yards from shore. “The wind was blowing “very strong to the land, the sails set. I looked upon an “upset as certain. The sea broke with violence upon us to “windward and the ship fell more and more on her side. “One of the sailors tore off his clothes, and I saw Kirkup “turn pale as he began to do the same. The souls in “purgatory and the Madonna del Mercato—a famous one “at Naples—were invoked audibly. They succeeded in “getting down the sails, and a boat came off and towed us off “the bank and into the river, where the only sound we heard “was the croaking of frogs. Next morning we bathed for “the first time in the Mediterranean, and then walked to

“ Terracina, a most enchanting place, but one surrounded
“ by cutthroats. This is the ‘*Scopulis latè candentibus*
“ ‘*Anxur.*’ Sailed again that night, passed Gaeta, doubled
“ the Cape of Misenum, left Ischia and Procida behind,
“ glided by the Bay of Pozzuoli, Nisida, and the Cape of
“ Posilippo, and the sun set as *Naples* rose before us, and
“ the red flame of Vesuvius began to brighten as the night
“ advanced. We sketched the whole coast between us. . . .

“ We got Vasi’s description of Naples, and being delayed
“ for two days by passports, we occupied ourselves in first
“ seeing the town. You find in the buildings first such
“ general resemblance to ancient taste as is seen in most
“ Italian cities. Next you find a particular resemblance to
“ the half Greek style of decoration which characterises
“ Pompeii and Herculaneum. Then you find the roofs of
“ the churches partly coloured by tiles—to all intents
“ painted. This is Moorish; for I make another division for
“ a certain Spanish or half Moorish taste, the natural
“ consequence of the connection of the two Kingdoms.
“ This last influence affects more than the edifices. Peter
“ of Toledo, Viceroy in the sixteenth century, seems to
“ have been one of the famous Spanish Governors. The
“ principal street is called from him the *Strada Toledo*.
“ Where River Gods are introduced the Ebro and the
“ Tagus are preferred to the Garigliano and the Volturno.
“ You meet with Spanish inscriptions—the Guitar is
“ Spanish—the country people dance with castanets. If
“ you ask a Roman to explain to you twenty-four o’clock
“ according to our method, he says, ‘*7 di Francia,*’ if you
“ ask a Neapolitan, he says, ‘*7 di Spagna.*’ ”

To Mr. Harman he writes of some impressions derived
from Pompeii. “ *August, 1817.*—The painting of the
“ architecture which is introduced even on the outside of
“ buildings and on the capitals of columns I was glad to
“ meet with, because I had long had an idea that it was

“ practised, and the last researches in Greece and Egypt
 “ prove that it was universal. It is also certain that the
 “ ancients painted their statues. . . .

“ ‘Versicoloribus alis
 In morem pictâ stabat amor pharetrâ.’

“ See a little epigram ascribed to Virgil. I am of opinion
 “ that these facts may be made useful in art by increasing
 “ the means of diffusing certain colours. For when a
 “ painter can introduce positive colour in his architecture
 “ (I don’t think I should be inclined to paint statues) he
 “ need not resort to the various tricks in use to torture a
 “ picture into harmony.”

Returned to Rome he writes, “ I have been making a
 “ study—early in the morning, before I begin to paint,—of
 “ the remains of the Forum of Nerva*—a most picturesque
 “ ruin; and as I have surprised some architects by it I
 “ mean to go on with the sort of subject, and hope to bring
 “ home some things that you will like. I may add that it
 “ will be, and has also been, one of my objects here to
 “ make a collection of classic trees. This is one of the
 “ things Poussin excelled in, and, to say nothing of the
 “ look of antiquity, there is a manifest absurdity in putting
 “ English shrubs under an Italian sun. At Terracina you
 “ see a hill crowned with a picturesque convent—the sides
 “ clothed with aloe and cactûs. On one side towers a palm,
 “ on the other waves a grey grove of olives. If we are to
 “ paint Romans in a city let us have their glorious archi-
 “ tecture—if in the country let such a scene as this be
 “ spread around them—

“ ‘Know ye the land where citrons scent the gale,
 Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
 Where softer breezes fan the azure skies,
 Where myrtles spring and prouder laurels rise.’

* Water colour drawing in Lady Eastlake’s possession.

“ This is the great good of visiting their country. If I do not feel that I am in the ‘ Saturnia tellus ’ now, I can never have more indications of it. The sun burns me into a fever every day, but, far from enfeebling me, I never felt more inclined to work. My passion for architecture and classic scenery is such that I had almost made up my mind to join two English architects who are going to Athens in three weeks. Two reasons detain me—the ‘ res angustæ ’ and my reluctance to quit Rome before I have done more in it. I long to devote myself to this glorious Nature.”

This language was in keeping with his belief that another year would be the utmost he could give to Rome—where he ultimately resided for fourteen years—at all events he needed no additional stimulus to industry. He adds, a few weeks later, “ There is so much to be done here ! If a man *works hard*, and *studies* in Italy, he cannot stay too long. Fuseli used to talk of an indolence and an indifference acquired by too long a residence here, but if a man were to work like a slave for six years he would carry home but a very small portion of the region of taste with which he is surrounded.”

He now writes a letter to his mother from Tivoli, a place which the fine scenery, the classic associations, the light spirits and the earnest work combined to render an earthly paradise to him. He walked from Rome thither—in October, 1817—with his manservant, a tall stout model (he sketches the master and man in his letter) carrying drawing materials on his head. “ You are told that it is death to cross the Campagna after the rains, &c., &c. How I could swell the list of horrors ! but depend upon it they are all imaginary, except the brigands, and they seldom attack artists. The bad air, as far as I know, is a complete *hoax*, and I think I have been in every situation where it is said to prevail. I have not had a moment’s

“ illness yet, thank God. I drew in the open air in August
“ without an umbrella, whence the painters call me ‘the
“ ‘ Salamander.’ In the court-yard of the inn where I am
“ staying (at Tivoli) is the Temple of Vesta. Here one
“ loiters about in the evening, and hence you look down an
“ unfathomable gulf into which two cascades tumble. The
“ night here, says a French writer, has no silence. I will
“ tell you how we live here. We go out as soon as it is
“ light to paint and draw ; then, at twelve, you see all the
“ painters, true as the dial to the sun, returning—some from
“ Mount Catillus, some from the villas of Mæcenas, D’Este,
“ the Temple of Venus, &c., to dinner. If they are
“ Germans or Italians they sleep an hour after ; if French
“ or English they are out again immediately until dark,
“ when a supper is prepared, and when we English dine
“ together ; and, having a flute and a guitar among us, the
“ labours of the day generally finish with the song and the
“ waltz. You may suppose that after six weeks’ study from
“ nature in the most glorious scenery in the world, I know
“ a little more of landscape than I did.”

He contrived to bring thirty oil studies, besides sketches, from Tivoli. These were the first fruits of his passion and his power as a landscape painter, in which character he has been too little known in his own country. In this line of art his refined taste and perfect command of the brush became the special admiration of all landscape painters settled at Rome, and gave, as I am assured at this day, a higher impulse and standard to their efforts.

On his return from Tivoli, a very fine model, “ exquisite
“ in form and colour,” tempted him to begin a picture of a classic subject. He chose Paris, with Mercury giving him the apple, figures the size of life, with the goddesses in the distance.* In November, 1817, he is shocked by the tidings of the death of Princess Charlotte. “ It has quite alarmed all

* Sir Charles lost all trace of this early picture.

“ the English here. They wear mourning, and go to no
“ very gay meetings. Sorrow is universal.”

While this picture was in progress, he was preparing himself for a trip to Greece, which had been more deliberately decided upon. On this subject, his kind brother William, a life-long invalid, of course felt some alarm, and no wonder. The young painter met it with more banter than argument. “ The anxiety expressed in William’s letter about my
“ intended trip is very natural for you to feel in Frankfort
“ Street ; and the proposed journey must seem as much
“ more formidable than that from Plymouth to Ridgeway” (five miles) “ as the passage of the Adriatic is longer than
“ that of the Flying Bridge. The only thing that can
“ make foreign travelling unpleasant is an ignorance of the
“ language. This I am already taking care of. I have met
“ with a Greek priest to whom I go every day from four
“ till dark. I have had about twelve lessons, and can talk a
“ little already. Of course the little I know of old Greek
“ is of great use, perhaps of greater use than a deeper
“ knowledge would be ; for I should then have too much to
“ forget. There is no such thing as a modern Greek
“ grammar. I make a grammar as I go on. My master is
“ teaching the hereditary Prince of Bavaria,† who is going
“ to ransack Greece for antiquities, but he says the Vasilefs
“ (*βασιλεύς*) does not get on very fast. My picture and my
“ Greek are as much as I am fit for in a day (my model
“ comes at sunrise), so that in the evening I frequently visit
“ some Italian families. I am now strong enough in the
“ language to be one of them After all, the
“ Continent has long ceased to feel foreign to me, though
“ I can enter as much into our home habits as when I left
“ England. ’T is true I cannot here see the necessity of eating
“ before twelve at noon, and then prefer a bason of soup to
“ tea ; and in the evening can dine as well upon frogs, fried

* The late King Ludwig.

“ artichokes, wild boar, and cuttle fish, as upon roast beef.
 “ The climate is all one can wish. This is February, almost
 “ over (1818); but from the first week the weather has been
 “ like our finest May—the trees in blossom before they are
 “ in leaf, the air refreshing, but the sun eternally unclouded,
 “ and the moon the same; and such a city! The more to
 “ be admired, the more one sees of it.”

Mr. Eastlake's journey to Greece was again the fulfilment of an ardent wish, and this also, like his first visit to Paris, was encouraged by Mr. Harman's refined taste and enlightened views, and facilitated by his generosity. The means for this undertaking were advanced by this excellent friend. Charles received from him altogether £300, and repaid Mr. Harman by presenting him with the pictorial fruits of his tour.

He started for Greece in the last week of March, 1818. His companions were Mr. Barry, an architect (afterwards the well-known Sir Charles Barry), Mr. Kinnard, also an architect, and Mr. Johnson, subsequently professor at Haileybury College.

“ Luggage small—mine consists chiefly of materials for
 “ drawing and painting, for nothing is to be had there,—and
 “ a mattrass for each, which is indispensable; and we take
 “ Pausanias, Anacharsis, and maps between us. I have no
 “ other object than the picturesque, and shall consider
 “ myself at liberty to put the mosque and the temple in
 “ the same picture, and to pay the same attention to the
 “ Turk's beard and turban, as to the bas-relief he sits on.”
 He adds to Mr. Harman a superfluous postscript, “ Depend
 “ upon my industry.”

Our travellers proceeded to Naples, and thence crossed the peninsula to Barletta in four days. This is no familiar route even now. He describes the road over the Apennines, however, as being better than that then between Bologna and Florence, though the inns so bad

that the Vetturino did not attempt to provide repasts on the way for his travellers. Avellino was the first day's journey, with an old town-hall, which they tried to sketch, but were surrounded by a large crowd, whose troublesome astonishment at such a novel proceeding impeded their operations. The next day they reached Ariano, the highest point on the road. Then they travelled safely through the Pass of Ponte Bovino, "a valley ten miles long, "and the worst for brigands in Italy; a number of soldiers "stationed in different parts, forts built, and the heads of "the dead robbers exposed. Nothing moves without a "strong escort. About mid-day we saw some twenty men "on a hill near, but, as they did not attack us, never suspected them. We soon met a party of soldiers convoying "some mules laden with corn. Nothing could exceed their "terror when they heard of the company we had passed. "We have since heard of an engagement." Foggia was their next resting place, and then they crossed the river Ofanto, and reached Barletta. "The Ofanto marks the "field of Cannæ: in this battle the Romans crossed "the river and attacked, and were afterwards beaten back "and perished in it and in its marshes. The bed of the river "is large, the opposite bank to the Romans—that is, the "south side—much higher than the other, so that they "must have attacked under every disadvantage." At Barletta no vessel for Corfu was to be had on reasonable terms, and they pushed on to Bari next day, passing several picturesque towns. "Talking of the Appian Way, at "Corignola, between Foggia and Bari, I found one of the "mile-stones in its place, and have a sketch of it. After "giving Trajan's titles, the inscription ends with 'Viam a "Benevento Brundisium pecun: sua fecit.'" They sailed from Bari, and the next morning saw at once the west coast of Italy and the mountains of Albania. "At the distance "of twelve or fifteen miles, I saw from the end of Italy, or

“ what we call the heel of Italy, as far as Lecci, with
 “ Otranto between. This was precisely what the Trojans
 “ first saw of Italy, and not only from the same place, but
 “ at the same time.

“ ‘ *Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
 Cum procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
 Italiam.*’

“ The epithet ‘*humilem*’ is strikingly correct, and ‘*colles*’
 “ instead of ‘*montes*.’ The opposite coast, seen at this
 “ distance, was of a very grandly mountainous character.
 “ Fano appeared first, then Corfu. A gale came on in the
 “ night, but we consoled ourselves with the idea that we
 “ were where Ulysses had been.”

I now take up a species of journal which he sent to his family after his safe return to Rome. The word ‘safe’ is no conventional term here. A journey like this, performed half a century ago, with such appliances only as a country afforded where there was no such thing as a post, even from the capital, was very different to what we now call “roughing it.” In the place of inns, steamers, handbooks, and photographs, there were perils of a very positive nature by sea and by land, which taxed to the utmost, (though rather indicated than told here), the health and nerve of the strongest and most enterprising; while in the case of the traveller we are following, there was always the peril of an overstrong sense of duty which had no mercy on his physical powers. But it is something to read a journal in Greece before Byron’s “*Don Juan*” could be quoted.

“ You know my travels up to Corfu. I will begin there.
 “ I was there a week, and regretted quitting it so soon.
 “ It abounds in enchanting scenes. There are plenty of
 “ Albanians on the island, the remnant of a regiment
 “ organised by the French. Corcyra is the Phœacia of
 “ Homer (*Odyssey*). The medals have the gardens of
 “ Alcinous on one side. The Corcyræan antiquaries have

“ found this spot, and also where Ulysses met Nausicaa.
“ There are some remains of the city of Crysopolis among
“ the olive groves. On the 19th of April (1818) we sailed,
“ under an Ottoman flag, in a Polacca brig,—ships’ com-
“ pany Greeks,—for Patras, to touch at Zante. Some of
“ the Zante deputies to the Ionian Parliament were in the
“ ship, and a showman and his wife with their beasts and
“ birds. No part of the vessel endurable. We slept on
“ deck, and did not envy the Zante deputies the cabin.
“ Passed Paxu, and then Anti-Paxu, an uninhabited island,
“ where some of the party went on shore. Previsa, scene of
“ the battle of Actium, at a great distance. On the 21st,
“ after passing Sappho’s promontory by moonlight, we
“ were becalmed off Ithaca. Land all round. Cephalonia
“ and mountains of Patras in distance. Pindus covered
“ with snow. The wild beast man observed that the
“ Greeks were much fallen, for that ‘originally we had
“ ‘rope-dancing and all other Olympic games from them.’
“ A Corinthian, dressed like a Turk, wanted me to do his
“ portrait (*εἰς τὴν φιλειαν*), but the ship was not the place.
“ Porpoises appeared, sign of the wind which came on and
“ took us into Zante that night. The bay of Zante is a
“ little like Naples in miniature. Behind the town are clay
“ cliffs, the hill is crowned with a fort, and, when I was
“ there, had the additional ornament of three men hung in
“ chains. Above the town are some olive groves, a few
“ small palms, orange and lemon trees, these laden with
“ last year’s fruit. Sweet lemons are more delicious in
“ smell than in taste. Indian fig of an immense size, &c.
“ I walked to the top of the hill and saw the whole of the
“ island, an immense plain bounded east and west by
“ mountains, like one vast garden. Here grow the famous
“ currants; all the islands furnish some, and Patras too.
“ The pitch wells are also still productive. Sailed again; on
“ the evening of the 23rd were off Chiarenza in the Morea, .

“ the wind failed, got into boat at stern and bathed without
“ thinking of sharks. On the 24th, at daybreak, woke by
“ the Grecian cocks crowing, and anchored at Patras.
“ Here we found there was nothing like an inn, and Mr.
“ Green, the English Consul, kindly insisted on our staying
“ with him. He accompanied us with one of his Janissaries
“ round the town. Its antiquities consist chiefly of a
“ Corinthian capital, an altar, a mosaic pavement, and
“ foundations of a temple of Ceres, and some fine fragments
“ of statues walled into an old fort. There was one scene in
“ Patras which we sat down to draw. The Turkish waywode
“ was seated on a carpet under a plane tree near, smoking,
“ with two of his attendants. He called one of our party to
“ him, and examined him strictly as to his object in making
“ a sketch; concluding by asking if he was a ‘Milordos,’
“ —so this word has found its way into the language of
“ Plato.

“ The wind not being fair to go up and across the gulf to
“ Salona, we tried to get horses and proceed on to Vostizza.
“ But this was the Easter of the Greeks, who reckon in the
“ old style, and they refused to work for a week. The
“ Consul, therefore, got us a boat to row us to the Darda-
“ nelles of Lepanto; we left him on the evening of the
“ 25th. We had now a Janissary,—one Abdallah,—and a
“ servant who could cook. The mountains were finely
“ lighted by the setting sun as we approached Lepanto.
“ Our crew were Greeks, with long flowing hair, or curled
“ like the antique statues. The Janissary, in an Albanian
“ dress, sat silently at the end of the boat, evidently looking
“ down upon us all. Monday the 26th we were in the
“ Gulf of Corinth, Lepanto behind us, Vostizza on the
“ ‘starboard bow.’ The heat was intolerable, and we
“ made very little way. In the evening, a contrary wind
“ springing up, we all pulled by turns, and got to Scala
“ di Salona early on the 27th. This is where Anacharsis

“lands when he pays a visit to Delphi. (The bay of
“Salona is the gulf of Orissa). This place consists of
“one building, the Custom House; it was empty when
“we arrived. The Janissary went to Orissa, and returned
“with the necessary number of mules and horses—three for
“luggage and one a-piece to ride. The drivers were afraid
“to go straight to Delphi (Castri), as no one had surveyed
“us at the Custom House. We were therefore obliged to
“go first to Salona. We were now in Phocis, a country of
“mountains and olive groves. Everything appeared silent
“and deserted, and the heat made it appear more so. The
“first human being, and almost the only one we saw during
“our journey, was an Albanian shepherd boy, piping to his
“flock. Salona, according to Spon and Wheler, is
“Amphissa. The sun was scorching; we all made use of
“our sketching umbrellas, but they frightened the horses,
“and we had some droll adventures in consequence. The
“sort of road we passed over would surprise you, but the
“horses never tumbled—they left that to us to do.

“Thus we wound along the foot of Parnassus, our
“caravan looking like the procession in Bluebeard. When
“we approached Salona, which has five minarets and a
“fortress on a rock, we saw a company of Greeks dancing
“in a circle round an olive tree. After all, the Custom
“house officers at Salona did not visit us. Distances in
“Greece are always reckoned by hours. From Scala to
“Salona three and a half hours, from Salona to Castri
“rather more. As I have rather surprised people by all I
“managed to do in Greece, I can afford to confess that this
“first day, though I passed through the grandest country,
“and the most exciting to one bitten with classic enthu-
“siasm, it was the most impossible thing in the world not
“only to draw, but, I may almost say, to lift up my eyes.
“Yet, at this moment, the recollection of those Greeks
“dancing in the grove before the Turkish town of Salona,

“ with a gigantic mountain behind it, is enough to make me
 “ wish to return and draw the scene. I knew at the time I
 “ should feel so afterwards, but the heat unmanned us all.
 “ No sooner arrived at Salona than I drank a quantity of
 “ water and dropped asleep. In our afternoon journey we
 “ sent a mile out of our way for water during our march.
 “ At Athens afterwards, in the hottest months, I never
 “ experienced any lassitude or indisposition to work, and
 “ yet I know it was a vast deal hotter.

“ We now ascended Parnassus, arriving in the evening at
 “ Delphi. The two rocks of Parnassus are fine as such,
 “ but the mud¹ town situated at their foot has nothing to
 “ recommend it. It forms, like the old town, an amphi-
 “ theatre, which was once sustained by terraces of
 “ Cyclopæan walls, some of which remain; but for want of
 “ others the ground is one rapid descent of rocks and sand
 “ from the town to a vast valley miles below, once watered
 “ by the Plistus, which still flows through it in winter.
 “ At present its dry bed is discernible among the olives
 “ that fill the plain of Crissa. The bases of some of the
 “ terraces, with some traces of the Stadium, and a few
 “ tombs hewn in the rocks, are absolutely all that remain of
 “ Delphi. The Castalian fountain exists; it is a little
 “ stream that issues from between the two rocks. A little
 “ chapel is there, with Lord Byron’s name in it. On the
 “ site of the Gymnasium is a convent.

“ The town is wretched; it contains but two Turks;
 “ all the rest are Greeks, who seem very contented.
 “ Whether it was on account of their festival or a constant
 “ practice, they danced every evening. The Albanian
 “ dance, as well as the Romaika, is practised by them.
 “ Their music was a sort of small guitar with a long handle,
 “ —a tabor, and now and then a violin of a guitar-like make
 “ with three strings and as many notes. The long-necked
 “ instrument was sometimes carried and played by the

“ leader of the dance, who had then a handkerchief tied
“ to his girdle by which the next held on. The others all
“ joined hands. They sing a long song with the music.
“ The verse is Ζώγραφε, ὅπου ἐξωγράφησας τὸν μέγα Κωνσταν-
“ τῖνον, ἄς ζωγραφῇς τὴν ἀγάπην μου, χίλια φλόριά σου θὰ δίνω.
“ ‘ Painter who has painted Constantine the Great, paint me
“ ‘ my love and I will give you a thousand florins.’ This I was
“ always greeted with when I made my appearance among
“ them. The inhabitants are very fond of shooting, and
“ never move a mile from the village without a musket;
“ but in the evening, if two or three happened to meet on
“ the brow of a hill, they regularly laid down their weapon
“ and began to dance.

“ At Castri (Delphi) the custom of crying the hours from
“ the minarets could hardly be practised, for there are no
“ minarets, and only two believers in the Prophet. Instead
“ of this, however, a sort of town crier mounted the roof of
“ a house at night-fall and informed the village and the
“ echoes of Parnassus of whatever was going on in trade.
“ This crier having offered his services to us, we made him
“ tell the inhabitants of Castri to bring us anything they
“ had to sell. They did so, and Kinnard bought a gold
“ coin of Delphi for eight crowns, which has proved to be
“ unique and very valuable. I made no purchases. The
“ Superior of the Convent was absent when we arrived, and
“ we could not be received there. We therefore fared ill in
“ a wretched hovel all the time—eleven days—we were at
“ Castri. Without any associations even, this is a romantic
“ and poetical place: you need not look at the print in
“ Anacharsis for an idea, for that is totally unlike. There
“ are no trees or verdure; the miserable town and fine
“ mountain are equally bare.

“ There is a plane tree before the Castalian Spring, and
“ plenty of olives towards the valley and round the convent,
“ but Castri itself has nothing to assist its deformity. The

“ mountain, however, and the tremendous depth and distance, gradual as they are, which you look down upon, form a scene of the sublimest kind. The people talk very intelligible Greek—a little purer, I think, than the *common* Athenian. The usual salutation on the road was “ *ὦρα καλή σας,*’ literally, ‘happy hour to you.’ I have marked it as pronounced. When I could not understand them I found them very intelligent in explaining themselves by signs, though often accompanied by a loud bawl, intended to enforce the thing. One of our party went up the mountain to the Corcyran Cave (mentioned in *Anacharsis* and *Wheler*) with *Γεωργιος*, our host. He found some tombs hewn in the rock, and seeming to doubt at first what they were intended for, *Γεωργιος* lay down in one, shut his eyes, and pointed up to Heaven.

“ Parnassus abounds in vultures. Lord Byron erroneously calls them eagles. One of our party offered a reward through the medium of the town crier for one of these birds. A large bird was shot, but very different from those we had seen sailing about the mountain. The dollar reward was therefore withheld. At last a regular vulture was brought, with the naked throat. Its wings measured nine feet from tip to tip. These birds rarely came near the ground, and never moved their wings in flying, but their rapidity was such that when they passed overhead it was like the roar of a hurricane.

“ We found many inscriptions here; the most considerable we were afraid to attack; it covered in very small characters the whole of an antique wall which forms the inside and back of a dark stable. It is probably inedited, as may be some others which we did copy.

“ In mentioning the peculiar fondness of this people for dancing, I should not forget to tell you that always after mass, which was sufficiently often, the whole congregation danced and sung in the way I have described—the priest

“ with a long beard leading the measure, solemnly, but
“ actively. The resemblance to the Pagan customs is
“ evident.

“ We intended to have gone on by way of Livadia and
“ Thebes to Athens, but news arrived that the plague had
“ found its way from the Negropont to Thebes. Afraid
“ that the gates of Athens should be shut against us, if we
“ escaped that danger at Thebes, we retraced our steps (I
“ walked) to the Scala di Salona, and sent the Janissary
“ to Galaxidi to find a boat. We slept on our mattresses
“ in the Custom House, and were woke in the night by the
“ shock of an earthquake; but this is common in Greece.
“ We started by boat next morning, but contrary wind
“ obliged us to go to Galaxidi—vile place! The wind con-
“ tinuing contrary for Corinth, we crossed the gulf to
“ Vostizza, which was ruined last year by an earthquake.
“ On the shore at Vostizza is a large and venerable plane
“ tree, which, it is pretended, Pausanias mentions. Here
“ we got horses—I and another of the party walking—and
“ set out for Corinth. The first afternoon we reached a
“ Priest’s house, where we slept in an open kiosk; the
“ next evening we reached a khan, where we were accommo-
“ dated with a hayloft. The following afternoon we arrived
“ at Corinth, where we put up at the house of a physician,
“ dressed à la Turquie, who speaks Italian. The whole
“ road from Vostizza to Corinth borders the sea: a small
“ plain between the sea and the mountains is most general,
“ but sometimes the mountain ends abruptly in the sea: in
“ either case the scenery is like that of a park in England,
“ except that the choicest trees here grow wild. We were
“ rather short of provisions in this march. The second day
“ we halted at noon in a fine meadow. We were melted by
“ the heat, but refreshed by the sight of the snows of
“ Helicon on the other side of the gulf. After picking our
“ last bone, we drank some muddy water—the only pool we

“ found—but it was nectar. We got very little at the khan,
 “ and the next day we lived upon lemons.

“ Corinth is a beautiful specimen of a Turkish town—the
 “ bazaars sheltered by vines—groups of smokers in the
 “ streets about the coffee-houses—Turks in richest dresses
 “ galloping about on fiery horses; Bey’s Palace, Seraglio,
 “ mosque and fountain, enriched with cypresses, and a black
 “ muezzin shouting from the minaret. The greatest man
 “ at Corinth is Khemil Bey, the most opulent Turk in the
 “ Morea. He happened to be out of the way, but we paid
 “ our respects to a relation of his who presided at his
 “ Palace. Our object was to be allowed to draw the house
 “ —a very picturesque one; this was readily granted by
 “ Ibrahim Golubeis, who politely forced us to smoke pipes
 “ twice as long as ourselves with him, and gave us coffee à
 “ la Turque—that is, sugarless, and almost solid with
 “ grounds. His manner of boasting of the riches of Khemil
 “ Bey was rather amusing. We were all ranged opposite to
 “ him, rather lower than himself, all cross-legged. A
 “ secretary sat at his feet, an interpreter on one side;
 “ armed Janissaries were at the door. After taking a whiff
 “ or two, he would say to the interpreter, without moving
 “ his head, ‘Tell them seven hundred families in the
 “ Morea depend upon Khemil Bey for their daily bread.’
 “ Another whiff. ‘Tell them so many bushels of corn (a
 “ vast quantity) are consumed in this palace daily.’ Then
 “ followed the number of horses always ready, the black
 “ slaves—not a word about the Seraglio—ending by saying
 “ that guests had stayed one, two, and three years in the
 “ house, and had not only been always welcome, but had
 “ been supplied with horses and money on leaving the
 “ munificent Khemil.

“ When the architects went to examine the house, they
 “ must needs measure it, which Ibrahim not understanding,
 “ ordered further operations to be suspended. I had been

“ sketching a mosque near, and wishing to see the turban stones, went into the court, and thence was going among the graves, when a black woman spied me, and rushing to the door of the cemetery, spread out her arms with the most horrible shrieks to prevent my entering.

“ The antiquities at Corinth are *the* columns—an amphitheatre sunk in the rock, traces of Cyclopæan walls and Roman works—all very ruined. The Acro-Corintho, a very high rock above the town like the Acropolis at Athens, is said to contain some antiquities, but, as it is the fortress, no Franks are admitted. We were between four and five days at Corinth. The Physician with whom we lodged received accounts that the plague was in Athens. This was soon confirmed, and a boat, arrived thence on the other side of the Isthmus, was put in quarantine. A Frenchman suffered so much from the barbarity of the Turks that, as we afterwards heard, he sailed round the Morea before the quarantine expired, unable to endure it any longer. I soon made up my mind to go on to Athens, and was presently followed in this determination by two of my companions, and at last by all. The Physician almost went down on his knees to beg us not to venture. We walked across the Isthmus (not six miles), and learnt the truth from the Frenchman. The plague was expected at Athens, but the only deaths there had been in quarantine. We sailed at night, and landed next day on a Pirate’s island (all the uninhabited islands are said to be the resort of pirates). This I did not suspect, but wandering over the place to find a spot to bathe, I came to a little creek, hemmed round with rocks, where lay a solitary boat. Not a soul was to be seen, and I was not curious to examine further. In the afternoon we got between Salamis and Egina—in the evening passed between Salamis and the mainland—just the spot of the battle. The setting sun lit Xerxes’ throne (there is a rock still so

“ named).* In one of these silent bays there was another
“ boat at anchor, and our boatmen, without consulting us,
“ stopped and anchored near it. We had seen Athens at a
“ distance and were anxious to get on—and at all events
“ not to remain where we were. The moon was up, and as
“ there was no wind we agreed to row by turns, for the
“ boatmen refused to go on. We got up the anchor; a
“ row followed, pistols were produced, and one man knocked
“ down. We pulled away, and in the morning passed by
“ the tomb of Themistocles, and anchored in the Piræus.

“ I should have told you that at Corinth our Janissary
“ left us, for he was afraid of the plague. We despatched a
“ letter to the English Consul at Athens—Signor Logotheti
“ —to have his opinion about the plague. His answer
“ advised us not on any account to enter Athens, but to go
“ elsewhere for the present;—upon which we walked into
“ the City. There are only five or six houses at the
“ Piræus, perhaps not so many. The road to Athens—five
“ miles—is the site of the long walls. Mounts Hymettus,
“ Anchesmus, Parnes, Corydallus, bound an immense plain,
“ and on the side nearest Hymettus rises the Acropolis and
“ Athens—the plain quite barren, and not even green next
“ the city—but at the distance of one or two miles the olive
“ groves begin, and end at the foot of the mountain. We
“ took up our abode in the house of one Demetrius Zo-
“ grapho; the names of his children are Themistocles,
“ Alcibiades, and Pericles. There was once a Miltiades, and
“ there is lately an Aspasia. It was towards the end of
“ May that we entered Athens (1818). People were as-
“ tonished at our boldness in coming at such a time. The
“ bodies of those who had died had been burnt, with all
“ that belonged to them. But a horrible sort of suspense

* This phrase was written, as already said, before Lord Byron's "The Isles of Greece" had appeared.

“reigned over the city. I cannot account for my being
“indifferent to it—perhaps it was fatigue. Some of my
“companions were very nervous, but when once we saw the
“Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus, the plague was no
“longer thought of. Admittance to the Acropolis was
“purchased by a present of three or four dollars to the
“Disda Aga, a very civil old man. The Greeks never go
“there, so that we drew there in perfect tranquillity.

“Athens quite came up to my expectations as a pictur-
“esque place, and exceeded them as a civilized one. The
“Turks are really friendly. Among the *Franks* resident
“at Athens are M. Fauvel, the French Consul; Gropius,
“the Austrian Consul; and Lusieri, Lord Elgin’s draughts-
“man, &c. These three, whose characters you will find
“very illnaturally drawn in the notes to Lord Byron’s
“‘Childe Harold,’ were very civil. I bore the heat well,
“and worked under an umbrella from morning to night.

“The ‘Satellite’ arrived shortly after our entry, and my
“three companions could not resist the temptation of a
“passage to Constantinople. They tried to persuade me
“to go too, but I resisted them, and remained behind, the
“only Englishman in Athens. From the day I first sat
“down to draw, my life in Athens was every day alike, so
“that the only journal I kept was not in black and white,
“but in blue, red, and yellow.”

Charles Eastlake continued for many weeks the only
Englishman in Athens. He mentions a number of travellers
who subsequently arrived by English vessels of war. Among
them were Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lord Balgonie, Lord
Rosehill, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Basevi, the
architect, and others. With Mr. Basevi he went to Egina,
about four hours’ sail with a good wind. “The Temple
“of Jupiter Panhellenius is beautifully situated in this
“island, but situation seems always to have been an
“essential consideration with the Greek architects. As

“ there is no house near, we slept two nights under the temple, and the wind and the sun together took the skin off our faces. The voyage from the Piræus to Cape Sunium we performed in a night. There we stayed three days, lodging in the temple as before, for no house is near. I made a most perilous journey of a quarter of a mile over some rocks at the foot of a cliff to get a good point for the ruin and the Cape. Here my ultramarine blew overboard—there never was such a windy country as Attica—but not before I had painted the darkest blue sea that I suppose ever was painted, and yet not dark enough for what I saw; for here ‘the ocean is deepest in ‘dye.’ This sketch, which I was afraid would not be liked for the excessive depth of its tone, is one that *takes* most.” Coming back from Cape Sunium he slept upon some damp sand at the bottom of the boat, and caught a slight fever or ague which laid him up a few days at Athens. He also rode to Eleusis and back again in the day, but he did not visit Marathon. “I was of course always more intent on doing than seeing.”

Lord Balgonie had arrived in a gun-boat. In this boat was a sailor of the name of Magee, whose professional remarks on the Parthenon amused the English party. “Mr. Magee rode up to the Acropolis on an ass, and having inspected the Parthenon, &c., he was of opinion that the place might be taken with twenty men.”

Under the auspices of Lord and Lady Ruthven Athens became rather gay, and two balls were given, chiefly to bring out the “Maid of Athens” and her sisters. “They are not remarkably beautiful, but interesting and lady-like.”

After remaining in Athens three and a half months the arrival of the “Spry” from Smyrna—Captain White, twenty guns—gave an opportunity for leaving; and Mr. Eastlake thankfully accepted a berth in the cabin with the

amiable Lord Balgonie (the late Earl of Leven and Melville), while Messrs Wilson and Basevi were lodged in the gun-room. "We rode down again by the site of the long walls, and when we saw the 'Spry' lying at anchor Wilson said with great effect, 'There are *our* long walls.' 'The two Elliotts' (of Brighton), "who had come from Smyrna to Athens in the 'Spry' (both fellows of Trinity, and since gone to Egypt and Palestine) dined on board, as did Mr. Wrench, the Constantinople Chaplain, who had been living with me, and Mr. Hamilton Campbell, Lady Ruthven's brother. Never were there a happier party. The getting into that ship was almost the same as going to England."

They were a fortnight, owing to calms and contrary winds, in getting to Malta (on the 7th of October), where Charles Eastlake was not idle, as testified by an oil sketch of the well-known Caravaggio—The Beheading of the Baptist.

Sir Thomas Maitland was then Governor of Malta. Through his interest a schooner, 'The Regent,' was placed at the service of Lord Balgonie, who, with our painter, had formed a plan for visiting Sicily. "Our first departure was rather unfortunate. Sir Thomas Maitland sailed at the same time for Corfu in the 'Glasgow.' It was found that he had left his papers and despatches behind him; whereupon they were consigned to the 'Regent' with directions to pursue the frigate. This was done with success (I observed by the bye among the despatches a good deal of music!). After which a gale of wind came on and we put back again to Malta. Next day we sailed again with a Colonel Llewellyn, and in a night and day crossed the stormy channel of Malta, and anchored at Augusta in Sicily. The schooner being a vessel of war, our quarantine was, by management, reduced to one day, so that we soon found ourselves in

“ Catania. The Bay of Catania is the ‘Megarosque Sinus’
“ described among the other Sicilian ports at the end of
“ the Third Book of the ‘Æneid.’ Catania is supposed to
“ be one of the finest cities in Europe. I made a sketch of
“ the principal street, which reaches to the foot of Etna. I
“ did not go up the mountain, being otherwise employed.
“ My fellow-travellers attempted it without success. A Mr.
“ Cholmondeley joined us here. There are no antiquities
“ in Catania of any importance, but a curious private
“ museum exists. To Syracuse was one day, travelling, as
“ in Greece, upon mules. Here, there are some interesting
“ antiquities—a Temple of Minerva, turned into a church;
“ some columns of the Forum; tombs; the antique quar-
“ ries; the Ear of Dionysius; the fountains of Cyano and
“ Arethusa, and Mount Hybla in the distance. Sicily has
“ one great advantage over Greece, and independent of the
“ classic associations, namely the beauty of the country,
“ which is of the most striking kind. In Greece you have
“ frequently nothing but the name. The next place of note
“ was Girgenti, ‘arduus hinc Acragas’ (all at the end of
“ the third book). Here are the ruins of four temples in
“ a line—that of Concord nearly perfect—columns of
“ Jupiter Olympius eighteen feet in diameter—the flutes, as
“ Diodorus Siculus observes, large enough to admit a man.
“ All that remains here is Doric. Selinonte—‘Palmosa
“ ‘Selinus’—is three days’ journey from Girgenti. That
“ word ‘palmosa’ made me hunt far and near for a palm
“ tree, but there are none nearer than seven miles. These
“ temples, five or six in number, are the most superb ruins
“ I have seen at all, but they are quite overthrown. From
“ Castel Vetrano we went to Trapani where Anchises died,
“ and the departure whence opens the Æneid. I went twice
“ up Mount Eryx and found some remains of the Temple
“ of Venus Erycina. The Temple of Segeste, near
“ Alcamo, was the last piece of antiquity we visited. From

“Alcarno to Palermo there are thirty miles of the most
“Arcadian country imaginable. The temple at Segeste
“and the mountains about it are all that Poussin could
“wish. This corner of Sicily is well worth a journey
“from England to visit. I declared and declare still
“that I never saw *scenery* before. Palermo itself is
“enchanting. I went into the mountains for a week
“to make a panorama of the town and valley, but
“not one hour would it cease to rain, and I painted
“the skeleton chamber of a Capuchin convent
“From Palermo a day and two nights brought us to
“Naples.”

He was back to Rome by the 20th of December (1818) bringing with him ninety oil sketches, many of them comparatively finished oil pictures—all interesting works of art.*

Charles Eastlake was now just twenty-five years of age, and may be said to have anticipated a rare maturity of mind and experience, and that at the expense of no better thing, unless of health. He had already learned, seen, and done more than is often accomplished in the course of a long life. To these, in great measure self-attained, advantages he now added that of mixing in what might perhaps, not unjustly, claim to be the best society in the world. Rome was at this time the annual resort of much that was distinguished in English talent. For beside the mere brilliant crowd of title, fashion, and beauty, there were such people as Lord Spencer, Sir H. and Lady Davy, Sir Thos. Lawrence, Moore the Poet, Mr. Rogers, Turner, Chantrey, Jackson, the Miss Berrys, the truly accomplished Miss Catherine Fanshawe, and others; all coming and going, and leavening a mass, which, otherwise, by a natural law, tended even in Rome to degenerate into

* A few of these are in Lady Eastlake's possession.

frivolity, pedantry, and gossip. There was, no doubt, a higher tone in Rome half a century ago than there is or can be now. The magical city was more difficult of access, wealth was more exclusively in the hands of the better bred and educated, and people went for a longer time and with a more definite purpose. If, therefore, the Anglo-Roman aristocrats prided themselves on an exclusiveness which is now of the past, they admitted, in self-interest, the acknowledged votaries of letters and art within the circle. And, generally speaking, all were seen to advantage in a city where learning, taste, and enthusiasm were the order of the day : where the *blasé* found perpetual novelty, the intelligent perpetual interest, and where a glorious climate shed health and good humour upon all. Into this society it was natural for Charles Eastlake, with his varied acquirements and perfect refinement of mind and manner, to have ready admission ; natural, too, that he in turn should greatly relish its manifold attractions. At the same time he was not the man long to enjoy or indulge in anything, however delightful, which interfered with a principle or a purpose.

At this period, however, all this had for him the zest of novelty as well as of appreciation, and was enjoyed with the ardour of an unvitiated youth. He had returned to Rome with a renewed sense of its beauties and delights, and with something of the feeling of a victor, if such a name may be attached to one so modest, come to enjoy his laurels. His reputation was made at once by his Greek sketches, which were the admiration of initiated and uninitiated alike, and the wonder especially of the former. For all persons conversant with the practical difficulties of art and climate had declared the impossibility of sketching from nature in oil under a Greek summer sky. Indeed, no one had been more positive on that point than Lusieri, Lord Elgin's draughtsman, in Athens itself. Here, however, was the

unmistakeable harvest of an energy and endurance greater than had been brought into that field before by any oil painter, all bearing internal evidence of an accuracy and feeling valuable and fascinating alike to scholar and artist.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain and Mrs. Graham.—Sir Thomas Lawrence in Rome.—Opinions on his Works.—Poli, and the Banditti.—Contributions to "London Magazine."—Death of his Father.—Visit to England.—Return to Rome.—Thoughts on Art, and on Painters.—Reputation as a Landscape Painter.—Death of his Mother.—Venetian Art.—Titian and Claude.—Illness in Naples.—Lessing.—Rev. Hugh Rose.—Isadas.—Pagan Art.—Elected Associate of Royal Academy.—"Pilgrims in Sight of Rome."—"Byron's Dream."—"Haidee."

HE was now beset with commissions, not only for repetitions of Greek scenes, but for sketches of localities in and around Rome, and before long declared that he needed ten hands instead of one to get through his work. In this occupation, however, he took great delight; not only was he surrounded with scenes which ministered to his refined and classic taste, but, as he writes to his brother: "I have acquired a desperate fondness for nature, and "have added much to my happiness by following landscape "painting."

The year 1819 was very happy and industrious. To the pleasures and flatteries of society he added the comforts of real friendship. Lord Balgonie was sincerely attached to him, and respected his character and his learning with a generous simplicity; while Captain and Mrs. Graham, who had come to lodge in the same house, cared for him with all the solicitude and interest of relatives. In this year he had moved into the house which he ever after occupied, No. 12, Piazza Mignanelli,* where the Grahams

* He vacated these apartments in 1830 in favour of his friend Mr. Penry Williams, who still occupies them.

admitted him into their family life, and made themselves responsible to his dear mother for care of health which he too recklessly neglected. This was the lady, well known then and afterwards for her works on India and the Brazils, who later became the wife of Sir Augustus Callcott.

At this time Sir Thomas Lawrence was in Rome, quartered at the Quirinal (Monte Cavallo) Palace, having several fine portraits with him, male and female, and engaged in painting the Pope and others. Charles Eastlake gives a curious description of the impression which these works made on the foreign painters, chiefly Frenchmen, which must be measured more perhaps by what foreign portrait painters were then than by the present estimate of Sir Thomas Lawrence. "I went yesterday with the President of the French Academy (M. Thévenin), a sufficiently bad painter but a very good critic, with the best Landscape painter here, and with two or three Frenchmen, an Italian, and a Russian,—all artists. Their admiration was unbounded. They said it was 'l'école de Vandyck' which had formed that of England. They were very much struck with the *vivacity* of the execution, and with the science displayed in effect, and not a little surprised to see them united with fine drawing. The cleverest Frenchman there was silent for some time, and when pressed for his opinion, said, in the tone of a man who gives a thing up, 'Oh! c'est là la manière de faire les Portraits—c'est fini.' The manner of painting gold, &c., so excellent, but so different from the French, they were very much struck with, and thought it the best kind of *high finish*. (It is, as we all know, anything but what is commonly called high finish.) 'Lorsqu'on regarde,' said one, 'ces diamants à quelque distance l'effet en est admirable; vu de près ça paraît indéchiffrable; il y a tout le cric-crac de la Nature.' In short, they have conceived a high idea of English art; still they will

“not give up David as the head of drawing, and Lawrence himself says he was very much struck with his power in that respect at Paris.”

Sir Thomas, then in the zenith of his power and fame, formed for Mr. Eastlake a sincere friendship, which he showed by much kindness at Rome, and many interesting subsequent letters. Lawrence was much impressed by his studies of landscape and architecture, and openly declared them worthy of Poussin. He also gave him a proof of regard, which those who knew Sir Thomas will understand how to value, by presenting him with a sketch of a lady's head by his hand, and allowing him to be present while he painted it. Charles, in return, gave him sketches of certain localities in and near Rome. The head was that of Mrs. Graham, a very remarkable specimen of two hours' work, which Sir Charles never parted with. The studio, his own, where the lady sate, was large, with a fine light. He placed it shortly after at the service of Jackson while engaged in taking a portrait of Tom Moore, and thus, as he expresses himself to Mr. Harman, “I saw the Painter work, and heard the Poet talk.”

During the summer of 1819, which was intensely hot, he spent a short time at Tivoli, and also joined the Grahams at Poli, near Palestrina. From these two trips he brought back sixty sketches. At Poli, the banditti who infested the neighbourhood completely blockaded them, and Charles Eastlake went out with the peasantry to give them chase. The scene of a poor girl lamenting over the body of her murdered brother made an impression upon him which he afterwards transferred to canvas. From this short stay at Poli may be dated the interest he took in banditti subjects, which afforded in every sense fitting foregrounds for his fine landscape studies, and for which a person in Rome furnished all necessary costume and materials. Nor did oral information fail. In a picture of a woman, in the

costume of Sonnino, giving bread to an old man seated beside one of the little Madonna chapels near Subiaco, which Mr. Eastlake gave to Mrs. Harman, the model was “a bandit’s wife, who had been a frequent sitter to me. Her first husband was put to death—her present one is in the galleys for fifteen years. I hope the act of charity she is performing in your picture may destroy these associations. She may at least be suffered to do good in a picture. Even in nature the most contradictory mixture of good and bad qualities is one of the peculiarities of these people. The men robbers are generous and cruel by turns, and the women watch over their safety and hazard their lives for them in circumstances very fit for picturesque representation. This has accordingly given me a hint for several pictures which I have done.”

It is curious to think of the lawless elements only divided by a few miles from the highly artificial and luxurious society of Rome. “The Romans are quite imprisoned, owing to their own fears and the daring activity of these brigands.” On occasion of a visit to Lady Westmorland and Lord St. Asaph,—who had asserted their independence by taking a villa at Arsoli, in the wildest nook of the Apennines, about twenty miles beyond Tivoli, on the borders of the kingdom of Naples,—the banditti hovered so persistently around them, that the Lady and young Lord, who had carried with them all the luxuries and habits of the capital, were obliged to return in a week. Charles Eastlake seems to have trusted to the belief that they let painters alone (not always verified), for he was out sketching from daybreak to noon, and found the scenery so glorious that he outstaid his hostess.

While his hand was thus busy, his mind was equally active. Mr. Scott, author of “Visit to Paris,” &c., had been in Rome foraging for contributors for the “London Magazine,” a literary periodical started in January, 1820.

In the course of 1819, Mr. Eastlake furnished him with six articles. 1. On the Excavation of the Tiber. 2. On the Arts of Rome. 3. On a passage in Dante. 4. On finding Cicero's MS. in the Vatican (copied into Galignani, April 14, 1820). 5. On an Italian treatise on Moral Philosophy. 6. On Italian Music. At the same time he devoted his evenings to learning German, and mastered the language for purposes of speaking as well as of reading. A few months later he translated Bertholdi's work on the Secret Societies of Italy (the Carbonari).

The penalty of all this spendthrift industry was now, however, becoming due, and took a form in which the offender could least afford to pay it. He began to suffer from an induration of the glands of the eyelids, brought on by over-exposure to strong light, which produced swelling and inflammation. His general health also gave way, and though ten days at Civita Vecchia, with sea-bathing, rested and restored him, yet from this time he may be said to have been always more or less weaker than his task, however unrelentingly towards himself that task might be pursued and achieved. While unwell, his thoughts dwelt on a return to England; but, as he rallied, his numerous commissions and the pictorial charms of Rome again riveted him to the spot. This was subsequent to the departure of the Grahams, whose society he not only greatly missed, but whose tender care over his health was more than ever needed.

In December, 1820, the intelligence of his excellent father's death reached him, and, yearning for his afflicted mother, he immediately started for England. Arrived in Plymouth he began a portrait of his mother in her deep mourning, which shows how finely he could treat this branch of art. It is evident that the question of his settling in London was now mooted by his family and friends—the Grahams being at that time also in London;—but, if he left England with any immediate intention of

returning, it quickly evaporated, equally before the consideration of the hazardous conditions of a painter's life in England, and the irresistible attractions, picturesquely speaking, of Italy.

As regards a painter's life in England, it must be remembered that Art in those days, unless we except portrait painting,—to the practice of which Mr. Eastlake was never disposed,—was no smooth or lucrative profession. And though our painter was indifferent to the small prices which his works obtained, yet he was anything but indifferent to the means then sometimes necessary to obtain patronage. “I doubt,” he says, in a letter to his dearest mother, “the possibility of my getting on in London “without resorting to more quackery than is consistent “either with my feelings or profession. Here, I need no “incitements to work, for the place itself is inspiring, and “the difficulties of living not great. I feel Italy and my “own pursuit very differently of late. In short, I like both “much more than ever, and am determined to lead the “quiet but industrious life of a mere painter. Indeed it “now seems to me that I never felt Italy before. When “I thought of portrait painting in London, it was not that “I preferred this branch of the art—quite the contrary; “indeed the style, of all others, I should like would be “a union of History and Landscape, which is not, I think, “dividing the attention, as it teaches one to look at a whole. “I have considered that, on the whole, this would be as “profitable a pursuit as any, without the unspeakable “annoyance of portrait painting, under which I am sure “I should sink before long. Historical painting, merely, is “too hazardous, for when a young man has made himself “a bankrupt in strenuously aiming to produce something “tolerable, to be at the mercy of such ignorant puppies as “the (naming an English paper), &c., is not to “be borne.”

When Charles Eastlake spoke of being determined to lead the industrious life of a mere painter, he, as usual with him, fully meant what he said. Accordingly he immediately formed and adhered to the plan of refusing all dinner engagements, except on a Sunday, on which day he also resolved not to work. This order of things gave opportunity for more expression of his thoughts regarding Art, in which he indulged to Mr. Harman. "It is the fairest mode of criticism to enter into every man's particular feeling, and to give him credit for that—without condemning Poussin for want of colour, or Teniers for vulgar form. A *character* is always more respectable than a great deal of excellence without one; if excellence indeed be at all attainable without it. . . . I have made up my mind that poetry more exclusively belongs to landscape than to figures, and I shall always hope to make that principle, viz., a poetical feeling, the rule of composition, colouring, light and shade, and all. I have followed the art long enough to find out what my own feeling is, and it is only by following that that I can hope to make others feel."

Again, as to the deeper things of a Painter's philosophy, I venture to transcribe the following extract from a letter to Mr. Harman, August 6, 1821:—"Every man, at some period of his life, naturally asks himself whether the profession he is engaged in is worthy, or may be made worthy, of a gentleman and a Christian. The conviction that the one I have the happiness to follow is worthy of both not a little increases my love for it and desire to excel in it. Whether what Reynolds says be true, that 'what begins in Taste will conclude in Virtue,' I know not; but I sometimes hope that at some distant time it may prove so in my case. This does not fail to attach me the more to what I have learnt to consider the possible means of attaining it. But such an arduous profession as Painting will not bear too close

“ examination with reference to moral duties. Reynolds
“ ventured to say, that *he* would never be a painter who
“ looks forward to Sunday as an idle day. Opie went still
“ further, and recommending industry with enthusiasm,
“ says, a painter must give up body and soul to aiming
“ at perfection in his art. In my own particular case I
“ am sure I have done more since I have ceased to work
“ on Sundays. But when I said that Painting will not
“ wholly bear the test of reference to moral duties, I meant
“ and mean that such an absorbing pursuit, even if it does
“ not prevent the artist’s fulfilling, in an imperfect way,
“ his duties to God and himself, yet interferes materially
“ with his attention to the rest of the world, his neighbour.
“ Are Painters, then, unprofitable labourers? or rather do
“ they toil only for their own aggrandisement? I answer
“ this by supposing that the contemplation of works of art
“ must produce in a proportionate degree in the beholder
“ the same effect which the practice sometimes produces
“ on the painter. Although it has been doubted whether
“ Painting ever produces a moral effect, its abuse is very
“ capable of an immoral one; and the first step to make
“ it of use should be to shun its abuse. The subject (of
“ a painting) has also much to do with its possible good
“ effect, and most of all the excellence of the work, so
“ that the most moral painter has the strongest motives
“ to aim at perfection in the art itself. While I think that
“ a painter’s only chance of success is to follow his own
“ bent, I sometimes regret that mine is decidedly a heathen
“ taste, for I see more to allure me in the beauty and
“ simplicity of a classical dream than in the less plastic
“ and less picturesque materials of my own faith—the
“ very excellence of which is that it does *not* appeal to
“ the senses. I have thought, indeed, that the two might
“ be united in sacred landscape, for the scenery of the
“ East has always been fine, but I cannot help thinking,

“ with respect to History painting that all the machinery
 “ of the art—the picturesque—has little to do with
 “ Christianity, the purity of which is better expressed by
 “ the early Italian painters and present German painters,
 “ than by Venice, France, or England. Painting and
 “ Sculpture, which were always excluded by the Jews, seem,
 “ to be ill-adapted for a religion which was planted among
 “ them, and which confirmed instead of changing their
 “ laws. The reason why the arts were not sanctioned
 “ among God’s people is obvious, for the Greeks owe
 “ their idolatry to their artists and their poets—till at last
 “ every benign or sinister appearance in nature was looked
 “ upon as a Deity. But what a beautiful system for a
 “ painter even now! What I have said has nothing to
 “ object against the arts now, for the world is changed
 “ and enlightened, and a Christian may make an image
 “ without adoring it.”

Mr. Eastlake was one of the few who ventured to remain in Rome during the heats of the summer—he did so in 1821 and 1822. At these periods of the year Rome was deserted, and he worked almost entirely without interruption. “ I
 “ find the summer is the time when I work hardest and
 “ improve most, and I have enjoyed this last the more
 “ from economising my time and strength in the Italian
 “ way—viz., by sleeping during the hot hours (*le ore calde*),
 “ from one to three. From three to dusk is then a fresh
 “ day, and in the morning of course one is the stronger
 “ for it, from not requiring so much sleep. But the prin-
 “ cipal reason for my bearing up so well this year is my
 “ plan of bathing in the river every evening at twilight.
 “ I swim in consequence better than ever I did—though
 “ that is not saying much—in short I swam across the
 “ Tiber and back in a wide part without the walls, and
 “ the rapid current makes this a long operation. I shall
 “ not repeat this because it is sometimes dangerous.”

These were his summer plans. In winter he was accustomed to rise at dawn, "meeting the sun upon the "upland lawn," and "seeing it gild St. Peter's." Returning one morning he met Mr. Rogers, then going out, and who, priding himself on his own early habits, asked him if he lived in the country. In the evening he regularly drew at the Academy—one raised by subscriptions among the English painters. No wonder he gained the reputation of being the most industrious artist in Rome.

Hitherto his works in Italy, between the years 1816 and 1820-21, had been confined to numerous sketches from Italian nature, and in Greece and Sicily—and to a number of pictures of scenes in and about Rome and of the ruins in Greece, further embodying the fruits of his studies there. His first reputation was thus acquired as a landscape painter—a character in which he is comparatively unknown in his own country. And there are those still living who bear witness, as I have hinted, that the poetic view he took of Italian landscape created such an impression on all landscape painters—foreign and English—then at Rome, as considerably to raise the standard of that art. The development of his fine feeling for colour may be traced and was by himself attributed to the study of Italian landscape. "I am quite convinced that there are certain "principles in art which can only be acquired in Italy." On the other hand, the refinement of taste through which he viewed all things and by which all he touched is most surely identified, may be claimed exclusively as his own.

From 1821 to 1823 was the period when he was led to treat a number of Banditti subjects. These served as a further occasion for indulging his love of landscape, and at the same time gave a romance of a quasi-historical character to his scenes, which appealed to a larger public. Several of these were exhibited at the British Institution in London in the spring of 1823, when the novelty of the

rich colouring, as well as of the subjects, made a great impression. Their moderate size rendered them the more desirable, and in the words of the Secretary (Mr. Young) he had “continued offers for them at the Private View, at “almost any price, and could have sold them fifty times “over.” These were, however, all commissions received in Rome from English visitors. As to Sir Thomas Lawrence, though proverbially the politest of men, yet we need not doubt his sincerity in the generously kind letter he wrote on this occasion. “You prove that the air you have “chosen to breathe is at least not enervating to the genius, “but to *that* salutary, as it is delicious.”

At this time another and a severer loss befell him. His beloved mother died in July, 1823. He remained in Rome, drawing nearer than ever in affectionate correspondence to his brother William, but feeling more and more that his sphere of happiness was restricted to his art. In this respect he had more ambitious hopes than any Banditti subjects could fulfil. The principles of Venetian colouring now began to occupy his mind. He remarks on the change that gradually takes place in a painter’s eye who long resides in Italy. At first he had felt the cloudless sky an evil, as giving no opportunity for those accidents of light and shade on which English art mainly and justly depends. “It is strange that I never dwelt on the system of the “Venetian school till I had myself discovered the way in “which Nature herself atones, if I may so say, for this “want of light and shade in hot countries. In short the “character of Nature here, and in the works of Titian “and others, is to produce light and dark by colour—the “noblest and most general system of imitation. In Greece, “the sea and sky are sometimes the darkest parts of the “general picture. The monotony of a sandy ground is “relieved on one side by the sparkle of marble, and on “the other by the depth of the cypress and evergreen

“ oak. So much for inanimate nature, but we find the
“ deep rich tones of men and animals, and even the dresses
“ of the first, all combine to make amends for the want
“ of that shadow which the northern climates have without
“ colour. The Venetians, therefore, formed their style from
“ the study of Italian nature.”

Again, in a letter to Sir Thomas Lawrence ;*

“ In such a climate as this, where Nature is constantly
“ seen by the general light of the sky, and nothing destroys
“ the *integrity* of colour, it is impossible not to feel the
“ truth and largeness of the Venetian system. In the
“ general (and therefore beautiful) effects of Nature here,
“ the office of shade is only to display form. In a darker
“ climate, and in interior effects, it often *conceals* both form
“ and colour. Whenever these last-mentioned effects are
“ common, they will be considered beautiful, for our ideas
“ of external perfection can only depend on our experience
“ of nature. And it becomes a question whether this
“ general character of Italian colour can be relished, or
“ fairly judged, on the other side of the Alps—for such
“ effects, in England at least, are not common enough to be
“ recognised as *true*.”

Then later, he says (September 4, 1823), “ In all the
“ pictures I have now sent to England I have put in
“ practice the system I endeavoured to describe to you.
“ There is very little light and shade (except in the land-
“ scape) and a great deal of deep colour. In a hand, for
“ instance, by the time the half lights and shadows are
“ done (both differing from the colour of the light) the
“ *mass* of flesh colour is lost. In the Venetian pictures
“ and in nature looked at largely, the local colour ends
“ only with the outline ; and to give the utmost *quantity*
“ the Venetians make the outline also warm. This, I

* Extracted, by kind permission, from the correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the possession of Mr. Keightley, Charter House.

“ consider, forms a considerable part (applied to every-
 “ thing) of the *breadth of colour* so admired in Titian.”

Again, “ The simple question, what is the *general* cha-
 “ racter of the object to be represented, explains the style
 “ of Titian, for he always penetrated it. Many appearances
 “ in nature have more than one general characteristic by
 “ which they are universally recognised. Thus, while
 “ Titian aimed at the quality of *depth* in the sky, Claude
 “ seems to have loved another of its attributes, and, re-
 “ flecting that the sky was the source of light, he seems
 “ to have determined that *brightness* was its universal
 “ character Titian again, like Homer, characterises
 “ the sea by its *colour*; Claude loved to express its *motion*.
 “ ‘The deep blue sea,’ and ‘the moving waters,’ would
 “ both be considered characteristic epithets in Poetry, and
 “ both would be universally recognised. Again, Claude
 “ seems to have copied the forms of trees in a relative point
 “ of view—their forms assist his composition, and their
 “ tone gives brightness to his sky; but Titian always ex-
 “ pressed the universal character of a tree—viz., *growth*.
 “ It is always bursting with the efforts of vegetation. The
 “ forms are hence often peculiar, and at first one would say
 “ that Claude is more general in his choice of trees; but
 “ what appears accident in Titian’s case is really the
 “ character. Thomson applies the epithet ‘irregular’ to
 “ trees, and it is more universal than any other that could
 “ be quoted.”

With such feelings fresh upon him, Mr. Eastlake executed a picture with half figures, life size, called “ The Champion,” representing a Norman-Sicilian knight in armour, challenged by a Saracen, and preparing to follow the herald, while he receives a scarf from a lady. This gave him the opportunity of painting armour, of which he always felt the picturesque capacities. The picture was exhibited in the British Institution, and brought a letter from Haydon, who,

with the discrimination in art which never failed him when criticising the works of others, dwelt on its "Titianesque simplicity."

It was after the completion of this picture that his eyes again gave him trouble and anxiety. The English medical men in Rome knew little of this particular complaint, and in March, 1824, he proceeded to Naples to consult an eminent Italian oculist. Dr. Quadri treated the suffering eyelids severely, and the inflammation that ensued was as serious as tedious. But his nature was one that rose to any trying occasion: he wrote subsequently, "The possibility of losing my sight altogether at some future time, instead of making me despond, has determined me to make the most of it always and only for things that are worth studying." After two months of almost solitary confinement, he hoped to have been able to snatch a few sketches of "this enchanting scenery. The mountains on the eastern side of the bay are precisely what I want for my Greek landscape (Byron's Dream), and the sea at their base is the same in all respects as that which I remember in Greece. The colour of that sea, opposed to uninhabited land, gives a solitary and desolate character to the Greek coast, but here the palaces along the shore, always bright from the purity of the air, produce a contrast to the eye of a gem-like character, and is such as I have nowhere else seen. The colour of Vesuvius is also very fine—it is a brownish purple even now when every thing is too green." But he adds what, to those who knew his peculiar feeling for glowing colour, has a mournful sound, "I dare not look at sunny objects yet." Eventually he left Naples without any addition to his stock of sketches.

He devoted this time of solitude and confinement to maturing those thoughts upon art which form the basis of some of his published essays, and which are also scattered through his correspondence. It was shortly after

this, as I have reason to believe,—namely, in the spring of 1825,—that he first fell in with Lessing's "Laocoon," which he ever regarded and cited as a canon of true reasoning. In this remarkable work he found the confirmation of that system of definition, as respects the principles of art, to which his own mind naturally tended, and from it again he struck out new and sound ideas peculiarly his own. No one ever conversed with him on the philosophy of the Fine Arts without being impressed with the clearness and precision of thought and definition which he ever brought to bear on these subjects, so opposed to those vague generalities which generally embarrass them. At the same time he freely acknowledged the difficulty of accurate definitions in matters of taste; and deduced, indeed, a certain advantage to the artist from that very fact. In a letter to Sir Thomas Lawrence, December, 1824, he thus touches on this subject. "The principles of art are so difficult to arrest by words that the natural differences of tastes and opinions are greatly augmented by the ambiguity of terms. The consequence is a distaste for all theoretical communications on a subject where real excellence is only to be attained by unremitting labour. And art perhaps rather gains than loses by this inclination to repress truth itself for the sake of avoiding disputes that would rather tend to make critics than professors."

It was also about this time that he made the acquaintance of a gentleman of great originality and cultivation of mind, who has left a name still remembered and honoured among those who had opportunities of appreciating his merits. I allude to the Rev. Hugh Rose of Horsham, known as a theological writer of ability. He was in Rome in the winter of 1824-25. Mr. Eastlake writes, "I have made one very agreeable acquaintance here this winter—Mr. Rose, a clergyman—he is a man of the finest mind

“ and wholesomest judgment I have met with for long.
“ He is, I hear, considered one of the best Grecians in
“ England. He preaches at the English Church, in a way
“ I have seldom heard. He is here with his wife and
“ brother, and a young man to whom he is tutor. Of
“ all the men I have known in Rome, his ideas on the
“ philosophy of the arts are nearest what I believe to be
“ right. I used to think a man of taste an easy thing to
“ meet with, but I have been now long convinced that
“ the principles of true taste are connected with much
“ higher elements than many are aware of; and there is
“ no other way of explaining the perfection to which the
“ ancients carried all the arts. I was in doubt whether my
“ dreams on the subject would be intelligible to any one
“ else, but I find he understands and agrees with me
“ so readily that I may possibly publish something some
“ time hence.” *

It was at the beginning of 1825 that Mr. Eastlake began a historical picture for the Duke of Devonshire. Returning to his classical predilections, he chose the subject of Isadas the young Spartan, who was taken for a divinity in battle—from Plutarch’s *Life of Agesilaus*. He thus describes it himself:—“ The Thebans had crossed the
“ Eurotas and attacked Sparta, a city without walls, and
“ undefended by nature, except in some elevated place
“ where the sacred buildings stood. It was thus in imminent danger of being taken, when Isadas, son of
“ Phœbidas, rushed naked from a bath into the battle,
“ armed only with a sword and spear. His youth and

* It would be difficult, within the limits of this memoir, to name all those to whom Mr. Eastlake was indebted for kindness during his residence at Rome. Among those who came and went, Mr. Etty and Mr. Uwins, both subsequently members of the Royal Academy, may be gratefully recalled. Nor can I omit the name of Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, still surviving, who exerted an influence over many admitted to his society, which, happily for them, was of no evanescent kind.

“ beauty, added to his being entirely without defensive
 “ arms, inspired both assailants and defenders with the idea
 “ that he was some guardian Deity—perhaps Castor. His
 “ courage completed the illusion ; he struck down a man at
 “ every blow, and, though everywhere engaged where the
 “ danger was most pressing, he received not a single
 “ wound.”

While convinced, in his own words, “ that Painting is
 “ greatest when it interests without the aid of words ; and
 “ while I have endeavoured, and always shall endeavour to
 “ work on this principle, yet I have added quite learning
 “ enough to please the bookworms.” He accordingly
 adds an explanation of the learning displayed in the
 picture, which, as it is probably not preserved else-
 where, I venture to insert here :—“ The Eurotas winds
 “ in the distant landscape ; the buildings are remarkable
 “ in the history of Sparta, particularly the Portico of
 “ the Persians—a trophy of victory over that people.
 “ The building is mentioned by Vitruvius as well as
 “ Pausanias, and was the only one in Greece, besides that
 “ supported by Caryatides annexed to the Erectheum at
 “ Athens, where figures were used instead of columns. The
 “ large Ionic temple in the distance may be that of Minerva
 “ Chalciæcus (the house of bronze), though I have not
 “ found it convenient to show any bronze, excepting the
 “ bronze statue of Minerva (before the steps of the Temple)
 “ round which the women are clinging. The drapery is
 “ either real cloth, or bronze painted red—red being the
 “ colour of the Dii Majores when their statues were painted.
 “ Her helmet is gold. . . . She holds two spears, as was
 “ usual for an armed hero or goddess. She is chained to
 “ the pedestal, by which precaution they hoped to secure
 “ the presence and protection of the gods. When Alexander
 “ took Tyre he found the statue of Hercules loaded with
 “ chains, for the greater the danger the more they were

“fettered. The fillet round the pedestal consecrated a statue during the performance of sacred rites. The architecture, at least the Portico of the Persians, is partially painted. The altar smoking in front of the great Temple occupies the place where the sacred rites were generally performed. The Spartans, being a hardy race, are distinguished by iron helmets—the Thebans have them of yellow metal. The Thebans are also distinguished by the well-known form of the Theban shield, with two indentations on each edge; painted shields were common. The serpent on three of the shields alludes to the Dragon origin of the Thebans.

“I need not tell you that a God-like figure to a Greek meant a pre-eminently beautiful human being, and although my figure is in rapid action, and looks fit to destroy, yet his beauty of form is what is most dwelt on as being that most likely to make him pass for a god. The strongest of the enemy are immediately opposed to his young and comparatively delicate form. One is already struck, and falls headlong over the wall; another is vanquished already by his fears; another adores; and a fourth is in doubt whether to resist or fly.”

He thus vindicates this attention to the classic niceties of costume:—“The English colourists generally despise costume, or will not take the trouble to make the necessary researches: but if it can be showed that costume can be contrived to *aid* rather than counteract the harmonious effect of a picture, it is surely worth attending to. I should be the first to neglect it if I were not persuaded that it may increase the materials of effect and colour.”

To one who remarked on his choice of a Pagan subject, he answers:—“Every work of art which exhibits beauty in any form is at once *heathen*, whatever time or names it may belong to. The *general* impression of nature in which beauty resides (which is the soul of art) is the same

“ thing as the religion of the ancients. The reason why
 “ they attained such excellence, and why the moderns can-
 “ not hope to rival them, is that their devotion and their
 “ taste were one and the same interpretation of nature. . . .
 “ The power of genius has done less in modern times
 “ than the docility and discretion with which the ancients
 “ interpreted nature. The business of the artist is only to
 “ define the intention and general principle of nature. This
 “ is *taste*. He is next to define the appointed means of
 “ attaining this end (representing this intention), and this
 “ is *style*. . . . This is no fancy. I believe in the existence
 “ of an innate and involuntary approbation of all that is
 “ consistent with the intention of nature; and we can define
 “ beauty in no other way. The principles of natural
 “ religion are by no means so certain as this, for it would
 “ have been impossible for the human mind to have arrived
 “ at a true system of morals without the aid of revelation.
 “ But the Christian, whose first principle is the suppression
 “ of human caprice as opposed to the Divine will, is less
 “ teachable than the heathen in all that relates to pride of
 “ intellect.”

“ The simplicity and docility” (this letter was to Sir
 Thomas Lawrence) “ with which the ancient artists inter-
 “ preted nature are directly opposed to the modern omni-
 “ potence of genius. *Character*, both in mind and matter,
 “ was the direct object of their imitation, and the fame of
 “ the great modern masters rests on the same basis. The
 “ mind of the workman is thus supposed to be, in a great
 “ measure, passive. He has only to define the nature of
 “ things; he must never create. The just imitation of
 “ the general impressions of nature *must please*; and
 “ wherever a work of art, professedly conducted on such
 “ principles, fails to please, either the artist’s definition
 “ of what is truly nature, or his mode of expressing it, are
 “ wrong.”

Again, he says,—in words which may be quoted, although they partly repeat what has gone before,—on giving advice regarding the education of his brother George's children:—
“As the intention of nature opposed to mere human caprice
“is the great principle of taste, so the Divine Will, as
“opposed to that of man (naturally contrary to it), is the
“great principle of morals. Docility of mind, and a sense
“of our *creaturely* relation, are the great requisites, and it
“is much more possible to put young minds in the right
“track than to turn old ones from the wrong.”

This picture (Isadas) created an extraordinary sensation in Rome, and he for once adopted the Roman custom of throwing open his studio to the public, when above a thousand people flocked to see it. Rome was the place for its archæology to be appreciated as well as its drawing and colour. Isadas pleased the artists of every school. Two Dutch gentlemen expressed the curiosity they had felt to see a work of art which all factions and parties agreed in eulogising. M. Guérin, then the Director of the French Academy, said he had never seen a work “avec une physiologie plus antique et classique.”

It is interesting to know whom the painter himself most desired to please:—“Sir Joshua recommends an artist to
“work himself into a belief that his performance is to be
“seen and criticised by the greatest in the style he aims at.
“I laboured for Flaxman's approbation among artists, and
“I need hardly tell you for yours (Mr. Harman's) among
“connoisseurs. That great genius is no more; but it would
“be pleasing to me, could those who understood his tastes
“think my work might have gratified him as an effort
“towards his own world of beauty.”

The picture was exhibited in Somerset House in 1827. Sir Thomas Lawrence welcomed it with enthusiasm, and provided for the framing and varnishing still necessary, as if it had been one of his own. Its merits, however novel in

the school of the day, were warmly acknowledged. It brought him a characteristic letter from his friend Mr. Etty, from which I give an extract:—

4, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, *Aug.* 25, 1827.

“DEAR EASTLAKE,—I at last have taken up my pen to let you know that I am still yet in existence, and yet think of you ;—indeed how could I do otherwise when you have sent such a splendid reminiscence as the one in the last Exhibition? I write you this to congratulate you on it. I write also to tell you that I have taken the liberty of putting down your name among those who are desirous of becoming *Associates* of the Academy. If I have done wrong, you must scold me. But, joking apart, I hope they will elect you. It is with men, like you, of genius and classic erudition, that its front ranks ought to be filled. . . .

“I should be so glad of a sheet full of news from classic ground, when you have nothing better to do. And say does the sun shine, *untired*, as beautiful and golden as ever. Of Venezia, cara Venezia! I often think; her Gondolas—her Palazzos—her Lagunas; and last, not least, her *tones*—her unrivalled colour! Have you drank at her enchanted fountain? ‘Drink deep, or taste not’—as of the Castalian spring: that you *have* drank of; your works avow it”

Etty’s expectations were realised. Mr. Eastlake was elected an associate in the following November; the first man ever admitted to membership, while an absentee.* Sir Thomas Lawrence, ever kind to him, anticipated the Secretary’s official announcement by a day, and as his letter reflects equal honour on the writer and the Academy as on him to whom it was addressed, I give it here:—

* Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, was the second member so elected, and was also the last.

“RUSSELL SQUARE, Nov. 6, 1827.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have the sincerest pleasure in acquainting you that you were last night elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Your fine picture for the Duke of Devonshire presented so happy an example of the union of Academical study with fine composition and classical research, as very greatly added to the former impression of your talents ; and fully confirmed the hope (or rather confident expectation) which had been formed on the obvious improvement in your recent labours. You were elected by a very large majority, and I have never witnessed in the Academy a more general satisfaction than when the result of the Ballot was made known. Your competitor was a gentleman of acknowledged talent, and whose immediate connections have a just interest from age and high respectability in the Academy. The question of numbers (though I have alluded to them) is often matter of chance, and even in your case will not be estimated (I am sure by you) as the true *scale* of comparative ability. But I would not conceal the fact, because it shows you the jealous attention paid by the Royal Academy to the claims of genius and character, however separated from them by absence, and unsupported by those means of influence which the friendships of the Candidate, when present, so naturally create.”

To his friend Mr. Harman he expressed his sense of the honour done him in characteristic words. “I am glad of any inducement to labour more and to aim higher, and I like the *responsibility* which accompanies any degree of public and unequivocal distinction.”

Another testimony to the attainments and character of Mr. Eastlake may be here mentioned which had reached him two years before, namely his election as one of the original seven hundred members of the Athenæum Club.

I have no intention to describe all his pictures as they

follow in time—a complete chronological list of their subjects and dates is given at the end of this short memoir; but I may be allowed to allude to the next picture he executed, as the one from which his peculiar and almost pathetic refinement of expression may be said to date. Here we first trace that enchanting type of female heads, the peculiar sweetness and purity of which, however helped by reference to models, was supplied from his own standard of feeling. The Duke of Bedford had expressed the desire to have a work by him “relating to the manners of the South.” Mr. Eastlake proposed “Pilgrims arriving in sight of St. Peter’s “at Rome.” The Duke in answer remarked that he did not perceive it to be a subject of great interest, though leaving him entirely free; fortunately the painter pursued his own idea. He writes of it to Mr. Harman: “I am “considerably advanced with a small picture for the Duke “of Bedford—subject, Pilgrims arriving in sight of St. “Peter’s. It has cost me, as every picture does now, much “trouble—more than the result would indicate—perhaps “so better. I feel more than ever the importance of “graceful arrangement, and never can come up to my “wishes on this point. The imitation of nature, however “refined, is tolerably safe and secure work in comparison “with the arrangement of the masses and lines of a composition. No part of the art, I am convinced, requires more “*taste* than this: it is where a painter can be helped least, “and where he must draw most on his own powers. It is, “in short, the most creative part of the art, more so than “even the expression of the passions; because for these we “have a native and common feeling to guide us, and nature in “detail to look at. But the elements of Beauty, applied to “the conduct of a picture so as to produce that effect which “attracts and enchants the spectator at the first glance, “require more of the artist than any other branch of the art.

“Flaxman, who now only lives in his works, was great

“ in composition, and seems to have been thoroughly
 “ imbued with the spirit of the Greeks. That spirit is, I
 “ have no doubt, applicable to every part of the art. It is
 “ more easily attainable where the *practice* of nature is to
 “ be interpreted—but where her *principles* (the *causes* of
 “ beauty) are the sole ground, the difficulty of arriving at a
 “ satisfactory result is far greater. Yet the Greeks consulted
 “ the *principles* of Nature only in all those parts of art which
 “ are not strictly imitative—such as architecture, furniture,
 “ vases, ornamental foliage, &c. It is precisely because they
 “ never failed altogether, but are nearly equal in all their
 “ arts, that they must have had some clear principle.”

While this picture was in hand, and indeed for long before, the beautiful landscape known as “ Byron’s Dream ” had been gradually maturing under his hands. This was for his friend Lord Leven and Melville. These two important works saw their termination about the same period—the end of 1827. At the same time he transmitted the head of a Greek girl, called Haidee, which he requested Mr. Harman to accept. He writes, “ It may be called Haidee—

‘ Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
 Which sparkled o’er the auburn of her hair.
 In her air
 There was a something which bespoke command,
 As one who was a lady in the land ;
 Her eyes were black, her cheeks’ pure dye
 Like twilight *glowing* still with the set sun.’

“ Instead of *glowing* the word is *rosy* in the poem : I
 “ venture to alter it for the picture. I would rather have
 “ found a quotation from a more respectable poem than
 “ ‘ Don Juan,’ but it suits the picture so perfectly that it
 “ would be impossible to come nearer to its impression.
 “ I will beg the favour of your exhibiting this head in the
 “ British Gallery this winter. She would not do in
 “ Somerset House, among ‘ the pale unripened beauties of
 “ ‘ the North ’—who, by-the-bye, are much paler and whiter

“ in English pictures than in nature.* This was not the
“ taste of Reynolds. Some French author says, ‘ La chaleur
“ ‘ est le cachet du coloriste ’—it is at least one of the essen-
“ ‘ tials.’” Later he says to Mr. Harman, “ From all I can
“ hear, I am considered quite distinct from the established
“ mode of Painting in England, although they do me quite
“ as much justice as I can desire. I think it would be easier
“ for me to abandon the art than to be a *white* painter.”

* Haidee was eventually exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1831. The Duke of Wellington, after having looked round the rooms, was heard to say, pointing to Haidee, “ There, that’s the best picture in the Exhibition.”

CHAPTER V.

Visit to England.—Reception at Royal Academy.—Bruges.—Antwerp and Rubens.—The Hague and Rembrandt.—Cologne and Meister Stephan.—Reflections from Ehrenbreitstein.—Frankfort.—Leipsic.—Berlin.—German Society.—Dr. Waagen.—Dresden and Correggio.—Munich and Cornelius.—Verona, Mantua and Giulio Romano.—Venice.—Venetian Art and Architecture.—Florence and Fra Angelico.—Rome.—Turner.—Rev. Hugh Rose.—Election as R.A.—Leaves Rome.—Copies pictures at Venice.—The Country of Giorgione, Bassano, and Titian.—Settles in London.

It was in March, 1828, that Mr. Eastlake left Rome for a visit to England, taking Lausanne and Berne on his way. He was enchanted with the Swiss scenery. Thence by Neuchâtel, Pontarlier, and Besançon to Paris, where the modern Exhibition was still open—"a great treat. I saw the old Gallery too by special permission." Arriving in London, he was welcomed by his excellent friend, Mr. Harman, who, after so long a separation, did not recognize him. He now entered upon the privileges of his new membership, and was officially received by the President and Council with a most complimentary address from Sir Thomas. He attended at the varnishing days and saw his picture of the Pilgrims excellently hung. A visit to his brothers at Plymouth, and to his aunt Pierce, still living, engrossed most of the time. Returning to London only for a week he breakfasted with Mr. Rogers—was introduced at Holland House, and found many Anglo-Roman friends solicitous for his society. But his heart was set upon visiting the chief galleries of Holland and Germany and he quitted London and its many attractions towards the

close of June. His route was determined by Sir Joshua's tour through Flanders and Holland, and he made it a point to follow in his steps and verify as far as possible his descriptions. At Bruges he began that careful examination of pictures, accompanied with copious notes, and copies of monograms and ciphers, which not only greatly enlarged his connoisseurship but laid the foundation of his especial study of the materials for a History of Oil Painting. With all his peculiar refinement of taste he was too large and sound in his feeling for art to exclude or undervalue *any* form of excellence. And we must remember that this true catholicity was a thing unheard of then, when the world still partook of the ignorant exclusiveness which had prompted the well-known saying of Louis the Fourteenth. From this onesidedness even Sir Joshua had not been free. Charles Eastlake in this respect was greatly before his time, and some of the ensuing remarks by him, though now no longer novel, are added to show how far he outstripped the then prevalent tone of criticism.

The Van Eycks and Memlings at Bruges immediately enlisted his most just enthusiasm. "These pictures at Bruges, by the early Flemish Masters were the first of the kind I had seen. Their richness and depth astonished me; hard and minute as they are in many respects, these masters have the last richness and power of oil or varnish." The Van Eyck, too, still remaining at St. Bavon—"The Adoration of the Lamb"—was perused with a kind of astonishment. "It is a marvellous work, like the labour of a life; such a style must have made painting appear more of a wonder than it is now." Antwerp, Brussels, and Mechlin gave him all the glories of Rubens and Vandyck; and Rubens especially—always an object of his deepest homage—was carefully analysed and described. At Antwerp the great master's chair stood at the end of the Museum under a glass case, as it does

still. It had then a garland upon it, a remnant of a fête shortly before given to Rubens' memory. "There could have been small matter for merriment. The spirit of the glorious painter has entirely left those who pretend to honour him." These words are happily not so unreservedly appropriate now as they were forty years ago.

From Antwerp he passed by steamer to Rotterdam, where he could not hear of a single collection. Thence by Delft to the Hague. Here he luxuriated in the Museum and in several private collections, and Teniers, Jan Steen, Jordaens, Hobbema, Ruysdael, with all the smaller celebrities of Dutch Nature and Art unadorned, received each their due and discriminate tribute. At Amsterdam the greatest of Dutch painters, of whom he was one of the most ardent worshippers, engrossed his attention. "Sir Joshua seems to think lightly of the great picture by Rembrandt, with portraits of the Arquebusiers ('The Night Watch'). I confess I prefer it to all the Van der Helsts, fine as they are. Nothing can be more sunny than this picture. The portraits of five citizens of Amsterdam are more praised by Sir Joshua; both pictures are in his roughest, most fearless manner, yet highly and truly finished in their effect. The shadows are not transparent, or rather not left, for he seems to have made a clear ground and used it when he wanted one. The shadows of middle darkness are, however, often heavy—when lighter again, as in the girl's head carrying the fowl, they are beautiful—gemmy and transparent. This head, with the hair, is of the softest and richest (*sfumato*) kind, and impasted fearlessly and diversely, as if he had not succeeded at first."

Of "The School of Anatomy," then belonging to M. Roos, and about to be sold, he says: "It has been cleaned too much; the glazing is gone from some of the heads, and from the dead body. The lights on it are cool. Nothing, as Sir Joshua says, can be finer and truer than

“ its colour. It is a much smoother and more finished picture than those now in the Museum.” . . . “ All the excellencies of *Painting*—the specific style of Painting—are to be found in these schools. What cause can be assigned for the superior genius of these nations? They are now sunk; but we have never risen so high; for Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Hogarth, and a few more, cannot match the hosts of Flanders and Holland.”

Later he says, “ I began by seeing Flanders and Holland from Brussels to Amsterdam, and I cannot now admit that Rubens and Rembrandt are inferior to any painters.”

Nor was it only the picture galleries which attracted him. The booksellers’ shops divided his affections, in some measure, with the pictures. Holland is rich in old art-literature, and various additions to his valuable art library were made which found their way to Rome.

From Amsterdam he proceeded by Arnheim and Nimeguen to Cologne, where, like Albert Durer, three centuries before him, he procured the opening of the altar picture by Stephen of Cologne in the Cathedral. “ The colour of these pictures is not good, nor are the characters so full of nature as those of Van Eyck and Memling. They are most interesting for the costume; there are specimens of armour (more plate than chain), arms, head-dresses, &c. One of the Three Kings kneeling and praying is fine and earnest in expression.”

In the old Museum at Cologne, he was struck with the figure of the Angel, in an early picture of the Agony in the Garden. “ The angel, who appears in the air, is counting three with his fingers (a beautiful outline in the Journal accompanies this), and this explains the action of Michael Angelo’s Jonas. The angel reminds Christ of his certain resurrection in three days, and ‘ the sign of the Prophet Jonas ’ has its meaning in the same number.”

Arriving at Coblenz in the evening, he went up Ehrenbreitstein: the view thence overlooked suggested some reflections on the treatment of landscape which are worthy of careful consideration in our own day. Admiring the scene of river, bridges, and town, stretched out before him, he writes: "And yet a vulgar or unskilful artist might fail altogether in meeting the impression made upon the mind. A literal imitation of many things which were visible, and even somewhat prominent, would have destroyed the charm of the scene. This truth, common as it is, is connected with some very important principles of art which are not so generally recognised. In representations which depart altogether from Nature, and belong to the regions of Poetry, those details are suppressed which would betray the convention of the idea. In very abstract representations of Nature, also, all circumstances which would diminish the grandeur of the impression are omitted. There is evidently, then, a necessity for *generalising* in every branch of art;—there is always much to be omitted, and the omission of useless or pernicious detail only makes the whole—the ruling idea—more impressive and distinct. In the imitation, therefore, of Nature, the great question is—what is the general character of the *impression* received? and next, what are its *chief causes*? If these are duly ascertained, the opposite circumstances which counteract the impression are easily detected and suppressed, or only hinted at. It is not uncommon to find persons who have the truest feeling for the poetry of a scene (and even artists are among them), who in imitating the same scene on paper or canvas, make such things prominent as destroy the very feeling they experienced. The *translation* of a feeling into picturesque analogous representation is thus an art of itself." . . . "There can be no doubt that our memory of nature is composed entirely of general ideas,

“ and art must be generalised to meet this idea of beauty. “ The mere copying of Nature in detail is not only objectionable because it does not correspond with our impression of her, but it immediately suggests the feeling of its inferiority to Nature, and the more so the closer it is. Thus an imitation so close as to produce illusion to the eye, would be precisely that which would be considered defective, because whatever remains unaccomplished,—sound, motion, &c.,—would be felt to be wanting.”

I may here mention his favourite aphorism: “ The definition of a pure style is that it should suggest no want.”

From Coblenz to Mayence, and thence, by hiring a cabriolet, to Frankfort, where Dannecker's *Ariadne* was seen and criticised. “ Not well composed or extraordinary in any way.” Then to the Museum, where he notes some fine Ruysdaels, and some remarkable early German pictures, but without names. “ I remarked that they uniformly give black its abstract force, with little or no light. The attention to the *character* of the colours is often their only excellence.”

After Frankfort, by Gelnhausen and Hanau to Gotha and Weimar, which were quickly seen. Schiller was recently dead, Göthe absent; the last romantic whim of the Grand Duke, to be buried between them, was then the small town talk. Thence to Lützen, and so to Leipzig, where the battle was still the topic, and where he found the Elster “not so broad as the Plym.” Here Baron Speck's fine collection of pictures, which he revisited thirty-five years after, was inspected. He now approached Berlin, and travelled with a man “who was an author and Doctor of Theology, although he smoked, talked nonsense, and worse, and was very hard upon an old Jew with whom he occasionally spoke in Hebrew. The Germans, at least many of them, acquire their immense knowledge

“ as some men in England acquire money—it is merely for
“ itself, and does not make them better or happier.” At
Berlin he fell into society which gave him characteristic
impressions of the philosophy and infidelity of this “ over-
“ thinking people, who make the perception of beauty an
“ innate faculty, but, by a singular contradiction, consider
“ notions of virtue, and even of the being of a God, the effect
“ of prejudice not admitting of proof.” Among these ac-
quaintances, was Schopenhauer, the so-called philosopher,
the son of Joanna Schopenhauer. With this German he
held discussions upon his favourite theme of the Laocoon.
“ Among the many opinions on the expression of the Lao-
“ coon, and the reasons why he was not represented crying
“ out, was one lately noticed in a periodical as the worst, if
“ the most original; namely, that with the action of the
“ arms the figure would appear to *yawn*. Schopenhauer
“ told me that Hirt (a writer on art) and Göthe in different
“ ways maintained that when the stomach is so drawn in as
“ that of Laocoon is, from the bite of the serpent in his
“ side, it is impossible to cry out. Winckelmann, on the
“ other hand, we know, says that the mind of Laocoon was
“ too great to give way to physical suffering. Lessing
“ himself urges that the sacrifice of the literal truth was
“ made for the sake of beauty. (This is his judicious
“ and careful mode of applying his theory: the *difference*
“ between sculpture and poetry was what was uppermost
“ in his mind.) Before Schopenhauer gave me his own
“ opinion, I thought I would try the application of my
“ theory, viz., that it was a sufficient objection that the
“ sight of an open mouth in marble would make one feel
“ that sound was *wanting*. He stared at me, and said
“ it was his very idea—that he objected to the open mouth
“ because it would exhibit the means of doing what was
“ *not done* (namely, the uttering sound). In my own
“ humble opinion, the revealing a *want* is the great objec-

“tion, and it is the consistency of imitation which makes
“the Greeks so perfect.”

At that time the Giustiniani Gallery had been acquired in Berlin. It contained little that our traveller considered genuine. “But the picture of pictures, one which has been
“added to the original Giustiniani collection, is a small
“scene in a courtyard by De Hooghe. A man in a black
“short coat and hat, with some red about his legs, sitting
“at a table in the open air with another man; a woman
“standing, and a child seated at the passage door through
“which you look into the street. The light is so general
“that the shades are almost imperceptible, and the colours,
“particularly the black, red, and white, tell finely. The
“shadows are everywhere transparent, and the light silvery
“and magical. It is not a highly finished picture, but its
“truth is perfectly astonishing, and no stronger proof can
“be produced of the superior effect of powerful local colour
“and imperceptible light and shade. I would take this
“picture before any other in the gallery. . . . In the
“old palace there is an immense collection of pictures; a
“thousand that cannot be hung, and perhaps as many that
“might be *unhung*.” The taste of the King was exemplified in his treatment of two English portraits, one of the Emperor Alexander, by Dawe, a most wretched performance, which was hung in a place of honour; and the other a fine portrait of the King, by Lawrence, which was put out of the way: and that not from any modesty, (for plenty of his portraits by very indifferent German performers hung about,) but because his Prussian Majesty did not understand how a king should have any shadow under his nose.

Mr. Eastlake, however, succeeded in seeing the Solly collection, which forms the staple of the present fine Berlin Gallery, of which he gives full notes. The remaining compartments of the famous Van Eyck, of which he had seen

the centre at Ghent, were also seen and admired. The late Dr. Waagen, subsequently one of our most esteemed and attached friends, showed him this collection by favour, for it was then only preparing for the gallery, and the gallery for it; Dr. Waagen being occupied in compiling his admirable catalogue.

The next gallery was Dresden, where he chiefly devoted himself to the analysis of Correggio's qualities. I again transcribe some of his notes. After remarks of a technical kind, interesting only to painters, on the peculiarities and perfections of the great master's execution, he says: "But some of the expressions are not wonderful: the Madonna is like a hundred others, and the bystanders have nothing remarkable. It is in the angels where Correggio's genius appears; one or two of the heads and actions are exquisite. In composition this painter is not so pure as Raphael; his expression, too, does not (so much) grow out of his subject. It is always the same—arch, smiling, gay,—but the contrast of this and his fantastic, graceful actions, with solemn, slumbrous, mysterious *chiaroscuro*, concur to make up an impression of the voluptuous. In sacred subjects, again, where such a feeling is counteracted and balanced, the pleasing vague impression experienced is very peculiar, and belongs to this painter alone. The action of the heads in some of the lower figures is quite like him, but affected and unmeaning.

"There is one great difference between the softness of Correggio and that of Murillo, Rembrandt, Reynolds, and others. Correggio carried the softness of gradation to the utmost extreme in his flesh, and in any one thing compared with *itself*; but the figures often detach with the most iron hardness from what is *different* from them. In the St. George, and in the St. Sebastian, the Madonna is relieved, almost to inlaying, on a light sky, and the out-

“ lines of limbs in other figures, coming on objects totally
“ different from them, are very defined. The degree of
“ relief seems proportioned either to the real difference of
“ things, or to their importance in the picture. It happens
“ that the Madonna in both these pictures is the principal
“ figure, and the abrupt effect of her hard, dark outline on
“ the light sky is useful in attracting the attention first.
“ The contrast, again, of this extreme hardness with the
“ imperceptible blendings of the light and shade on all the
“ flesh, has the happiest effect. The separation of things
“ really different in their nature, and the increased union of
“ that which is really *one*, is always agreeable, because
“ characteristic; but the degree of hardness—the quantity
“ of cutting outline—is the point where schools differ.”

From Dresden he visited Nuremberg and Augsburg. At this latter place he began to see the Swiss and Tyrolese mountains, and felt “inexpressible delight at being so near
“ Italy.” Then on to Munich, where he made acquaintance with Cornelius, and passed a peculiarly fair judgment on that so-called “German Michael Angelo.” “Cornelius’
“ works have a grand conception and a sort of condensation of the spirit of his subject, but still, something which tells better in words than in painting. I
“ have observed that Germans and Italians are always
“ glad to harangue and describe their pictures, and their
“ works naturally look better and more interesting while
“ this commentary is going on. It would be wiser if they
“ calculated what effect these pictures would have when
“ they are left to tell their own story, which they must do
“ sooner or later. This is an important consideration for
“ an artist. The colour in these frescoes is absolutely
“ below criticism, the expressions vulgar and exaggerated,
“ and the forms by no means pure. A grand composition and grand general conception are the chief
“ merits—the only merits. The fallen state of criticism

“ and knowledge of art here is very perceptible. The
“ painter is lauded by his brother artists (with some few
“ exceptions), and, of course, the connoisseurs and the
“ public follow. The truth will only be known fifty years
“ hence. Amidst such a world of error in all these modern
“ schools it is absolutely necessary to define the end and
“ means of art, and to follow them conscientiously, fear-
“ lessly. . . . Cornelius has departed from nature
“ without rising to a general idea: manner, caprice, vul-
“ garity, and ugliness are often the consequence. His
“ designs for the Loggie of the Pinacoteca are very profound
“ and full of meaning, even to the smallest ornaments; but
“ who will ever see this? Small paintings, overhead, in an
“ open passage—surely a waste of thought! The agreeable
“ impression on the eye should be the main thing. Mean-
“ while this depth of thought excites admiration among
“ those who judge of paintings by their *descriptions*.”

I will not dwell on his notes on the contents of the Gallery of the then Schleissheim collection, and on that of the Duke de Leuchtenberg. The large and important Memlings, then at Schleissheim, made a deep impression on him. “ In the famous picture, called the Seven Joys of
“ the Virgin, the whole history of the travels of the Wise
“ Men from the East are given. On the left, where the
“ Nativity is represented, the two figures kneeling and
“ praying outside—one in black, the other, younger, in
“ green—are among the most beautiful things in painting.”

From Munich he passed on by the beautiful Weller See, and so by Botzen, and descended into his beloved Italy on the 21st of August; though immediately paying the penalty of the mal-government then all over that “ rich and royal” land, for he had to hurry to reach Verona before sunset, on account of the dangerous state of the neighbourhood. Here the grand amphitheatre and the glorious works by Paul Veronese divided his attention. “ The amphitheatre

“ is very grand ; the immense unbroken circle of steps and
 “ some figures (which I happened to see) at top, breaking
 “ this beautiful line, had a most striking effect, such as one
 “ cannot see in the Coliseum which is ruined.”

At Mantua he is very outspoken about Giulio Romano.
 “ Most of Giulio Romano here is decidedly bad, particularly
 “ the room of the Giants, which are ill-drawn monsters.
 “ Even the rocks are unnatural. The side opposite the
 “ windows is the best, the figures are more distinct. But
 “ the room before this, where the great Polyphemus is
 “ (a noble figure), is full of fine things. But I could not
 “ help regretting here that ceiling painting should have
 “ been so misunderstood as to attempt deception by fore-
 “ shortening. If really well done such figures can never
 “ look like human beings, whom we never see in such
 “ attitudes. And if we imagine a God we never see him
 “ foreshortened, but exhibiting the *best* of nature. The
 “ Apollo in the small room, showing the sun rising and the
 “ moon setting, is disagreeable, and uselessly indecorous.
 “ All that should be concealed is displayed, ‘ et preterea
 “ ‘ nihil.’ ” Diana is draped, but it is a shapeless mass, and
 “ you have the pleasure of looking under horses’ bellies to
 “ have poetical visions awakened. Nor is the colour of a
 “ nature to do away with other objections, and in the room
 “ of Polyphemus, however poetical the subject overhead, the
 “ colour is black and most unpleasant, and the foreshorten-
 “ ings so violent that the only feeling excited is that of
 “ wonder at the skill of the artist in this poor and object-
 “ less particular.”

Passing through Vicenza and Padua, seeing and noting
 all, he at length reached that spot on earth, which, next to
 Rome, interested him most. He was now in Venice. “ It
 “ surpassed all my expectations. But for the people and
 “ the absence of all gaiety, riches, and activity, the place
 “ itself is exactly what it might have been four centuries

“ ago. St. Mark’s looks older than all history, and has an
“ uncouth mixture of Gothic, Roman, and Arabian taste—
“ ugly, chivalrous, and mysterious. The impression made
“ on the mind by St. Mark’s, the Ducal Palace, the tower,
“ the square, and all the well-known buildings, is most
“ peculiar, and not to be experienced elsewhere in Europe.
“ The half barbarous splendour and solemn remote
“ character of the two first must be seen to be felt. But
“ the principal canal, with its palaces, and with its varieties
“ of buildings, from the earliest Gothic to the Palladian,
“ is like enchantment. Every evening I went the whole
“ length of this canal in a gondola, and never shall I forget
“ the effect of those exquisitely coloured buildings under
“ the last soft light of the Alpine sunset.”

Venice and Venetian painters were too intimately connected in his mind and eye for him not to perceive how each told the other’s tale. He saw Titian and Giorgione in Venice, and Venice in them, in a manner peculiar to himself, and formed a theory upon the more hidden springs of Venetian art, which he often alluded to in our frequent visits to the City of Waters. He first remarked that the daily spectacle of the summer sun, setting behind the Friuli mountains, accounted “for the golden and mel-
“ low horizons behind blue mountains, which are so com-
“ mon a feature in the distances of Venetian pictures. This
“ is first seen in the very early painters, and is also a proof
“ of their looking at nature, as fit for imitation, most in
“ the evening; when shadows are soft, when local colours
“ are hence not destroyed by violent opposition of light
“ and shade (which may make two distinct colours of an
“ object that is really one), when all is warmed by the glow
“ of the sky and atmosphere, and when, which is also an
“ important consideration, the observer of nature is most
“ likely to be at liberty, after the labour of the day, to look
“ at her appearances.”

Further, watching the effects around him with his ever-reasoning eyes, he felt that there was something too in the very mode of locomotion, which was in itself an advantage, and peculiar to Venice;—namely, that an individual borne along on a smooth surface of still waters in the tranquillity and isolation of a gondola, was more able and disposed to observe the advancing and receding effects of objects around, than if engaged in the more usual acts of walking, driving, or riding;—that the figures passing before him, instead of increasing the bustle of ordinary movement, were seen under the same placid conditions (or, if rowing, in a uniform motion) which also gave opportunity of watching the same figure at different distances. “I am quite convinced that one main cause of the excellence of the Venetians, in a large imitation of nature, was the simple circumstance of their being able to make use of their eyes without even the trouble of walking about. This advantage is very great, and to be met with *nowhere else*. Added to which, the backgrounds and accompaniments to figures thus observed are of a nature to exhibit their characteristic colour in the most forcible manner. In the great canal a glowing gondolier is seen in his white shirt-sleeves against cool, neutral architecture, and with the greenish water around him—contrasts, all tending to light up his sunburnt limbs and face to a fiery depth;—but this intense glow is not seen in its largest and truest appearance till the figure is at a considerable distance. This effect is undoubtedly the truest idea of a colour, whatever the colour may be, because it is that which the memory most retains. Titian and Giorgione went all lengths in imitating this general effect, not only in sunburnt figures, but in fairer ones. The ruins of the frescoes on the Fondaco de’ Tedeschi,—although perhaps even the ruins are vestiges of retouched figures—deep and flaming as they are, are not more so

“ than figures sometimes appear with due contrasts as
“ described above. . . . Titian used the same exaggerated
“ scale in large altar pieces, which were to be seen at good
“ distances. The Assumption, Peter Martyr, and the
“ Frari picture, are all of this class ; and the St. Sebastian
“ at Rome ; but Giorgione was the great inventor of this
“ noble violence, or rather first carried it to perfection.”

Also, as regards the architecture of Venice, he remarks that it is not its ancient and very extraordinary character which is perpetuated in Venetian pictures, but rather that of the later Palladian taste. “ Paul Veronese saw the
“ motives of his architectural backgrounds in Venice, but
“ it was precisely in his time that some of the more
“ modern, more Italian, and less Gothic of these buildings
“ were designed. His own pictures are indeed enough to
“ show what was the taste of the Sansovinios of the day,
“ and doubtless many of their designs were executed only
“ in the magnificent backgrounds of this painter. . . .
“ It must be confessed a more elegant style of architecture
“ could not be selected than these Palladian porticoes, most
“ fit for Italian, and exactly expressive of a modernized Roman
“ feeling ; like the spirit of antiquity waking after its subjec-
“ tion and suppression, and throwing off Gothic influence in
“ taste—some would say unfortunately—and regaining its
“ own, just as much as the nation regained itself ; that is,
“ very imperfectly ; but yet so modified and adapted to its
“ new self, as to have a decided character. The Painters
“ of the highest era of art in Venice are strictly Italian.
“ The Germans had a marked influence on the sculpture
“ and architecture of Italy, at Pisa, Assisi, and elsewhere ;
“ but here, where the neighbourhood of Germany would
“ seem to involve dependence on its taste, the Venetians
“ seem never to have been much influenced. The East
“ is visible in St. Mark’s, in the grand and flowing
“ robes of the old Venetian nobility, and in the gorgeous

“ attire of their women. The first Venetian painters, the
“ Vivarini, Carpaccio, Cima da Conegliano, &c., are like
“ their Italian cotemporaries ; and Giovanni Bellini is so
“ great in his finest works as to bear a comparison with
“ any of the precursors of the Augustan age of painting in
“ Rome or Florence.”

“ The costume of the women in Venice is the same as
“ far as regards the white mantle for the head as it was
“ centuries ago. Their faces have depth, richness and soft
“ shade from it. Many of the veiled heads of the Madonna
“ in Venetian pictures have precisely the shade, the colour,
“ and the distant breadth of these heads as one remarks
“ them when details are no longer perceptible. One con-
“ sequence of looking at this distant, largest effect of
“ nature is that expression is lost by it, although the
“ general air of beauty is improved ; and as expression and
“ *nicety* of form are qualities only to be appreciated near,
“ so they have less to do with the essentials of beauty,
“ which reside in general proportion and general colour.
“ Correggio and Raphael are perhaps the painters who best
“ succeeded in uniting what can only be seen near with
“ what can only be seen at a distance.”

While making these general observations Charles Eastlake threaded his way about Venice, by water and land, in a way few have done. With Zanetti in hand here, as with Sir Joshua in the Low Countries, he did not overlook a palace or a church among the legion of both in Venice, and every picture they contained was carefully noted. It was here his eyes were first opened to the charms of Gio. Bellini. He writes to Mr. Harman, “ Sir Joshua speaks
“ of him, as compared with Titian, with too much con-
“ tempt, because he was a high finisher. But Gio. Bellini
“ was a great painter ; with beauty, expression, often fine
“ arrangement, and a glowing colour, which, it is said, he
“ latterly increased from seeing what his scholars dared.

“ . . . Perhaps the imperfection of immaturity is
“ always more pleasing than the imperfection of decline.”

After Venice—his notes on which would alone form a volume—he moved on to Ferrara, and so by Bologna to Florence. I must not detain him here, except to observe that, as in Flanders, his largeness of feeling, and devout, unprejudiced purity of taste enabled him to do justice to masters on whom few then bestowed a glance, or remark. He had found out the fine action and expression of some of the Giotto's at the Arena Chapel at Padua, and here he fastened on a painter previously so little cared for, that the fine specimens of him levied (and it is difficult to see why) by Napoleon's agents from Florence, had neither been deemed worthy to be exhibited in the Louvre, nor to be reclaimed by the Italians. This despised painter was Fra Angelico, “ the most interesting to me of the
“ early painters, and whom I would place above Giotto.
“ In a series of subjects from the New Testament, and,
“ above all, in the Last Judgment, there are beauties not to
“ be found elsewhere, and equal to the purest feeling of the
“ Van Eycks and Memlings.” He writes later from Venice (1830) with significant foresight, “ I am afraid there is too
“ little interest in England for early pictures which throw
“ often so much light on the leading characteristics of
“ schools of art. A most valuable collection was formed
“ by an Englishman some years since in Italy (the Solly
“ Collection), and since sold to the King of Prussia. I saw
“ the pictures at Berlin, and very curious and interesting
“ they are. I hope the *historical* view of art will not be
“ ultimately overlooked in our National Gallery. I think
“ much of the essence of Venetian art is to be understood
“ by tracing it from the beginning.”

He reached Rome in the middle of September, and was shortly after joined by Mr. Turner the landscape painter, who resided with him for several weeks, working in the same

studio. Mr. Eastlake was soon engaged on several pictures—one of them, which is engraved and has become a popular composition, he thus describes and comments on. “It is
“ a Banditti subject, with larger figures than I have yet
“ used for such subjects. A Contadina family, prisoners
“ with Banditti; relief coming, unseen by the party, in the
“ distance. I mention this picture to you (Mr. Harman)
“ because I have painted the landscape after my own feeling,
“ however little *up* to it. I wish you to see if you like the
“ style, for it is what I consider, with deference, the sort of
“ landscape that accords with elevated subjects. It is here
“ merely an accessory, and simple in composition, but it
“ may serve as a specimen.” Those who know the picture, or even the engraving, will remember how fine the landscape in this instance is. “Mr. Turner used to laugh at me for
“ my fastidiousness (he began several pictures and finished
“ three, long before I had done one), but in these things
“ men are differently made. I have by this time found out
“ what my taste in art is, and the degree of finish and other
“ qualities which, to my feelings are indispensable. . . .
“ I distinguish, to my own conscience, between a sincere pursuit of truth, and the attacking the opinions and feelings of
“ others, as Haydon did. By degrees I am arriving at my own
“ convictions on the style of art I profess, and I shall not
“ be satisfied till I feel that I am free from the influence of
“ the age and its taste. I do not condemn them, but I have
“ a longing desire to be free from prejudice; and I feel a
“ sincere aiming at truth to be so pleasing in itself that
“ even success (although most likely to follow from it) is a
“ secondary consideration. . . . It is thus a real
“ pleasure to me to arrive in my own way at the conclusion
“ that the English school of painting is the most rational
“ now going; and however the English artists at home may
“ differ from each other in their style, yet, as they all come
“ under a general character, I am not afraid of being too

“unlike what is in fashion.” This opinion had been formed by his recent visit to England. He adds in another letter : “I am disposed now to think that the excellences which belong to and characterize Painting are more understood in England by a *few men* than anywhere else. Of these it is my opinion that Turner is the first—without going the length of admiring all his extravagancies—though his very exaggerations have opened my eyes to his real merits.”

At this time he kept up a correspondence with his friend Mr. Rose, who in the interim had become a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. By his encouragement Mr. Eastlake had embodied his ideas on the philosophy of the Arts in a paper destined for the “Quarterly Review,” which Mr. Rose undertook to correct for the press. Mr. Lockhart, then the editor—than whom a more enlightened critic on art did not exist—cordially approved of it, and expressed his desire to receive further contributions of the kind. Mr. Rose writes from Cambridge, May 23, 1829 :—“It is a most admirable paper. I have allowed one of our first people (Professor Whewell) here to read it, and he quite agrees with me.” It was already in type, when the fastidious writer forbade its publication. He embodied parts of it in his various Reports of the Fine Arts Commission, which, in their turn, were also partially embodied in the volume of Essays edited by Mr. Bellenden Ker.* To return to Mr. Rose ; this gentleman adds, “You will afterwards be able to collect and correct your essays, and gain the reputation you deserve by publishing them with your own name. I hope hereafter to live to see and hear you in Reynolds’ chair, delivering to the students instructions which will, I think, unite to his beautiful feeling and refined taste more philosophical depth and truth.”

* “Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts.” The only paper by Sir Charles in the “Quarterly Review” is a “Review of the Life of Raphael.”

On the 10th February, 1830, Mr. Eastlake was elected full Member of the Royal Academy. His "Pilgrims in sight of Rome" may be said to have given the last impulse to the choice of the Academy. He now felt it an obligation to return and reside in London. It was indeed high time that the move should be made, for his health suffered greatly from the climate of Rome, or rather from the climate under the conditions of indefatigable labour and rigorous seclusion to which he condemned himself. No man ever put a lower estimate on his own merits and powers. No man was ever (as far as an inflexible self-respect permitted) more genuinely, more touchingly humble. It never occurred to his single-hearted and over-anxious nature that he possessed excellence of any kind. He never tasted the sweets of an elate feeling; he needed another to be proud of him and elate in him; to presume to speak the praiseful and happy truth, all wrapped up in so tender and reverential an affection that he could as little doubt the praise as the love, and to speak it thus over and over again.

It was with great unwillingness that he turned his thoughts towards England. Not that a foreign residence had unanglicized him—quite the reverse; but he had a dread of the difficulties and conditions of a London professional life—a dread owing chiefly to his entire diffidence of himself. He now writes to Mr. Harman. "When I sent home what
" I fancied would be my last Banditti picture, I looked
" forward to following the art as I wished, and to soon
" becoming more strictly an historical painter. I have
" now to make the experiment of living in England, and
" how my historical or poetical dreams can be realized
" there I know not. . . . Long ago I never thought
" I should get attached to Italy for any other reasons
" than what made it attractive to Poussin—that is, for its
" antiquities and classic materials. I have since loved it
" more for its landscape and modern costume; and I have

“lastly loved it most for its being the country of Titian,
“and still containing what we admire in his pictures, not
“forgetting landscape. . . . I hope now soon
“to move off to Venice and take another, but I hope
“not a last look at the part of Italy that interests me
“most.”

After finishing his Diploma picture—his first version of Hagar and Ishmael—he unrooted himself from Rome, after a residence there of fourteen years, and reached Venice at the end of July. Here, with his esteemed friends, Miss Leach and her brother, Dr. Leach, and Signor Incoronati, a Roman gentleman of the highest character and acquirements, since then a resident in England, he occupied the apartments in the Mocenigo Palace, formerly hired by Lord Byron. Having on his former visit, two years before, completely mastered all the sights of Venice, he now devoted his time to making small studies from various pictures by Titian, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, &c. Some of these are in oil, others in water-colour; the latter chiefly from the Manfrini collection, where he could only execute these studies—perfect as they are—in his sketch-book, standing. Two copies from the now destroyed Peter Martyr by Titian—one in oil, the other in water-colour—are perhaps the most faithful records and adequate witnesses now existing of that great work.

He remained in Venice above two months, and then started on an exploring trip into the country of Giorgione and Bassano—with the works of Ticozzi and Maniago in his hand—of which he has left a careful journal. He began at Treviso, where the grand altar picture in the Cathedral by Fra Marco Pensabene—the history of which is still shrouded in mystery—attracted his unqualified admiration. He describes it at length, and characterizes it as “a very noble performance.” He also examined the so-called Giorgione, the Dead Christ in the Tomb with boy angels, in the Monte

di Pietà—now ascribed, principally by himself, to Annibale Carracci. It was in a wretched condition; and that fact and the violent foreshortening “rather astonishing” (where successful) than pleasing,” made him reticent in praise. He then proceeded to Castelfranco, of which he remarks: “In the more southern parts of Italy, “the name of any town or village with the adjunct of “*Castello*, at once implies an elevated site; and it is with “some disappointment that one discovers that Castelfranco “is in a very flat plain, with no other elevation than the “ramparts of a square fortification, from which it takes its “name.” He here visited the altar-piece, known as the one indubitable work by Giorgione, of which the S. Liberale in armour is said to be the painter’s own portrait.* He mentions here a painter comparatively unknown to fame, Ponchini, (called Bozzato) “by whom a fine picture behind the altar— “The Descent into Limbus—was executed: an artist who “might have rivalled Giorgione and Titian, but who, having “lost his wife, as the story goes, retired into a monastery.” He also traced the vicissitudes of the old Barbarelli mansion through various possessors to the family of Rainati, in whose hands it remained in 1830. “But the “Rainati house has nothing now of former days about it; “the southern front is modern Italian; and there is a snug “garden round it, bounded on two sides by the shattered “brick walls of the old fortress, to whose ruins and ivy the “eye turns with pleasure. If anything can influence the “taste of a painter (after he has practised his art) it must “be the scenery by which he was surrounded in early life. “Giorgione lived at a distance from mountains, and saw “them mingle with the sky. The plains to the south and “west towards Vicenza and Bassano, bounded by distant

* The small study for this figure by Giorgione—but with the helmet in the hand instead of on the head—was left by Mr. Rogers to the National Gallery.

“ and not very bold hills, remind one of the broad vague
“ backgrounds which accompany his figures, as in the altar-
“ piece in the church here : whereas, in Titian’s distances
“ the forms and details of the mountains show that *he* was
“ accustomed to see them near. . . . On approaching
“ Bassano, which is separated by the Brenta from a wall
“ of mountains, the sun sank suddenly behind this natural
“ rampart, leaving a considerable tract of the country in
“ premature twilight, while the plains towards Vicenza and
“ Padua were still warmed by the more gradual decline of
“ day. To one who looks for the physical causes of a
“ painter’s style, this long soft twilight and the depth of the
“ valley of the Brenta cannot but seem connected with the
“ solemn, dark, but sparkling and clear manner observable
“ in the best pictures of Giacomo da Ponte. There is
“ another particular in which this painter may be more
“ clearly traced, although a trifle. Bassano has ever
“ been, and is still, filled with manufactures of copper
“ vessels. The metal comes in a prepared state from
“ Venice, but it is beaten at Bassano, and the principal
“ street contains several such workshops, with abundant
“ specimens before the doors. . . . Although there
“ is no defending the painter for introducing these uten-
“ sils on almost all occasions, it must be confessed their
“ colour and their sparkle are singularly picturesque, and
“ in so dark a style as Giacomo’s, some such *svegliarino*
“ was absolutely necessary. To find sparkle and warmth
“ together was too great a temptation—in short, it is only to
“ be regretted that copper vessels are so vulgar—their colour
“ is, in some situations, more beautiful than gold. In
“ Giacomo da Ponte they unite the beauties of the metal
“ and the gem.”

“ The road from Bassano to Belluno, through Feltre,
“ begins to be picturesque at the latter place, which is
“ within the mountains. The road is nearly flat as far as

“Asolo, five miles from Possagna, Canova’s birth-place,
“and where his church is. Feltre is beautifully situated;
“and from thence to Belluno the road lies again in a
“wide rich plain between the mountains. Belluno is on
“the Piave, whose gravelly bed is sometimes half a mile
“broad, which in winter is entirely filled with the moun-
“tain torrent. There is always water enough to float
“down various articles of commerce from the mountains
“to Venice, where of course the raft is broken up and sold.
“Among the things thus supplied to Venice from these
“mountains above Belluno are turpentine, *ragia*,” (resin)
“and *olio di abezzo*; and it happens that the materials
“used by the Venetian painters not only abound in the
“mountains near, but particularly near the country of
“Titian. And, besides these gums, it is worth noting
“that in addition to the fir and the larch on the higher
“grounds in the district of Cadore, the only tree which
“is at all common in the neighbourhood of the villages,
“and in the warmer valleys, is the walnut-tree—the oil
“produced from that nut, as well as that from linseed,
“are both common articles of commerce throughout the
“mountains. The road from Belluno to Pieve di Cadore
“follows closely the course of the Piave: a few miles
“past Belluno the mountains shut in, and there is room
“only for the river and the road, and now and then for
“some villages. It is only in the immediate neighbour-
“hood of Pieve, which stands very high, that the houses
“begin to take the German instead of the Italian form
“in the roofs. In all the compositions of landscape by
“Titian, those, for instance, engraved by Le Fèvre, pro-
“bably from drawings, the houses have the German form,
“and hence doubtless indicate Alpine scenes—the very
“rugged outlines of the mountains indeed prove the same.
“At Cadore and in the neighbourhood the mountains
“correspond in form with the boldest introduced in

“ Titian’s pictures ; and the castle of Pieve di Cadore
“ (which was destroyed so lately as 1796) now in ruins,
“ finely placed on a rocky eminence, is undoubtedly the
“ original of the background” (believed to be by Titian)
“ in the picture of the Bacchanals by Bellini in Rome.*
“ The point of view is the first appearance of the rock
“ coming from Perarollo to Pieve ; or in the same line
“ nearer the village called ‘sotto Castello,’ whose walnut trees
“ would form the foreground, and almost complete the scene.

“ There is, however, one great liberty taken by Titian,
“ and by all the Venetian painters in their landscape,
“ and the German painters who may be considered the
“ masters in that respect of the Venetians (as they were
“ particularly of Titian) may be included. They unite the
“ most rugged and romantic forms of the higher Alps, as a
“ distance, with the richness of the foliage of the plains.
“ But where these mountains appear so distinctly as those
“ masters represent them, the fir-tree is the principal
“ clothing even of the foreground ; and a fir-tree is never
“ introduced—wisely enough—for its form is too peculiar.
“ There is a wood engraving by Boldrini of a composition
“ by Titian of a naked Venus and Cupid, and fir-trees
“ appear behind. This is the only instance I remember.

“ The conosciuti of Pieve are certain that Titian must
“ have come by Belluno to Pieve in his almost annual visit
“ to his birth-place ; but certainly the landscapes in Le
“ Fèvre’s collection do not correspond with any scene in
“ that road, nor with the scenery for many miles round
“ Pieve. The forms of the houses in these prints corre-
“ spond with those in the higher district, where the winter
“ snow renders acute roofs necessary ; but the scenes are
“ richer in trees, and they probably belong either to Friuli
“ or to a mountain road from Maniago to Pieve, now
“ scarcely practicable, it is said, on horseback. . . .

* Now at Alnwick Castle.

After inspecting the wrecks of Titianesque pictures, at Zoppè, Domegge, Calalzo, Rizzuos, Valigella, Tai, Vodo, Vinigo, S. Vito, Posali, &c.;—maltreated specimens, possibly once valuable; “for the changes which fine pictures may undergo from time and repainting are incalculable,”—he adds;

“In this wild mountain district, where the inhabitants seem to live miserably, it is interesting to find so many memorials, bad and ruined as they are, of the name and taste of Titian. Nor was he the first painter who sprang up in these ungenial scenes. A gigantic St. Christopher outside the church at Domegge, tolerably well drawn, belongs to an earlier period, and Tolmezzo beyond Auronzo, in a still wilder country, gives its name to an early painter of the Friuli school. It has been already stated that there seems to be no resemblance between the taste of Titian in landscape and the real scenes of his native place, except the bold mountains, the Alpine roofs, and perhaps the walnut-tree, whose solid and massy foliage recalls the dense manner of the master in trees. The demand for the decoration of the churches, without, as well as within, must have been the chief cause of the existence of the arts here; and, in the Friulense school, as Maniago observes, the largeness of manner which is the chief characteristic, arose from the broad and necessarily rapid practice of fresco painting. These villages are all very inconsiderable. Pieve itself has not more than 500 inhabitants, but in most, even in those least accessible, there are men of talent and learning. Not long ago a very fine library was bought at Borca (beyond Vodo) from the family ‘di Luca’ by the Abbate Zelotti of the Barbarigo Palace, Venice.”

These extracts are sufficient to show the nature of his wanderings in these wild parts. Few, perhaps none, even in these easy times have so closely explored these regions,

in which painting once flourished more like a flower of the field than of the garden. Conegliano, Pordenone, Udine, Cividale, S. Daniele, and the beautiful Gemona, were now successively visited ; after which he crossed the barrier into Carinthia, and made his way to Salzburg and so to Munich. Here he resolved to devote what he felt would be his last opportunity of freedom to visiting Vienna, where, following his usual system, he compiled a thorough guide book of all the pictures worth noting in the various Viennese galleries.

He arrived in England in time for the distribution of prizes ; and for the lecture at the Royal Academy on the 10th December, on which occasion he went through the forms of admission as full member, and was immediately appointed one of the in-coming council. He then took a convenient house in Fitzroy Street, realised the privileges and convenience of the Athenæum, and, welcomed and appreciated by friends, old and new, soon felt himself no longer a stranger in his native country.

Thus far I have endeavoured to trace, and chiefly by means of his own modest and undesigning testimony, the life and character of my distinguished husband—distinguished not more by the class, range, and ever-diligent development of his fine powers, than by the purity and uprightness of his life. He was now just thirty-seven years of age as he finally made his home in London. What has been told sufficiently shows how entirely he was qualified—how conscientiously, however unconsciously, he had graduated—for the high offices connected with art, which he had subsequently the honour to fill ; also how richly he merited the personal deference and respect with which he was regarded by all good and just men. I say this advisedly, because the public are well aware that he suffered at one time from that injustice from which all finer spirits are seldom entirely exempt. This injustice simply regarded those matters of opinion on art on which there is no fixed

code; but on which, ultimately, his own knowledge and opinion came to be regarded as the decisive authority of an absolute master of the subject. On higher points, even malevolence found nothing to assail in him. I have alluded to this passage in his history in order that my further silence respecting it may not be misinterpreted. To use his own words, "Defences are often as bad as attacks."

With this period, though his more active and public career begins, yet its very publicity leaves me less occasion to dwell largely upon it. It has been my object, as first stated, to give a record of a mind of an analytical and logical character, rarely accompanying a passion for art; a mind which would have left its mark on any form of intelligence to which he might have applied his powers. My task is therefore nearly completed, for the rest of his life, though comprising those years which were the whole of life to me, neither furnishes the same materials nor requires the same exposition. It is the first half of a man's career which tells what the second half will be, however diverse the two in outer circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

Principal Works.—Changes in patronage of Art.—Society, and thoughts upon it.—Schemes for promotion of Art.—The Lawrence Drawings.—The National Gallery.—Fitzwilliam Museum.—Life of Raphael.—Göthe's Theory of Colours.—Kugler's Italian Painters.—Conversation.—Sydney Smith.—Macaulay.—Nassau Senior.—Mrs. Jameson.—Mr. and Mrs. Grote.—Earl of Essex.—Sir Robert Peel.—Cornelius.—Fine Arts Commission.—Appointment as Secretary to Fine Arts Commission.

THERE was little personally eventful in Mr. Eastlake's life during the first ten years after his return to England ; though one occurrence deserves mention, which may be said to have inaugurated him in a civic scene, which was the presentation to him of the freedom of his native city in January 1832. This period, however, from 1830 to 1840, was the most productive in works of note by his hand. A picture commenced in Rome, but not exhibited till 1831, "Peasants returning from labour," life-sized half-length figures of an Italian Contadino, his wife, and infant, shows the ripening effect of his visits to Venice, and, from the subsequent rally in colour made by the English school, would probably excite even more admiration now than it did then. In 1833, the subject of "The Greek Fugitives," was exhibited ; in 1834, the "Escape of Francesco Carrara ;" in 1835, another version of "Pilgrims in Sight of Rome ;" in 1836, two narrow, long pictures of the same subject ; in 1837, "Greek Captives ;" in 1838, "Gaston de Foix before the Battle of Ravenna ;" in 1839, "Christ blessing little Children ;" in 1840, the "Salutation of the aged Friar." These were

pictures which occupied centres on the Exhibition walls. They were accompanied at the same time by many works of less importance. All the portraits he executed belong to this time ; some, like that of Sir Stephen (then Mr.) Hammick, being treated with an unadorned dignity which places them high as examples of simple nature ; while in certain portraits of ladies, where the subject permitted, he gratified himself, as well as the fair sitters, by attiring them in a fancy costume. In this way, Mrs. Bellenden Ker appeared as an Italian Contadina, with a basket of grapes ;* Miss Bury, with long hair and a white lily ; Miss Johnstone (niece of the Dowager Countess of Essex), also as an Italian peasant. These “fancy portraits,” as they were called, were greatly admired, and would have filled his hands with this class of occupation, had he not pertinaciously refused to devote himself to portraiture. With these also appeared smaller subjects, such as “La Svegliarina,” “The Martyr,” (St. Sebastian), &c., and now and then a single head, like that which had attracted the Duke of Wellington’s admiration. One circumstance which, though a tribute to his art, has detracted somewhat from the full honour due to it, was the demand for repetitions of the same subject. Thus there exist five pictures of “Pilgrims in sight of Rome,” namely, 1st, executed for Duke of Bedford ; 2nd, for Earl Grey ;† 3rd and 4th, for Marquis of Lansdowne ; 5th, for Mr. George Vivian. A 6th of the subject is a *bonâ fide* copy from the picture belonging to Lord Grey, made for Mr. (now Sir Francis) Moon, the printseller, for the purpose of engraving. These five pictures include two, in every respect, distinct compositions : the original of the one being that executed for the Duke of

* I am permitted to say that Mr. Bellenden Ker has bequeathed this picture to the nation.

† In Lord Grey’s picture one of his own grandsons—a son of Lady Elizabeth Bulteel—served as the model for a boy in the foreground.

Bedford—of the other, that belonging to Earl Grey. In the first, the Pilgrims are advancing from the left; in the second from the right; while the replicas of each composition display varieties in colour, arrangement, and background, sufficient to constitute originality. So far indeed from these replicas being repetitions, they afford remarkable examples of the impossibility inherent in the true painter to repeat himself.

A change which has proved of great importance to British art dates from these years. The patronage which had been almost exclusively the privilege of the nobility and higher gentry, was now shared (to be subsequently almost engrossed) by a wealthy and intelligent class, chiefly enriched by commerce and trade; the note-book of the painter, while it exhibited lowlier names, showing henceforth higher prices. To this gradual transfer of patronage another advantage very important to the painter was owing; namely, that collections, entirely of modern and sometimes only of living artists, began to be formed. For one sign of the good sense of the *nouveau riche* consisted in a consciousness of his ignorance upon matters of connoisseurship. This led him to seek an article fresh from the painter's loom, in preference to any hazardous attempts at the discrimination of older fabrics. Thus such gentlemen as Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Vernon, who were the first founders of this class of collections, contended, and often with success, for the possession of fine modern pictures, with patrons of rank and distinction.

The many applications for Mr. Eastlake's pictures, made as soon as they appeared on the Exhibition walls, showed the increasing demand for works of this class. One inquiry which he records with peculiar gratification, was addressed to him for his picture of "Christ blessing Little Children," from a locality not redolent of patronage of art—namely, from Thames Street. A reference to the catalogue at the

end will show how this class of competitors took the lead in patronage as time went on.

Occupied as he was with increasing commissions, executed with increasing fastidiousness, he was yet, during these years, drawn largely into society; renewing many pleasing ties which had commenced at Rome, and forming others which were of great value to him. Among those with whom he was most intimate may be reckoned Mr. Harman, his early patron and friend, and his excellent wife; Mr. Rogers, and his sister Miss Rogers; Mr. and Mrs. Bellen-den Ker; and the venerable Earl of Essex; all of whom showed the genuine nature of their regard for the object of this memoir, by soliciting the pleasant society of his brother William, whenever he visited Fitzroy Street. Nor may I omit Mr. Charles Jones, of Gower Street, Solicitor to the Admiralty, and long connected with the Plymouth Eastlakes in Admiralty business, at whose hospitable table there was always a cover for him; or Mr. Brockedon, "the immortal Brockedon," as Leslie calls him, with the noblest of hearts, and the grandest of persons, who never failed a friend in any emergency or trouble. To these may be added those whom in later times he called "my kind and constant friends, the Carrick Moores, and Horners," with other representatives of talent and worth, always ready to appreciate kindred qualities in all new-comers.

At the same time he found it very difficult to combine the habits of social life with that standard of industry which alone satisfied him. From time to time he gave it out among the circle who kindly sought him, that he intended "to turn hermit for three months." He did so in as strict a sense of the word as the interruptions of London admitted. The delicacy of his health, and the sensitiveness of what he called "the finer fibres," rendered it the more necessary to provide against hurry or anxiety in fulfilling commissions; and yet no one estimated the advantages of mixing with the world

more justly. He reasoned thus to his brother William. "I go into society as much as I do, often against my will, "because I know from experience that it is good for my "moral health. If I could unite this medicine (as some "people do) with habits of application and industry in the "day to the extent I wish, I should be in an enviable situa- "tion. A certain tranquillity always results from inter- "course with polished people; all painful and humiliating "feelings are banished from their circle; their world is beau- "tiful and happy; but internal quiet is derived from the con- "sciousness of duties fulfilled. Those who unite the two "must be, I think, the happiest of human beings. The fact "is, the union of the two requires greater energy than soli- "tary study. In my own case, if I find that I am unequal to "it, and knowing, as I do, that my profession is my chief ob- "ject, I must relapse into the dull student I have often been."

Mr. Bellenden Ker, especially eager for the advance of art, and not less for that of his friend, and energetic in all he took in hand, was foremost in the genial appreciation of his brush, his pen, and his society. For this gentleman Mr. Eastlake decorated a room in a house near the Regent's Park, in the Pompeian style,* as a specimen of the ornamentation compatible even with small English interiors. The walls were prepared white in flat oil, and the materials used in painting were flat transparent oil. This room attracted much notice, and, considering the bad reputation of the atmosphere in which it has existed for nearly thirty-five years, it remains wonderfully unimpaired.

In these years society rang with the subject of Reform, and, after his secluded life at Rome, the ardours of politics and strife of parties were watched with quiet amusement as well as deep interest by one as unused to such themes as

* No. 27, Park Road. The work was entirely executed by Mr. Eastlake, with the exception of the animals forming part of the design, which were by the hand of Mr. Harvey, the animal painter.

he was unprejudiced. Yet while he writes to his brother, "I am only a Whig because you and George are," and "politics in general do not interest me further than as they affect your welfare," it would be unjust not to own that his predilections were of a liberal kind. These prevalent ideas of Reform and Progress were not confined to politics. The Fine Arts shared in the general stirring tendency, and it is curious to observe how soon he was fixed upon as the right person to promote and direct such movements. A proposition to found a professorship of art at the London University, seems to have been contingent on his acceptance of the post, for, on his declining it on two distinct occasions, in 1833 and 1836, the scheme fell to the ground. A request to give a series of lectures on the principles of art, at the Royal Institution, he was also unable to comply with. Mr. Ewart's motion for the establishment of Schools of Design for the improvement of manufactures, was the first public step taken to assist the development of a certain class of art. In this scheme Mr. Eastlake took great interest; and a plan suggested by him, and communicated to the Committee by Mr. Bellenden Ker, himself on the Committee, was approved and adopted; but when invited by Government to undertake the direction of the then new scheme, with a salary, he remained firm to his conviction that no painter had time to spare, for duties of this character, from the exercise of his art. He subsequently, in 1836, consented to be one of the Council (unpaid) appointed by the Board of Trade for the new Schools, but he took no other part in the movement.

Meanwhile he had been induced to become a member of the Useful Knowledge Society, founded in 1833, by Lord Brougham, then Chancellor, by whom, and by Mr. Bellenden Ker, he was proposed. He joined the board on the understanding that he was only to be referred to, in Mr. B. Ker's words, "when any great Gordian knot of art was to be

“severed.” Whereupon he was immediately consulted and set to work regarding the design for a seal and the purport of a motto, best calculated to represent the character of the Society! He retained this supposed sinecure seat at the board for a twelvemonth, during which time he contributed articles on the Fine Arts, on the Bolognese School, and on Basso-relievo, to the Penny Cyclopædia, one of the Society’s publications. He had already written the lives of Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Murillo, Canova, and Reynolds, for a work called the Portrait Gallery, published by Mr. Charles Knight.

It was owing to his connection with this Society, and chiefly to the fact that a principal member of the Cabinet was at the head of it, that Mr. Eastlake was at first encouraged in the arduous but fruitless attempts to convince the Government of the policy as well as duty of securing Sir Thomas Lawrence’s collection of drawings by the old masters. This is a chapter of sufficient importance in the history of art to deserve a detailed notice here. By the will of the late President, dated June, 1828 (Sir Thomas died in January, 1830), directions were given that his collection of drawings by the old masters should be offered to George IV.—to the Trustees of the British Museum—to Sir Robert Peel—and to other known collectors and patrons, for the sum of 18,000*l.* If not purchased by any of the above-named, the collection was to be purchaseable as a whole for 20,000*l.*; Sir Thomas having, as he calculated, spent about 40,000*l.* in its acquisition. All negotiations with the parties specified having failed, and no private purchaser coming forward, a proposal to raise the requisite funds by subscription, and to keep the collection entire, was mooted. On this occasion, the Royal Academy, in January, 1831, voted a contribution of one thousand pounds, on the condition that the collection should be placed either in the British

Museum or National Gallery, and made accessible to artists and the public. Sir John Soane is reported to have followed the example of the Royal Academy by the promise of another thousand pounds; while Mr. Eastlake, in his private capacity, pledged himself to contribute a hundred pounds. This project also failed, and finally the Messrs. Woodburn, through whom Sir Thomas had principally formed the collection, became its purchasers.

We trace part of the history of this affair in Mr. Eastlake's letters, which first notice it in March, 1834, and thus perceive the early date at which he, in some respects, originated views which have since been commonly adopted.

“ I have lately been examining (of course only at night)
 “ the Lawrence drawings;—Keightley, the managing exe-
 “ cutor, being, as I once told you, an old school-fellow of
 “ the Charter House, and having given me full opportunity
 “ to see them. I gave some facts relating to the history of
 “ their collection to Brookedon, lately, to send to some
 “ paper, and the article appeared in the *Morning Herald*.
 “ Woodburn, the person who first collected and sold most
 “ of them to Lawrence, has, within these few days, offered
 “ 16,000*l.* for the collection. He means, if he gets the
 “ drawings, to offer them still to the nation for 20,000*l.*,
 “ and if obliged to sell them piecemeal, he says he will
 “ make 30,000*l.* of them. I am very anxious that this col-
 “ lection should be preserved and publicly seen, and the plan
 “ would be to have a hundred frames in the National Gallery,
 “ and change the drawings occasionally. Among them are
 “ the original studies by Michael Angelo and others for
 “ figures in pictures in the National Gallery itself.* I saw
 “ Sir John Soane about this a few days ago, and wrote to
 “ Mr. Morrison,” (then an active M.P., and a collector of

* Among the Michael Angelos were several sketches for the figure of Lazarus in the “Raising of Lazarus” by Seb. del Piombo; also of the figure in M. Angelo’s Dream.

pictures) “ who has just been here, and having come from
“ Lord Althorp, he was not exactly in a humour to think
“ favourably on the subject, and says that Lord Althorp
“ would laugh at it. Lord Althorp, however, sets his face
“ against the arts altogether, and said once that if he had
“ his way he would sell the National Gallery, and have no-
“ thing of the kind. Fortunately there are not many who
“ agree with him. I have told Mr. Morrison that if the
“ drawings were in the National Gallery it would at once
“ compete with the Continental collections, for there is no-
“ thing like them in number and excellence elsewhere. He
“ thinks Lord Sandon ” (now Earl of Harrowby) “ would be
“ a proper person to bring the subject before Parliament, or
“ Sir Mathew Ridley; to both of whom I will speak. Ker,
“ of course, is at work. He has asked me if a Committee
“ is moved for and obtained, whether I should have any ob-
“ jection to be examined in the House of Commons on the
“ subject. I said no; but I fear, for the sake of the draw-
“ ings, that it will hardly come to so promising a state of
“ things. . . . Returning to the Lawrence drawings, I
“ begged Morrison to use his influence, and to mention
“ them to any members who could *bear* the subject. I said
“ there was no objection against the purchase of this collec-
“ tion, that was not equally as good an argument against
“ the existence of the National Gallery at all.”

Shortly after the date of this letter Mr. Bellenden Ker called the attention of Lord Brougham to the subject, who declared his wish to inspect a selection of the drawings if the executor would entrust a portfolio to him, and if Mr. Eastlake would describe them. “ I attended therefore on Good
“ Friday (March, 1834,) at two o’clock at the Chancellor’s
“ new residence in Great Stanhope Street. Lord Lansdowne
“ and his daughter, Prince Talleyrand, Lady Sefton, Lord
“ Moncrieff, and several others were present. The best
“ place for seeing the drawings was given to Talleyrand ;

“ and the conversation was conducted in French on his
 “ account. I had more to say of course than anybody, as
 “ I was asked questions about every drawing; and even
 “ while talking with the Chancellor the conversation was
 “ still in French (and at least I beat him there) which was
 “ amusing enough. After having seen all the selection,
 “ Talleyrand said: ‘ Si vous n’achetez pas ces choses là,
 “ ‘vous êtes des barbares,’ in which the two Cabinet
 “ ministers agreed.”

This agreement, however, of the powers that were, led to no result. The next steps taken were by the Messrs. Woodburn—steps equally calculated to forward the wishes of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and to promote the private sales which their own interests required. They opened ten successive exhibitions, each lasting a month, and each containing one hundred specimens of a particular master or masters. These continued during two seasons.* The Rembrandt drawings were immediately sold in a lump, and thus the integrity of the collection was first broken up; and by the close of the tenth exhibition the Claudes, Titians, Albert Durers, the three Carracci, and Julio Romano were all disposed of in unbroken sets. Still, there remained a splendid collection, which included the Raphaels and the M. Angelos.† To these Mr. Eastlake alludes in October, 1836,

* In May, 1835, One hundred by Rubens.

July,	1835,	„	„	Vandyke and Rembrandt.
August,	1835,	„	„	Claude and Poussin.
January,	1836,	„	„	Parmegianino and Correggio.
February,	1836,	„	„	Leonardo da Vinci, Julio Romano, Primaticcio, and Perino del Vaga.
March,	1836,	„	„	The three Carracci.
April,	1836,	„	„	Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Zuccherro, and Pol. da Carravaggio.
May,	1836,	„	„	Albert Durer and Titian.
June,	1836,	„	„	Raphael.
July,	1836,	„	„	Michael Angelo.

† Previous to the exhibition of the Raphaels hopes had been entertained

when he says, "You are perhaps aware that some months ago the Treasury nominated five Commissioners to fix the value of the Lawrence drawings—namely, Howard, Hilton, Wellesley, Josè of the British Museum, and myself. This I heard of at the time, but have heard no more since, and now Woodburn, the possessor of the drawings, is so tired that he is at last determined to sell them piecemeal. I believe he gives Spring Rice" (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) "but a week more to decide. Woodburn himself has nominated five Commissioners—of whom Lord Vernon, Esdaile, and Richard Ford are three—the latter is a great connoisseur."

In 1838 the Messrs. Woodburn opened another series of exhibitions from their almost inexhaustible stores—first of Rubens and Vandyke, and then of Raphael again—and now they fulfilled their resolution to offer the drawings piecemeal for sale. A large portion accordingly passed into the possession of the King of Holland, and of the chief private collectors in England and the Low Countries. Still there remained a considerable number even of the Raphaels and M. Angelos, with other masters, and to these Mr. Eastlake

that the Trustees of the National Gallery would have recommended, at all events, the purchase of that master. They declined to do so, unless for a price based on that named in Sir Thomas's will. It was in vain, however, to suppose that such favourable conditions could be maintained by mercantile owners, and this after the lapse of a considerable time. The price now demanded by the Messrs. Woodburn for 180 drawings by Raphael was fixed by a committee of gentlemen, to whom allusion is made above, at 12,000*l*. Meanwhile the leading journals vied with each other, at every fresh exhibition, in urging this opportunity of enriching the national stores of art. Finally, after the tenth exhibition—that of M. Angelo—a memorial from professors and amateurs of the fine arts was addressed to the Lords of the Treasury, entreating that the Raphaels and Michael Angelos might be secured. Among the arguments used was one which might have been deemed irrefutable—viz., the example of the purchase of the Elgin marbles—once so stoutly opposed, but since recognised as a signal honour and advantage to the country. This memorial was signed by nearly 400 individuals, including names highly distinguished for knowledge and taste.

refers in July, 1840: "On Saturday last I was at an evening party at Lord Monteagle's and spoke to him, Mr. Rogers, and Lord Lansdowne again about the purchase of the Lawrence drawings for the nation. (They are all Trustees for the National Gallery.) The only excuse for renewing this business, the negotiations respecting which have repeatedly failed, is that the Messrs. Woodburn have come down very much in their demand. In consequence of suggestions from Lords Monteagle and Lansdowne, I have induced the Woodburns to address a letter to Mr. Wellesley, Mr. Josè, and myself, with their reduced price. The trio, of which I am one, were appointed by Government some time ago to give an opinion as to the value of the drawings. This is the excuse for addressing us, and, having received their application, we have this week addressed the Treasury once more, enclosing Woodburn's new proposition. These papers will be handed over by the Treasury to the Trustees of the National Gallery, who meet on Monday next. I think the two noblemen and Mr. Rogers, to whom I have spoken, will be favourable."

The finale to this rather melancholy story is, that the Treasury remained inexorable, and that such of the Raphaels and Michael Angelos as remained were finally purchased by the University of Oxford in 1845 for 7000*l*.*

It is easy now to wonder at what appears the shortsightedness of Government, public bodies, and even of private individuals, as displayed in the history of this remarkable collection. For there can be little doubt that had a few wealthy persons combined for its purchase, they might, as with the Orleans Gallery, have retained the choicest portions and repaid themselves with the sale of the residue. But while choice and in most instances indubitable works were thus pertinaciously declined, an instance, on the other

* 4000*l*. of this 7000*l*. was contributed by the late Earl of Eldon.

hand, may be quoted of an over-readiness on the part of the Trustees of the National Gallery to lay out the public money, without what would now be deemed the commonest precautions. At that time, it must be remembered, there was an almost entire absence of connoisseurship in this country. Fine pictures by the old masters, of all schools, were purchased and highly valued by the English nobility and gentry, but these were usually so attested by their previous history that no niceties of knowledge were required respecting them. The purchasers and eliminators, for instance, of the Orleans Gallery, just referred to, suffered no qualms of doubt as to whether real Raphaels and Titians had fallen to their share. The contents of that gallery needed little guarantee beyond the fact that they were such. This very certainty may even in some measure be said to have retarded the progress of true connoisseurship, for works admitting of no question invited no analysis. Mr. Rogers was a singular instance of a man who thought and felt for himself in matters of art, and though he had small pretensions to those subtleties of knowledge only obtainable by long experience—the acquirement of which, while it must be always rare, is indispensable now—yet his taste was so fine that he made few mistakes in his private selection, and, as a Trustee of the National Gallery his vote was always in harmony with the true interests of the public. The Trustees also, though endowed with unquestionable authority to purchase pictures, had but rare opportunities of exercising those powers, while such acquisitions as they did make—that, for example, of the two grand Correggios in 1834—though of the highest value, needed no real discrimination on their parts. But the time was now approaching when only knowledge could decide as to the genuineness of a picture, and when no consciousness of ignorance had as yet suggested any diffidence in such matters. The following transaction reflects too much credit on the admirable sense

of Sir Robert Peel, as well as on the knowledge of the history of art possessed by Mr. Eastlake, to be omitted here.

Mr. Eastlake writes, May 3, 1841: "I mentioned that the Trustees of the National Gallery invited me to give an opinion on a soi-disant Raphael which they have some idea of purchasing. The proposition to consult artists before making these purchases was made at the last meeting of the Trustees *for the first time*, and it was made (so Sir Martin Shee tells me, who was present) by Sir Robert Peel. The President of the Royal Academy, Howard, Etty, Callcott, and myself were named. To-day the Trustees meet, and having only seen the picture the day before yesterday, it was only yesterday that I sent in my report. I am afraid it will be rather humiliating to them (*entre nous*), but at least it will show that Sir Robert Peel was right. I have been able to give the whole history of the picture, for it is described in more than one work, and this kind of lore (with the help of the artistic library which I have by degrees collected) I have, as you know, at my fingers' ends. I have given them my own opinion, confirmed by a mass of evidence, dates, &c., which I think must show them that they need a little enlightening on these matters. On Saturday I so far let out my own opinion that I observed to . . . at the Academy dinner that the picture was certainly not by Raphael. 'Not by Raphael!' he exclaimed. 'Bless me, we never had any doubt about that! the only question was what it was worth, and we wished you to say whether it would be an acquisition as a specimen of the painter.' They had believed some spurious story about Raphael's having painted the picture at a certain time and place. I have given the clearest proof that all this is unfounded—in short, my only fear is that I have given them too strong a dose. I have, however,

“ said, without pretending to judge of the price, that it
“ would be an acquisition to the Gallery as the work of the
“ painter to whom I attribute it (on grounds amounting
“ to proof). When Sir Robert Peel made his proposi-
“ tion, . . . , who piques himself on being a judge
“ of Italian art, said he thought it would be imposing too
“ much trouble on the members of the Academy to consult
“ them. Sir Martin Shee, with his usual readiness, said
“ the very object of the Academy was to promote the
“ interests of the arts. There might be many cases of
“ doubtful pictures on which I could not have pronounced ;
“ and, above all, in which I might not have had docu-
“ mentary evidence at command. It is particularly for-
“ tunate in support of Sir Robert Peel that I have been
“ able to furnish the information I have sent. What the
“ other painters have done I don’t know, and of course I
“ have not communicated with them, but I am very certain
“ that none are in possession of the historical facts I have
“ adduced. This letter is full of boasting, but it is true ;
“ and as I have sometimes been thought to have wasted
“ time in acquiring this kind of knowledge and, I may add,
“ spending a good deal of money gradually in collecting
“ materials, it is a satisfaction to know that all this tells
“ at last.”

An official letter from the Secretary (Col. Thwaites) acknowledged the information supplied, and the picture was not bought.*

It was not long before this that he went to see ‘ a Titian ’ which had been mentioned to him, and which was about to be raffled for at 6000*l*. After a careful inspection he pronounced it to be “ a fair copy, not even done by a Venetian painter.” Mr. Segquier afterwards confirmed his

* The work in question was an unfinished Holy Family by Fra Bartolommeo—purchased several years later by Mr. Thomas Baring, and now in his gallery.

judgment. The instances in which he stood between spurious pictures and would-be purchasers were innumerable. These are only mentioned to show how rare was such knowledge out of the mere dealer class at that time.

It may be safely said that, though Mr. Eastlake as yet occupied no responsible position, yet the sense that he was an authority in various departments of the arts very widely prevailed. In 1837 he was requested to give assistance in a matter where a painter is not generally invoked—namely, in the design for the sculpture to occupy the pediment of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; a building then in course of erection by his friend Mr. Basevi. He accordingly supplied the design of the figures of the Muses, superintended their execution by Mr. Nicholl, and finally (in June, 1840) their erection. Before this he had been included in a meeting at the British Museum, “called by “the Architects’ Institute to ascertain whether the Elgin “marbles were painted or not. Faraday, who was present, “has I think proved that the brown stains on the marble “never could have been paint. It had been asserted that “the columns and all in the Parthenon were painted.”

In June, 1840, an article by him entitled the “Life of “Raphael,” appeared in the Quarterly Review. The now well known work by Passavant, on the life and works of the great painter, gave occasion to this paper, which is a fair specimen of the writer’s variety and thoroughness of knowledge, and of the manner in which he turned it to account. Viewing Raphael as the central figure, at a period unparalleled for historical and antiquarian interest and artistic fertility, there is hardly a name in art or literature which led up to the great master—a sovereign, a locality, or a form of art connected with him—to which he does not impart fresh interest. Seldom have the life and works of one man been treated within the compass of an essay

with such fullness—with what a painter would call “such a sense of a whole.” The article attracted notice, and many compliments in the society in which he moved, for it was generally assumed to be his; but the praise which gratified him the most was that of the late Earl of Aberdeen, for whose work on the Principles of Grecian Architecture he entertained great respect.

In 1840 also his translation of Göthe's Theory of Colours was published. He had intended at first “to make a selection of such of the experiments as seemed more directly applicable to the theory and practice of Painting.” Indeed, he was anxious to have it understood that it was rather for this than for the sake of Göthe's theory that he undertook this translation. In his own words, to his brother, 27th May, 1840, “the theory, right or wrong, was the theory of the Italians at the revival of letters, and is closely connected with the practice of the Italian painters. This is what I have endeavoured to show in my notes.* If it is asked whether it was necessary to give all the work to prove what I undertook to prove, I answer that it is less responsible for a translator to give the work entire,—it is also more just to the author.” This translation was dedicated to Mr. Harman. It was reviewed in the Edinburgh Review of October, 1840, by Lord Brougham, in a manner sufficiently complimentary; though at the same time, he sought to expose errors which the translator had repudiated, and failed to perceive the specific object he had in view.

Mr. Eastlake was now tempted to turn his attention to Kugler's Handbook of Italian Painters, October 1840: “I mentioned sometime since that I had declined to edit a translation from a German work on art. I have, however, since consented, as the translation was very defective; and I feel it a duty to lend my assistance in putting good and historically correct things before the public. This

* These notes have been published in the “Contributions.”

“now takes up all my spare time.” The work was published in the following year, and no book has been more popular or more serviceable for the purposes of instruction to travellers in Italy. The preface to it by Mr. Eastlake is rich in learning and philosophic thought, and has been included among the “Contributions.”

By this time our painter had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, which he entered before the death of its President, the Duke of Sussex; and he soon became a member of the Stirling Club,—the Literary Club—*The Club*,—and others. He also visited Woburn, Bowood, Cashiobury, and Drayton Manor. In his letters to his brother William, a running commentary is kept on the chief characters and events of the day—such as might serve to beguile the lonely hours of an invalid, himself well competent to take part in what was going forward. This commentary is of too private a nature to lay before the public except in such an instance as the following, and where those mentioned are favourite public property:—“Novr. 7, 1837. “Sydney Smith was full of his clever hits the day I met “him. I could not help thinking that there could hardly “have been a match for him in the golden days you “alluded to. It is not the greatest names that make the “most brilliant society. In the lines ‘Smith how to “‘think, Burke how to speak, and Beauclerk to *converse*,’ “of the whole catalogue there is but the last who, it seems, “was an agreeable talker. Sir Joshua himself was as deaf “as a post. . . . In the instance of the “celebrated society you alluded to—Garrick, Reynolds, “Johnson, &c.—I have no doubt we are deceived by the “greatness of the names into a notion that the con- “versation was always sustained and brilliant. Johnson “could not be an agreeable *companion*, though, like “Coleridge, he was privileged as a lecturer; and at the “famous dinners at Sir Joshua’s there was as much

“ nonsense, bad puns, and loose talk as elsewhere.
“ Such a man as Sydney Smith would, I think, have
“ eclipsed most of them. He is the specimen of a
“ jovial wit I would select from those I have seen. As a
“ polished wit and *bel esprit* perhaps Luttrell has seldom
“ been surpassed, and his manners are perfect. Then
“ for knowledge in matters of taste, universal anecdote
“ and wit, with the *greatest tranquillity* of manner, while
“ he keeps your attention always alive, there is no one like
“ Rogers. Rogers and Luttrell are of course rivals, but
“ some months since, when Rogers had the Duke of Wel-
“ lington and other very distinguished people to dine with
“ him, he selected Luttrell as fittest to help to entertain
“ them. Sydney Smith often reminds me of my father, and
“ I often wish two such persons could have met. Sydney
“ Smith is also about the same bulk, and shakes with
“ laughter in the midst of his own *bon mots*. The other
“ day he had some business at the Mansion House, and while
“ talking, without knowing who the people all were, some
“ person handed a paper to him, on which was written,
“ ‘The gentleman you are speaking to is the Lord Mayor
“ ‘Elect.’ He said he instantly thought of the Roman
“ ambassador to Carthage who was suddenly shown an
“ elephant, and, to the disappointment of all, betrayed no
“ emotion. Talking of the absurdity of continuing the
“ service about the Gunpowder Treason, Lord John Russell
“ happened to say, ‘not that I approve of Guy Fawkes,’
“ upon which Sydney Smith kept the table in a roar for
“ some minutes by praising ‘such *candour*.’ ”

Macaulay’s powers of conversation also obtain a page of a letter. Mr. Eastlake had been dining at *The Club*, where the members are supposed to consist of the best conversers of the day: “ Macaulay, though always worth listening to, “ is such an indefatigable talker that few of the rest could “ say much. He is never long on one subject, but goes off

“ on the slightest hint or association, especially if suggested
“ by another. The effect is curious—if you turn to a neigh-
“ bour to make or listen to a remark, and then return to
“ Macaulay, expecting to recover the thread of his obser-
“ vations, he is on a totally different subject. The Dying
“ Gladiator—the Mogul Empire—the Neæra of Tibullus—
“ the last Travels in America—Mathematics—the style
“ of Ovid—the date of Virgil’s death, and innumerable
“ other subjects, interspersed with quotations, follow each
“ other without pause.”

It is agreeable to record his impressions of a few other notabilities—including some happily with us still. Mr. Nassau Senior he met for the first time at Bowood, in 1837: “ He adds the qualities of plainness and affability
“ to the profoundest learning and the most agreeable con-
“ versation. The conversation somehow turned on Homer.
“ On my speaking of the accuracy with which Shakspeare
“ had drawn the Homeric characters in *Troilus* and
“ *Cressida*, Senior said with his usual plainness that he
“ was hardly acquainted with that play; but, on my
“ alluding to various incidents and expressions in Homer,
“ to my astonishment he, *in every case*, quoted the original
“ lines.”

A mention of Mrs. Jameson in 1840, on first making her acquaintance, will be welcome to the many who remember her with affection and respect: “ Mrs. Jameson is writing
“ an account of all the picture galleries in London. She
“ is a very pleasing person, and with all her cleverness,
“ is as much a woman as she ought to be. I go to her
“ occasionally at Notting Hill, and while I take care not to
“ interfere with her opinions” (on painters), “ I now and
“ then assist her with facts. I was to have gone to her
“ last Thursday week, but she was then staying with
“ Mrs. Grote, and instead of Mrs. Jameson’s going home
“ to receive me, Mrs. Grote invited me. Mr. and Mrs.

“ Grote live close by Belgrave Square. Both she and her husband are, as far as I have seen, extremely clever, eloquent people, and very fine in person; both tall, well developed human beings, with minds corresponding.”

It may be inferred that the mind here attempted to be pourtrayed was characterised by a gentle respect for women, which won for him in turn the mixture of deference and confidence due to a true knight. Speaking of Leslie's Life of Constable, which interested him deeply, he says, “ The letters of Miss Bicknell are models of good sense and good taste. How much excellence lies hidden in women ! ” And again later, “ Women are sooner reasonable than men, and *if* they have less reason they have more taste and good sense.”

While he reflected thus on society and recorded facts belonging to the busy hum of cities, he was also feelingly alive to scenes of a very opposite kind, more connected with his brother William's life than with his own. Shortly after the introduction of the penny stamp he writes : “ I have received all your letters — that from St. Mary's Hill, written, it appears, with mind, but not quite with frame at ease, was particularly interesting. No letters are so agreeable as those which are written as a substitute for conversation. This could hardly happen when postage was so dear. It was not worth while to sit down and write flying thoughts at sixpence a page. Some philosopher, a few years hence, will date a change in the style of correspondence (at least among the classes who never enjoyed franks) from the reduction of postage.

“ I saw the cloudless sky, the garden, the sycamore tree and seat, and, alas ! you yourself ‘ labouring against the easterly wind ’ without your having taken any particular trouble to describe all this. It must be good for you sometimes to sit and muse in the country when wind and weather are propitious. In a note borrowed from

“ Dr. Young in Mant’s Bible (beginning of Genesis) the
 “ tranquillity of a garden is pronounced to be favourable
 “ to reflection and peace. I believe most people will con-
 “ fess under such circumstances a secret consciousness, not
 “ felt in rooms or towns (solitude even supposed), of a
 “ spiritual influence. The Past and Future appear with a
 “ pleasing solemnity—the memory of the Dead and the
 “ absent returns without pain—the evidence of the never-
 “ failing care of Providence over Nature consoles, and the
 “ individual, mite as he is, amid the vastness of heaven
 “ and earth, feels that he too is seen and remem-
 “ bered.”

It is a pleasing duty to record the exceeding kindness of an aged nobleman, whom I may reckon among Mr. Eastlake’s intimate friends. It was in the hospitable house of the late Earl of Essex, in Belgrave Square—where the frank, ready directed for his brother William, always awaited him—that Mr. Eastlake met distinguished members of both Houses and of the Government of the day. It was there that he attracted the notice of Sir Robert Peel, whose estimate of his character and attainments brought him subsequently into public employment. I find, in memoranda, signs of Sir Robert’s personal regard for him early in 1840. At this time the New Palace at Westminster was so far in course of erection (commenced in 1837) that the consideration of its internal decorations began to occupy a few minds. The first allusion to the subject is in a letter dated February, 1841: “ Government, or rather Mr. Labouchere” (then President of the Board of Trade), “ wishes to have a small grant
 “ made for some experiments in fresco painting; and I
 “ am told he wants to propose that some room or hall
 “ in a public place should be decorated by way of trial.
 “ I am also informed that he wishes me to have the direc-
 “ tion of it. I have said that, much as the plan interests

“me, my engagements” (commissions for pictures) “are such that I cannot soon take an active part in it.”

The first public step which eventually led to the appointment of a Commission for the Decoration of the Houses of Parliament—called the Fine Arts Commission—was a motion brought before Parliament by Sir Benjamin (then Mr.) Hawes, “For enquiring into the means of promoting the Arts in this Country.” A committee was immediately appointed to receive evidence, and Mr. Eastlake was among those examined before it. His evidence was felt (as expressed by the chairman, Mr. Hawes) to have been of peculiar value—a private letter addressed by him to Mr. Hawes was also considered of importance, and appended to the Report of the Committee. There is no doubt that, while anxious not to be drawn into any position of labour or responsibility which should interrupt the pursuit of his art, and the conscientious discharge of his commissions, he yet thus, and in other ways, had shown himself unmistakeably to be the right person to fill a part hitherto unrepresented—in which a practical and theoretical knowledge of the arts was equally required. In October, 1841, he was consulted whether he would consent to be upon the new Commission. This he declined, for the obvious reason that the Commissioners would have to select the artists fittest for employment.

In the autumn of 1841, Peter Cornelius, the well-known German historical painter, came to London, and, whatever might be, as we have seen, Mr. Eastlake’s opinion of his art, there was no doubt that he possessed experience in the practice of fresco. Mr. Eastlake’s knowledge of German, and even of the technical terms of art in that language, enabled him to obtain from Cornelius much technical information, which he determined to publish, in case Government decided to use this form of decoration. He had hardly arranged his notes when a letter from

Sir Robert Peel, who was aware of Cornelius's presence in London, suggested that which he had already done—an example of the foresight and attention to details which distinguished that great Statesman. In answer to this suggestion, Mr. Eastlake forwarded to Sir Robert a Report under eight heads, regarding the proposed decorations of the Houses of Parliament: namely, 1. Situation. 2. Style of Architecture. 3. Fresco, as compared with oil painting. 4. Time necessary for the execution of works in fresco. 5. Practice of fresco painting. 6. Preparation of the walls. 7. Process of Painting. 8. Colours and implements. This Report, though founded on the statements of Cornelius, yet teemed with knowledge, ancient and modern, of a scope and variety of which the venerable German was guiltless. With Sir Robert's universally cultivated mind, and with his love for the arts, the thought may be permitted that this document opened to him a vista of interest in paths which, however full of charm, are but little trod by statesmen in general. To this Report Mr. Eastlake soon added a paper on the methods of fresco painting, as described by writers on art; in which every authority, furnished by his complete and constantly used library, from Vitruvius, Pliny and Palladio, to Sir Humphry Davy, Agricola, and Merrimée, and their bearings on the subject in question, were placed in the clearest order.* A few days after the reception of these papers, Sir Robert Peel requested Mr. Eastlake to call on him, and after telling him that the Commission was now formally nominated, he handed him the official Instrument to read, which terminated with his own appointment as Secretary.

This interview is thus described to the ever sympathising brother, 10th November, 1841. “ Sir Robert watched me in
“ silence while I read it, and as soon as I had ended, said

* These two documents were printed in the Appendix of the First Report of the Fine Arts Commission.

“ he wished to conceal nothing from me connected with
“ my appointment, at the same time showing me his letter
“ (a copy, but in his own handwriting) to Prince Albert,
“ proposing my nomination. Sir Robert’s recommendation
“ was expressed in the strongest terms—it would have
“ gratified you and George very much, as much as it dis-
“ tressed me. I cannot remember it all, but the points
“ dwelt on were professional talent, knowledge of the sub-
“ ject, and character. He then showed me H.R.H.’s
“ answer. It was by no means a letter of form, nor a
“ repetition of Sir Robert’s expressions, but an acquiescence
“ apparently founded on his own observations and en-
“ quiries. The Prince added that it would require the
“ utmost zeal and disinterestedness on my part. The hand-
“ writing was large, plain, and careful. It was now time to
“ say yes or no; but after the matter had gone thus far it
“ was evidently impossible to recede, and useless to consult
“ me. I did not forget to thank Sir Robert Peel, but I re-
“ minded him that the prominent position I had taken in
“ this enquiry hitherto was quite accidental, that my letter
“ to Mr. Hawes was at first a private communication, and
“ that my happening to know Cornelius was also the sole
“ cause of my having been commissioned by himself to
“ consult him. He assured me that he had fixed on me to
“ fill this office (it being impossible under the circumstances
“ to place an artist on the Commission) before Cornelius
“ came to this country; that he had consulted the Duke of
“ Sutherland and others, who had all agreed with him.
“ Lastly, he said that he had consulted Chantrey, and that
“ Chantrey had said he could not have fixed on a better
“ person.”

CHAPTER VII.

First Meeting of Commission, March, 1842.—The Prince Consort.—Exhibitions in Westminster Hall.—Arduous labours.—Division of time.—Sources of happiness.—Fête at Campden Hill.—The Summer House.—Her Majesty.—Visit to Drayton.—Characteristics of Sir Robert Peel.—Death of brother William.—“Materials.”—Letter from Mr. Leslie, R.A.—Elected President of Royal Academy.—Commission of 1851.—Prince Consort at Academy Dinner.—Director of National Gallery.—Illness.—Death.

It is beyond the scope of this memoir to attempt to follow the workings of The Fine Arts Commission, or its results as respects its influence on the public taste. It is unnecessary also to dwell further on Mr. Eastlake's fitness for the appointment he had just received, or on the labours which it entailed during above twenty years of his life. Abstractedly, it was the last position desired by one of whom I have said little to purpose, unless to show that his painting room and his library bounded his desires and ambition. But there is a Destiny that shapes our ends, and in the stimulus thus applied to his sensitive but powerful nature, in this responsible and honourable office, energies and capacities latent in him were developed, of which he had himself been unconscious. The Commission found, that in addition to a Secretary furnished with unusual stores of learning, they had obtained the services of one endowed with a singular aptitude and patience for that accurate and multifarious work called “business.” A *resumé* of his labours will be found in the appendices to the various Reports he drew up for the Commission; selections from which have been published in the Volume of “Contributions.”

At the first meeting of the Commission, when all present

were more or less untried in the discussion of the class of subjects before them, Sir Robert Peel observed the new Secretary, somewhat, perhaps, with the anxious feelings of a veteran watching a novice, as he gave the Chairman and members what he called "a lecture;" illustrating it with specimens, drawings by fresco painters, &c., including the fragment of a real fresco by Paul Veronese; and showing the self-possession, in the presence of auditors of no common class, of one who felt secure of his subject. But more interesting than subject or Secretary was the youthful and royal Chairman, then, I believe I may add, brought for the first time into the transaction of public business in the country of his adoption—whose untiring and intelligent zeal in the service of this Commission, at once gave a measure of those indefatigable labours for loftier objects to which his short and glorious life was devoted. No artist employed in the works of the Commission, ever approached the Prince without recognising a clearness of perception, regarding the purposes and principles of art, which contrasted curiously and refreshingly with the vague, and often false conventionalities to which the votary of art is generally doomed to be a listener. This first meeting laid the foundation of that which redounded to the credit of all—namely, of the deference which throughout was shown to the Secretary, when, as he modestly expresses himself, "on my own ground."

Previous to this first meeting, the Prince had desired Mr. Eastlake to wait on him at Buckingham Palace. It was the first time Mr. Eastlake had seen H.R.H., and as a painter, he may be excused for a painter's remark—namely, that "the Prince stood in a strong light, which showed his beautiful face to great advantage." On this occasion the Prince discussed the objects and plan of the Commission; Mr. Eastlake unreservedly making objections where he thought them necessary. "Two or three times I quite for-

“got who he was—he talked so naturally and argued so fairly.” This conversation convinced Mr. Eastlake that certain rumours which had prevailed regarding the Prince’s intention to employ German artists, were wholly unfounded. The Prince did not sanction the employment of German workmen even for subordinate labours, and expressed his conviction that in all that belonged to practical dexterity, the Englishman took the lead of the foreigner.

One of the first measures determined on by the Commissioners (mentioned here, because leading to an important exhibition), was to invite a competition of Cartoons, of designs calculated for fresco; the subjects to be selected from British History, or from the works of Spenser, Shakspeare, or Milton. This competition was opened to all artists, and a twelvemonth was allowed for preparation. The result brought to light an unexpectedly large number of fine works, which were exhibited in Westminster Hall. So auspicious a beginning especially delighted the Prince. On the 1st July, 1843, Her Majesty visited this interesting and novel display, accompanied by the King and Queen of the Belgians. The Prince immediately presented Mr. Eastlake to the Queen, but acted himself as cicerone, taking Her Majesty from one side to the other with eager interest. As the first occasion, followed by others more memorable, on which the Queen inaugurated an Exhibition presided over by her lamented husband,—and one on which the youthful pair gave public evidence of that union of taste and interest which resulted from a higher bond—this Exhibition of the Cartoons, now well-nigh forgotten, has a mournful significance. The Cartoons were 141 in number. Three premiums of 300*l.* each, three of 200*l.*, and five of 100*l.*, had been offered, but were not found equal to the number of the approved specimens, and ten more at 100*l.* each were added.

The *éclat* given to the occasion by Her Majesty’s visit, by

the Prince's participation, and by its intrinsically novel and interesting character, rendered this exhibition, opened at first for a shilling, a very fashionable resort. At the expiration of a fortnight, the public were admitted gratis, except on Saturdays, when the attendance exceeded all expectations both in numbers and intelligence. " July 22nd, 1843. The daily throng is immense; the public takes great interest, and the strongest proof is thus given of the love of the lower orders for *pictures*, when they represent an event. I abridged the catalogue to a penny size for the million, but many of the most wretchedly dressed people prefer the sixpenny one with the quotations, and it is a very gratifying sight to witness the attention and earnestness with which they follow the subjects with the books in their hands. Ten thousand of the sixpenny catalogues have been sold." (It had then been open to the public for a week.) " The higher classes complained that the Exhibition was not open longer for a shilling, but the Commissioners have wisely determined to let it remain for the public as at present, and for several weeks to come. Clerks of counting-houses have petitioned to be let in on Sundays, but this cannot be granted. The gates are closed from time to time when the Hall is full, and the people are let out through the Law Courts. Meanwhile the new comers collect in crowds, waiting for admission, and carriages draw up, subject to the same necessary delay. No possible arrangement, and no number of hands, could regulate the delivery of umbrellas and sticks, and the unclaimed ones have accumulated in consequence. I have therefore directed the doorkeepers to use their discretion, and let in many with their umbrellas. The question of dress I have settled, of course, without any line of demarcation; only children are not let in under a certain apparent age. They are nevertheless carried in with the throng, and as

“ the policemen collect them they are walked out again in
 “ droves, and packed up for a time in the vestibule till
 “ there is room to get out. All the workmen from the
 “ Houses of Parliament go in, but chiefly in the evening,
 “ because, being as white as millers (the masons), they have
 “ the discretion to time their visits.

“ You will see by the Catalogue that the references and
 “ quotations are good of their kind, being indeed from the
 “ highest sources. I stated to the Commissioners yesterday,
 “ in reporting about the Exhibition, that the Catalogues in
 “ the hands of so many thousands, would be the first intro-
 “ duction of many to an acquaintance with our best poets
 “ and writers.”

Between twenty and thirty thousand a day visited this Exhibition, which was kept open for two months. It was succeeded in April, 1844, by an Exhibition of Specimens of Decorative Works of Art, in Crockford's Bazaar, St. James'; in July, 1844, by one of Specimens of Fresco and Sculpture, accompanied by more Cartoons, in Westminster Hall; in June, 1845, by a mixed Exhibition of Cartoons, Frescoes, Coloured Sketches, and Sculpture; and finally in June, 1847, by one of Paintings in oil; both these last being in Westminster Hall. In all these instances premiums were awarded to the most successful works.

The amount of labour attending these occasions, and the fact that every subordinate department of art connected with the internal decorations and completion of the Palace—the carved work, parquète work, metal work, stained glass, arabesque decorations, encaustic tiles, &c.—came also under the inspection and decision of the Commissioners, shows how conscientiously they addressed themselves to the task they had undertaken; also how multifarious and unceasing were the labours of the Secretary. Into all this he entered with the feeling of a painter, and also with the patient investigation of a man of science, asking for no help, and

leaving nothing to others to do. And he knew that his brother William's kindred spirit would sympathize fully with him when he said, "We are too conscientious and anxious to do anything by deputy." He might well add when engaged on a picture of deep feeling, with all this sea of interruption breaking in upon him, "if ever I drew the arrow to the head it must be now." This was doubtless the busiest period of his life, though, from the more active and social nature of his official occupation, it was not so trying to his health as his later Roman residence had been. He suffered, however, every winter from delicacy of chest and lungs, so as to be often disabled.

It is no wonder that Mr. Eastlake's note-book shows fewer entries of pictures from 1840 to 1850, yet his *Hagar and Ishmael*, *Heloise*, *Visit to the Nun*, *Helena*, &c., bear evidence that the inspirations of beauty were not fading from his mental sight. His kind brothers remonstrated gently on this undue devotion of the years of his prime for what they conceived was inadequate compensation—his salary was 700*l.* a year—and suggested the possibility of a position in which the duties would be lighter. He replied to them, December, 1844: "I prefer a situation in which I can influence the arts of the country to a private sinecure." These words are a clue to further duties which he undertook. There is no doubt, also, that the exercise of those faculties for business and organisation which had hitherto been undeveloped was pleasing to him as the sense of a new power.

In April, 1842, Mr. Eastlake accepted the office of Librarian to the Royal Academy, which he held for two years, and I believe I am justified in saying that he left the mark of his supervision upon the Catalogue of that Library. In November, 1843, he undertook the office of Secretary to the National Gallery, vacant by the death of Mr. Seguier, and flatteringly pressed upon him by Sir Robert Peel. This he held till 1847. About this time he laughingly

complains that people seemed to consider him the only person qualified to give help and advice in matters of art:—he was requested to accept the Curatorship of the pictures belonging to Greenwich Hospital; he was proposed to be sent out as Director of a contemplated English Academy at Rome; he was again requested to undertake the superintendence of the Schools of Design; and he was consulted equally whether a picture was for purchase or for sale, by many who had not the slightest claim upon his time.

Order and punctuality were, it is needless to say, the secrets of his successful industry, aided by a memory which embraced the smallest as well as the most important, the driest as well as the most interesting matters. The painting time was usually restricted to the season least fitted for it; namely, to the winter, when Exhibitions and Fine Arts Meetings were suspended. Though his eyelids had suffered in Italy, yet his sight continued good. At all events, he did not spare it. In January, 1844, he mentions working five and six hours by lamplight. “I dine at 6, and from 7 o’clock till 12 or 1, or even later, my lamp is burning. I break-fast at half-past 8 notwithstanding my late hours. Every position has its advantages, the difficulty is to turn them to account. Lytton Bulwer has a pithy German motto to one of his novels. The burthen of it is that ‘Here in this hampered, despised *actual*, here or nowhere is your *Ideal*—work it out therefrom.’ When a painter has a crabbed subject to deal with, as I have now (from Comus), he should try to make it interesting. Wilkie once, walking round the Exhibition with me, compared the pictures of two artists, and said that of all the definitions of Genius the most intelligible and attainable was ‘the power of making use of your materials.’ As George heard Mrs. Jordan say, ‘Many a character one has to perform is in itself insipid, it all depends on what you can put into it.’

“ Every profession, every place, and every occasion has
“ its *Ideal*, and if the word is not quite the right one it is
“ because the judgment has more to do with the use of cir-
“ cumstances than the imagination. . . . Perhaps in all
“ cases the surest road to happiness is *labour*. A fuller
“ definition would be ‘intensity of will in anything that the
“ ‘conscience approves.’ The degree of happiness would
“ then be according to the thing laboured for. The most
“ exalted motives are rare, and fortunately unnecessary for
“ tolerable peace of mind; but an instance of intensity of
“ will in what the conscience highly approves might be found
“ in Howard visiting prisons. Intensity of will, even in
“ things indifferent, is a source of happiness. Some finely
“ constituted natures cannot do or say anything without
“ putting their soul into it; their faculties are always active
“ and earnest; they live thrice the life of ordinary vegetating
“ people, and communicate their energy more or less to
“ those about them. But this, an habitual virtue (at least
“ in society), is not to be confounded with intensity of will
“ in the performance of real duties. *That* I believe is the
“ secret of happiness of the best kind. Lastly, intensity of
“ will in anything bad, and which the conscience disap-
“ proves, so as to produce mental satisfaction, would be
“ Satanic, and is the key to Milton’s character of Satan.”

Again, on the same subject. “In my last letter I was
“ led to make some observations the train of which was, I
“ believe, suggested by some remarks of yours” (his brother
William’s). “I observed that intensity of will in the pro-
“ secution of a good object is a tolerably good definition of
“ happiness. Volition leads to action, but where action is
“ in a great measure denied, as in your case, the activity of
“ thought may be a source of happiness. (Aristotle says it
“ is the only happiness of the gods.) The perfection of
“ the moral being, a perfection unattainable in this world,
“ must consist in the identity of the human will with the

“ Divine Will, ‘as it is in heaven.’ The study of the
 “ Divine Will is what the Apostles never cease to recom-
 “ mend.”

With all the business that occupied him, pleasure (or relaxation) was happily not quite given up. A *déjeuner* at the Duchess of Bedford’s at Campden Hill, gives a pleasing glimpse of some he knew, and whom many have known. “ I met at the same moment Col. Gascoyne and Lord Leven, with both of whom I travelled in Sicily. Lord Leven presented his daughter to me, now grown up. . . . “ The children of all the visitors who had any were there, “ and Punch (the puppet-show) was in a corner of the “ beautiful lawn to amuse them. It was pleasant to see “ them in front with their attentive faces, while the grown- “ up idlers sauntered about. There were plenty of straw- “ berries and cream for all ages, and a cow was tied to a “ tree to be milked when required. Lady Morley re- “ marked that the lowings were periodical, and main- “ tained that they pinched its tail to make it all rural. It “ was observed that two grown-up visitors were as intent on “ Punch as the children, viz., Lord Glenelg and Miss Fox. “ Lord Holland, her late brother, might have been as much “ amused, and would have owned it as readily. I walked “ away, intending to get into an omnibus at Kensington, “ but had not gone far before I heard my name called from “ a carriage that drove by me and stopped. It was Lord “ Leven and his daughter. They made me get in, and I “ left them in Arlington Street. A boy came out of the “ house as we were standing talking together. Lord L. “ said, ‘ Here’s Balgonie, bearing the same name I bore “ ‘when I first knew you.’ Pleasant encounters! but all cal- “ culated to make one feel somewhat old.”

Meanwhile the position he occupied, though it diverted the course of the true painter, had great compensating privileges; foremost among which were the occasions of

easy communication with one who stood equally pre-eminent as a Prince and as a man. The Prince Consort was then in all the first ardour of youth—as yet comparatively unfettered in leisure, and unworn by work. He may be said to have first won his spurs, as regarded public business, in the conduct of the Fine Arts Commission, for, after the Secretary, none thought so much or toiled so unremittingly on its behalf. The Prince took particular interest in the art of fresco, hoping that the impulse given to its development by the Fine Arts Commission would elevate the English school and the public taste, and lead to decorations of a monumental character within the country houses of the English nobility. While competitions were invited, as related, of specimens of fresco, he formed a plan by which the chief painters of the English school could make private essay of the art within the precincts of Buckingham Palace. A Summer-house, or Pavilion, had been recently erected on an elevated portion of the grounds originally formed during the excavation of the lake. It was of an octagonal form, tastefully painted within with arabesque decorations; and eight lunette-shaped compartments remained, fitted to receive designs in fresco. The subject of *Comus* was chosen, and eight of the principal painters agreed each to undertake a compartment.* Mr. Eastlake was among the number, selecting for himself the least favourable compartment—that over the fireplace—where he stood to paint in his own light. His period of leisure only allowed him to undertake this commission during the winter—January and February of 1844—when he was constantly a witness of the great interest Her Majesty as well as the Prince took in the progress of the work—being hindered by no weather, even with snow on the ground, from their early visits to the Summer House. It would be

* The order in which the painters follow each other in the small space is as follows: Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, Sir William Ross, Eastlake, Maclise, Landseer, Etty.

unbecoming to give anecdotes, however respectful, of these exalted personages thus seen in their private life, and on occasions of gracious condescension towards the object of this memoir; but a few lines may be quoted embodying Mr. Eastlake's first impressions of Her Majesty; impressions which his own refined taste as well as the undesigned nature of the admiration render the more interesting. "The perfection with which my imagination soon
"endowed Her Majesty was *a most agreeable voice*, and
"a pronunciation of English fit to be an example for
"all her subjects. If you were to hear it without seeing
"the speaker, you would associate with it a musical ear
"and a consummate education, but combining with the
"impression of feminine taste that of the consciousness
"of power."

Another very highly valued result of the position now occupied by Mr. Eastlake was the friendship entertained for him by Sir Robert Peel. His visits to Drayton—and on one occasion he was the only guest—opened scenes of domestic English life of peculiar attraction to him. He here saw the great statesman in all the variety of character that belonged to him;—the country gentleman—the ardent farmer—the kind neighbour—the philanthropist—the man of letters—the patron of art—and the centre of happiness in his own family; while occasionally he touched on those larger and profounder topics to which his life was mainly devoted. The subjects of art and artists and the best mode of promoting and benefitting each took of course the lead in the *tête-à-tête* walks on the noble terrace, interspersed with plans for obtaining more space for the National Gallery, and for enlarging the sculpture-room at the Royal Academy. And while Mr. Eastlake wondered how his distinguished host could give his mind to so many topics—and to all with thoroughness—it was with no little surprise that he discovered that Sir Robert had read and mastered the Handbook

of Italian Painting, by Kugler, lately edited by himself. At Drayton, too, he met the leading men of every class and country, who offered points of contact with Sir Robert Peel's extended interests and duties. Dignitaries of the church, men of science, authors, members of the Government, foreign ministers—including his old acquaintance, Chevalier Bunsen, &c.—while he quietly records a feat of no small import to those who know his adversary, namely, that he beat Baron Brunow in a game of billiards.

A tribute to Sir Robert Peel's character and habits, however superfluous, can never be out of place from the pen of one deeply indebted to him. "The excellence of Sir Robert Peel's administration, in which he is imitated by his subalterns is, that while able and ready to grapple with the largest and most difficult questions, he thinks nothing really connected with business too insignificant for his attention. He probably, in early life, began with accurate habits, which make such an attention to details always easy, and which are the best foundation for enlarged experience. A slip-slop workman is good for neither; he can neither be a plodder nor a philosopher. Without attention to the business of the moment there can be no accuracy, without accuracy and industry (the evidence-of zeal) there can be no extensive knowledge of facts and details, which are the *pabulum* of judgment, and the only true groundwork of theory."

In 1845 Mr. Eastlake experienced the great loss of the brother William so often mentioned in these pages. There are frequent records, in his letters to his only remaining and also highly valued brother George, of the gap thus left in his life. By this death he became the possessor of the small country seat at Plympton, called St. Mary's Hill, which had belonged to his father. In the midst of all his official labours he found time to pay minute attention to alterations and additions tending to improve

and ornament the place; and some Italian features remain which bear witness to the hand that designed them. Even the garden engaged him deeply; one of his standing orders was "plant more holyhocks." But chiefly he found fresh sources of interest in some of the younger members of his brother's family; all his nephews and nieces in turn being the objects of his constant attention and advice in his letters to their father. By his urgent recommendation and assistance one of his nephews,—his namesake,—whose memory gratefully endorses these slight allusions,* was placed at Westminster College School. Every Saturday till Monday the little fellow was welcomed by the kind uncle, who laid aside his cares and work, and devoted himself to be his "help,"—a term used in that school,—reporting to his brother the pleasure he took in the juvenile student. "As to his progress, nothing can be more satisfactory. We work hard together when he comes to me, and we shall continue to do so till we have gone as far as his Fitzroy Square† master can teach him. . . . It is of great importance that he should come to me on Saturdays as often as he can, as I can always solve some of his difficulties. Whether it is that I am unaccustomed to the society of children, or, which I rather believe, that there is something peculiarly pleasing about this unsophisticated little fellow, as he now is, I know not, but his presence is as a beam of sunshine, infusing feelings that make me acknowledge the force of that injunction that we should in singleness and purity of mind become as children. Last Monday evening, to please Charlie, who wishes to be thought able, and is able, to take care of himself, I walked with him to an omnibus which was going as far

* Mr. Charles Lock Eastlake, the architect; Secretary of the Institute of British Architects.

† Sir Charles purchased the house, No. 7, Fitzroy Square, which he subsequently occupied, in 1842.

"as Charing Cross, and left him to his fate. But the next morning I was not easy till I had sent down to Westminster to know if he was safe. Tucker* saw him playing on the Green."

These trivial facts are only given as helping to show the fullness of a character on which I dwell with sad delight. One more aspect of it yet remained to be developed; this was called into life by our marriage in 1849. On the happiness of that tie, and on the poignancy of its earthly severance, I must forbear to dilate.

It was in 1847 that the first volume of his work, entitled "Materials for a History of Oil Painting," was given to the public. This was originally commenced in the form of a treatise intended for insertion in the appendices to Reports of the Fine Arts Commission. The subject enlarged so much, however, under the thoroughness of his research, as to be too bulky for its destination; also, it may be added, too valuable to be comparatively buried in a Government Report. The Prince, to whom he submitted the question, entirely approved of the separate publication of this work. The volume, though appealing to a very limited public, was received by the periodical press with great respect. It has been translated into Italian, and is now in process of translation into German.

But though, in this instance, his labours became more generally known, yet he continued, on other subjects, to fill the Fine Arts Commission Reports unstintingly with the fruits of a life of study. Not that these were wholly lost to the public even in this shape, for the attention drawn to them by the profession raised a partial demand for these documents.† A letter from his friend, the late Mr. Uwins, R.A.,

* Sir Charles' faithful man servant.

† A selection of these essays, with other writings by his pen, were incorporated in the volume entitled "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts," edited by Mr. Bellenden Ker, in 1848.

gives a grateful tribute to the indefatigable labourer in the cause of Art. "February 26, 1846.—I have read "your 5th Report, and read it with no small attention "and interest. You are certainly an extraordinary person. "While others are making a parade of books and lectures, "merely to announce a few unconnected truisms and "commonplaces of very ordinary practice, *you* are opening "up the whole philosophy of the Art to all who have heads "to understand;—all, forsooth, under the humble title of "Reports of the Fine Arts Commission. Time will come "when these modestly put forth papers will be quoted as "the highest authority on the several subjects on which "they treat."

The time was now approaching when the office which invested him with most honour, and by which he is best known to the world, was about to be conferred. During the latter years of Sir Martin A. Shee's life, when failing health entirely withdrew him from the duties of his office—conscientiously performed in the interim by the Keeper of the Royal Academy, the late Mr. George Jones—the idea gradually obtained in the artist world that Mr. Eastlake was destined to succeed to the Presidentship. This surmise frequently reached him, and from quarters best justified in bringing it before him. His reserved habits, modest self estimate, love of his art, and interest in the duties of the Fine Arts Commission, led him to shrink unequivocally from such a prospect. Nevertheless, there could be no doubt in the minds of some who looked on, that his scruples would ultimately be overborne. The subject had been introduced to him by Her Majesty with gracious condescension, and by Sir Robert Peel with cordial friendship. On both these occasions the desire had been expressed that, in case of the honour being offered, he should accept it; and also the conviction that its acceptance would be compatible with the continued exercise of his duties as Secretary to

the Fine Arts Commission.* On the other hand, on the part of some of the members of the Royal Academy, the desire that he would eventually occupy the chair was conveyed to him in terms at once generous and complimentary. As early even as the period of Howard's resignation of the Secretaryship of the Royal Academy—in 1846—a letter reached him from his friend Mr. Leslie, the painter,—a man as much esteemed by his fellow artists as distinguished in his profession,—which I need not apologise for inserting here.

“ *November 18, 1846.*

“ MY DEAR EASTLAKE :

“ There is, of course, as you know, a stir in
“ the Academy in consequence of the probability of
“ Howard's resignation. Several of my friends have asked
“ me to offer myself as a candidate, which, for several
“ reasons, with which I will not waste your time, I shall
“ certainly not do. My object in writing to you is to
“ entreat you to offer yourself the moment the vacancy
“ occurs. I do hope, for the sake of the Academy, you
“ will. I suggested this last night to Uwins, who said
“ what I believe most of us know, that you are looked to
“ as our future President. Very possibly you yourself are
“ the only person in the Academy not looking forward to
“ such an event. Be that as it may, I stated to Uwins
“ that your acceptance of the Secretaryship could not

* Of interest in another sense of the word there was little at that time to attach him to this office. Desirous of securing more leisure for the practice of his art, he asked permission to depute some of the less responsible labour of the Secretaryship to his friend Mr. Aubrey Bezzi : and in order to induce the members of the Commission the more readily to accede to this proposal, he surprised them by the unusual and over honourable request that his salary might be reduced from 700*l.* to 500*l.* a year. Out of this 500*l.* he paid Mr. Bezzi 200*l.* a year. He thus gave his own services, in which I need not say he never relaxed, for very small compensation. Subsequently, the salary was restored.

“possibly interfere with your being chosen President, as
 “I have no doubt you will be whenever the time for such
 “choice arrives. I know you better than to suppose this
 “explanation can have any weight with you one way or
 “other. I merely state it as my own view of the case;
 “and you must allow me to repeat my *earnest wish* that
 “you will become a candidate for the Secretaryship. I
 “wish (as the Irishman said) you could be ‘*two gentlemen*
 “‘*at once*,’ for the very character of the Academy may be
 “said to be in the hands of the President and Secretary.
 “Excuse all this, from yours very truly,

“C. R. LESLIE.”

In August, 1850, the death of Sir M. A. Shee took place, and in the following November Mr. Eastlake was elected by the members of the Royal Academy to the office of President. Their choice was confirmed, and the usual honour of Knighthood conferred, shortly after by the Queen. However unwilling in anticipation to accept a position involving responsibility of so prominent a character, I shall be believed when I say, that none of his predecessors undertook this office with a higher conception of its duties—a more just estimate of its distinction—or a more grateful feeling personally, towards all his brethren of the Royal Academy. With a desire, hardly acknowledged to himself, to avoid rather than attract the suffrages of the members, he had of late years withdrawn from all but absolutely necessary participation in the business of the Academy. He now threw himself into it with ardour—with all his equity of feeling and amenity of manner—exciting in many, to whom he had been scarcely known, a pleasing self-gratulation in finding their expectations surpassed in the object of their choice, while his friends rejoiced in the fulfilment of their generous confidence. It was thus that Mr. Cockerell, the valued friend

of his youth, and of our maturer time, expressed himself in a letter not written to meet our eyes, from which I may be permitted to give an extract: "Eastlake is always admirable, through good and evil report. His Presidency is invaluable—earnest, steady, most judicious, business-like, kind, full of tact, consideration, and even policy—but of an honest and wholly unselfish policy, and, when need be, bold, as backed by honesty."

The first year of his Presidentship was that of the Great Exhibition of 1851. As early as 1849 Sir Charles Eastlake had been appointed one of the twenty-six Commissioners; and his subsequent elevation to the chair of Reynolds lent a further propriety to the part he filled in the great undertaking. The presence of the Prince Consort at the Royal Academy dinner of 1851—the first anniversary on which Sir Charles presided—was the occasion of a speech which by its admirable sense and perfect sympathy excited the enthusiasm of all present, and added another to that series of admirable addresses on widely differing topics which the lamented Prince has bequeathed to the country. The presence of His Royal Highness was the more flattering to the Royal Academy from the circumstances which at that time drew upon him the attention of the civilised world—for the Great Exhibition had just been opened—and this presence, as the Prince amiably stated, was due to his personal regard for the new President. Although these addresses have been rendered accessible to all, I venture to transcribe the words in which the Prince expressed himself on this day: "I have on this occasion made it a point to attend the dinner in order to assist at what may be considered the inauguration festival of your newly elected President—at whose election I have heartily rejoiced, not only on account of my high estimate of his qualities, but also on account of my feelings of regard for him personally. It would be presumptuous

“ of me to speak to you of his talent as an artist, for
 “ that is well known to you, and of it you are the
 “ best judges—or of his merits as an author, for you
 “ are all familiar with his books, or, at least, ought to
 “ be so—or of his amiable character as a man, for that
 “ also you must have had opportunities to estimate—but
 “ my connection with him for more than nine years on
 “ Her Majesty’s Commission for the Promotion of the
 “ Fine Arts, has enabled me to know what you can know
 “ less, and what is of the greatest value in a President
 “ of the Royal Academy;— I mean that kindness of heart
 “ and refinement of feeling which have guided him in all
 “ his communications, often most difficult and delicate,
 “ with the different artists whom he had to invite to com-
 “ petition; whose works we had to criticize, whom we
 “ had to employ or reject.” As he thus spoke the Prince
 laid his hand kindly on Sir Charles’ shoulder.

It is not irrelevant here to remark, on looking back on
 the biography we have been tracing, that this appointment
 seemed to grow naturally out of the previous conditions of
 his life. He had, it may be said, been throughout his
 course in training for the position which he had attained
 —a training matured equally as regarded the practice, the
 means, the aims, and the history of art; and of late years
 completed by those dealings with his fellow artists to which
 the Prince referred. The period at which the Royal
 Academy had now arrived was a crisis both in art and its
 affairs. Old styles of art were disappearing, and new styles
 starting up; and there was scarcely a period when the vigi-
 lant inculcation of sound practice and doctrine was more
 urgently required. How far the stimulus and employment
 given to artists of all classes by the labours of the Com-
 mission had borne beneficial fruits to art itself, it would be
 difficult to trace. In Sir Charles’ own words in a speech
 at an Academy dinner, on referring to these labours—to

the increased interest in art evinced by the public—to the favour of Her Majesty, and to the energy of the Prince—“such results are not always traced to their most important causes—indeed an example is the more successful in proportion as it is followed unconsciously.”

At this time the idea of dignified ease usually attached to the position of President of the Royal Academy, was temporarily, if not finally dispelled. The Institution was exposed to a storm of criticism and enquiry; and the highest personal qualities in its presiding head, for the maintenance of confidence from within and without, were never more indispensable in the interests of the Academy. However favourable therefore the circumstances under which he commenced office, however respectful, faithful, and helpful the support of the leading members, I am quite sure that none still surviving, who sate under him, will gainsay the assertion, that the course of the Academy, during the fifteen years of his Presidency, entailed no common amount of labour and anxiety on the conscientious Steersman.

It is not for me to attempt to catalogue the measures which he supported or brought forward. They may be summed up in general as abrogations of privileges to the Body, and as additional advantages to the schools, or, in other words, to the arts generally; his master principle being ever kept in view, that the true object of the Royal Academy, its only source of invulnerability, was to promote the good of the Public, before that of its individual members.

Subordinate in importance to internal reforms and improvements, and yet temporarily more instrumental in gaining popularity, both to the Institution and the President, may be mentioned the greater publicity, as well as higher character given to that yearly dinner by which the Royal Academy inaugurates each successive Exhibition. The presence of the Prince, and his remarkable speech, led,

for the first time, to the introduction of reporters, and the public journals have since made known to the world those annual speeches, in which, while Statesmen have relaxed in playful encounter, Sir Charles never failed to enunciate—incidentally or directly—some principle of art, some testimony to enlightened taste, or some tribute to the departed artist.*

According to established custom, he delivered a lecture biennially to the students of the Academy. These, while directed to subjects of technical practice and philosophy, yet appeal to general principles in which most cultivated minds would find interest.

My task now draws to a conclusion. The aspirations of his youth,—the training of his mind—the development of his character, I have endeavoured, and chiefly in his own words, to lay before the reader; the more public part of the career, as I before observed, has needed briefer notice. In 1855, in addition to his other occupations, Sir Charles accepted the office of Director to the National Gallery. In this position, the most interesting and delightful at that time which the painter, the connoisseur, and the man of taste could hold, though one of no exemption from toil, he found employment of a peculiarly congenial nature, and reaped the choicer fruits of his life of labour. While finally banishing him from his painting-room, the confinement, and—with his ever increasing fastidiousness

* Much more might be said—perhaps ought to be said—on the character of Sir Charles' speeches on these occasions. They are vividly remembered as unique of their kind by many whose admiration is a high tribute. Year after year their grace, propriety, and perfect adaptation to the special purpose were welcomed with keener attention and renewed interest; while not a few of the distinguished guests listened with mingled pleasure and surprise, who were familiar with the difficulty of infusing variety into ever recurring topics. The excellence of these addresses may in some measure be defined as the result of a cultivation of mind and purity of taste which equally interdicted redundancy or display.

—the anxiety of which were very trying to his health, this office gave him back that which holds at all events the second best place in a painter's heart,—the constant society of fine works of art. Abstaining therefore from further creations of his own hand, he found a painter's interests and delights—if also something of his labours—in the closest study of those old masters to whom he had ever given reverential allegiance. The fortunate necessity of travelling in quest of pictures was the best restorative for mind and body, after the fatigues of a London official life. Year after year the happy tour was made, always to Italy, once to Spain, and frequently on fruitful errands besides to France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. And all the charms of travel were enhanced by a purpose, honourable and responsible, which kept up those habits of thought and industry, without which pleasure would have been none to him. No fatigues or discomforts deterred him from visiting the remotest parts of Italy: wherever the prospect was held out of securing (and in most cases it was rescuing) a work of interest, he patiently made his way; and before every picture, whether in church, convent, or private house, worthy of his investigation, accurate notes were taken, and every evening carefully transcribed.* Wherever he became known, respect and confidence followed him, and, if in a few instances his thorough experience and judgment frustrated attempts at imposition, they far oftener developed a generous and honourable recognition from the nobler side of the Italian character. While conscious that these foreign duties eventually entailed circumstances, which, humanly speaking, are believed to have shortened his precious life, it is a consolation to me to remember how often he returned from these journeys reinvigorated in spirits and

* A large collection of notes remains in my possession, which have been copied and catalogued alphabetically, and put at the service of the present Director of the National Gallery.

health, and how greatly they contributed to enrich the National Gallery.*

He left England on the 3rd August, 1865, exceedingly unwell. This condition had too often occurred for us not to press forward to that desired land, the soft air of which had so often restored him. On my part, however, there were, on this last occasion, more than usual misgivings. On crossing the Simplon, and reaching Domo d'Ossola, he immediately felt relieved, but the next day, which took us through the beautiful scenery which leads to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, was the last day of health to him. At Milan, which was soon reached, twelve sad weeks—though broken by intervals of partially returning strength and hope—were passed. They were succeeded by five weeks, sadder still, at Pisa. He died there on the 24th of December.†

* 139 pictures were purchased for the National Gallery by Sir Charles Eastlake; 29 pictures were presented and bequeathed in his time.

† Sir Charles Eastlake was buried first in the English cemetery at Florence, on the 27th December. The wishes of the Royal Academy which reached me later, and certain doubts entertained of the permanent inviolability of the cemetery at Florence, led me to permit his removal to this country. He received a public funeral from the Academy, and was buried in Kensal Green on January 18th, 1866. I declined a public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral, as not consonant with his wishes.

WORKS EXECUTED BY SIR C. L. EASTLAKE.

SUBJECT.	FOR WHOM PAINTED.	WHEN FINISHED.
Raising of Jairus' Daughter . . .	<i>Mr. Jeremiah Harman</i> . . .	1812
Brutus haranguing the Romans on the death of Lucretia	<i>Lost or destroyed</i>	1814
Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon . . .	<i>Five Purchasers</i>	1815
Cicero in his Villa at Pozzuoli . . .	<i>Duchess of Devonshire</i> . . .	1818
Marius in Carthage.	<i>Lost or destroyed</i>	1818
Two drawings to illustrate Horace . . .	<i>Duchess of Devonshire</i> . . .	1818
Forum of Nerva (water-colour drawing)		1818
View of Arco de' Pantani	<i>Duchess of Devonshire</i>	1820
Paris and Mercury (figures life size) . .	<i>Lost or destroyed</i>	1820
View of Coliseum from English College Garden	<i>Earl of Caledon</i>	1820
View of St. Peter's from Pamfili Gardens	<i>The same</i>	1820
View of Temple of Antoninus and Faustina	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene in Mæcenæ's Villa, Tivoli . . .	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene in Convent near Coliseum . . .	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene in Colonnade of St. Peter's . . .	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene on Palatine Hill	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene in Villa Albani	<i>The same</i>	1820
View of Temple of Erectheus, Athens . .	<i>Earl of Guildford</i>	1820
Temple of Vesta at Tivoli	<i>Earl Gover</i>	1820
Scene in Colonnade of St. Peter's . . .	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene in Villa Albani	<i>The same</i>	1820
Scene on Palatine Hill	<i>The same</i>	1820
Portrait of Mr. Abercrombie	<i>Hon. Mrs. Abercrombie</i>	1820
Copy of portrait of Lord Morley . . .	<i>Earl of Morley</i>	1820
A Brigand	<i>Mr. Cholmondeley</i>	1820
A Contadina	<i>The same</i>	1820
A Contadina	<i>Mr. Dyson</i>	1820
View of Temple of Theseus, Athens . . .	<i>Earl of Guildford</i>	1821
View of Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo	<i>Lord George Quin</i>	1821
View of Coliseum from Temple of Peace	<i>The same</i>	1821
View of St. Peter's from Monte Mario . .	<i>The same</i>	1821
Temple of Erectheus at Athens	<i>Mr. Devon</i>	1821
Temple of Theseus with Battle	<i>The same</i>	1821
View of Coliseum from Temple of Peace	<i>The same</i>	1821
View of Coliseum from English College Garden	<i>Mr. Scrope</i>	1821

SUBJECT.	FOR WHOM PAINTED.	WHEN FINISHED.
A Sonnino Woman	<i>Mr. Scrope</i>	1821
View of the Trajan Forum	<i>Miss Catherine Fanshawe</i>	1821
The same, smaller	<i>Mr. Boileau</i>	1821
Scene at Arsoli	<i>Countess of Westmorland</i>	1821
Sonnino Woman and Wounded Brigand	<i>Sir George Beaumont</i>	1821
A Sonnino Woman and Brigand . . .	<i>Mr. Mills</i>	1822
A Sonnino Woman and Brigand . . .	<i>Sir Moore Disney</i>	1822
A Beggar and Contadina	<i>Lord George Quin</i>	1822
A Beggar and Contadina	<i>Mrs. Harman</i>	
A Sonnino Woman, and Brigand asleep	<i>Mr. Hutchinson</i>	1822
View of Coliseum from English College Garden	<i>Mr. Greville Howard</i>	1822
View of Coliseum from Maronite Con- vent	<i>The same</i>	1822
A Brigand Wounded, and other figures	<i>Mr. Hutchinson</i>	1823
Goatherds in the Campagna of Rome .	<i>Sir Moore Disney</i>	1823
Scene on Palatine Hill	<i>Mr. Greville Howard</i>	1823
Another Scene on Palatine Hill . . .	<i>The same</i>	1823
Another Scene on ditto	<i>The same</i>	1823
Another Scene on ditto	<i>The same</i>	1823
A Contadina and Children	<i>Mr. Sheepshanks</i>	1823
A Brigand	<i>Mr. Earle</i>	1823
A Brigand's Wife	<i>The same</i>	1823
A Classical Landscape	<i>Earl of Orford</i>	1823
The Champion (large, half figures) .	<i>Mr. Hutchinson</i>	1824
A Roman Head	<i>Mr. Ducane</i>	1824
A Brigand in Concealment	<i>Sir W. W. Wynne</i>	1824
A Girl of Albano and Blind Woman, (half figures)	<i>Mr. D. Baillie</i>	1824
A Contadina and Children	<i>Mr. Phillips</i>	1825
A Young Woman of Poli	<i>Mr. Ellames</i>	1825
Isadas—Plutarch's Life of Agesilaus .	<i>Duke of Devonshire</i>	1826
View on the Tiber	<i>Mr. Harden</i>	1826
View of the Temple of Erectheus . . .	<i>Mr. D. Baillie</i>	1827
An Abruzzi Girl	<i>Mr. Ellames</i>	1827
Pilgrims Arriving in Sight of Rome .	<i>Duke of Bedford</i>	1827
Head of a Greek Girl (Haidee)	<i>Mr. Harman</i>	1827
Head of a Girl of L'Arícia	<i>Dr. Jenks</i>	1827
A Landscape, from Byron's "Dream" .	<i>Earl of Leven and Melville</i>	1828
Head of a Country Girl	<i>Dr. Nott</i>	1828
The Cave of Despair	<i>Sir John Soane</i>	1829
Peasants Returning from Labour (half figures, life-size)	<i>Mr. Harman</i>	1830
Contadina Family, Prisoners with Banditti	<i>Mr. Banks</i>	1830

SUBJECT.	FOR WHOM PAINTED.	WHEN FINISHED.
Hagar and Ishmael.	<i>Deposit picture at Royal Academy</i>	1830
Head of a Peasant Girl.	<i>Mr. Hyett</i>	1831
Peasant Woman Fainting from Bite of Serpent.	<i>Mr. Sheepshanks</i>	1831
Head of an Italian Peasant Girl	<i>Sir Matthew Ridley</i>	1831
Portrait of Mrs. Semper		1831
A Number of Greek and Italian Sketches	<i>Mr. Harman . . . painted in retouched in</i>	1819 1832
Portrait of Mr. Hammick	<i>Mr. Wm. Eastlake</i>	1832
Greek Fugitives	<i>Sir Matthew Ridley</i>	1833
Portrait of Miss Johnstone	<i>Earl of Essex</i>	1833
Escape of Francesco Carrara.	<i>Mr. Morrison</i>	1834
Head of an Italian Peasant (begun in Italy).	<i>Dr. Nott</i>	1834
The Martyr (St. Sebastian) (begun in Italy)	<i>Lord Tankerville</i>	1834
Portrait of Miss Bury	<i>Lady Charlotte Bury</i>	1834
Pilgrims coming in Sight of Rome, in opposite direction to before-men- tioned picture	<i>Earl Grey</i>	1835
Portrait of Mr. Wingfield (half-length)	<i>Family</i>	1835
Portrait of Mr. Pattison	<i>Family</i>	1835
Portrait of Mrs. Wickham	<i>Mr. Wickham</i>	1835
Portrait of Mrs. Bellenden Ker	<i>Mr. Bellenden Ker</i>	1835
Two Long Pictures of Pilgrims	<i>Marquis of Lansdowne</i>	1836
Repetition of Pilgrims in Sight of Rome	<i>Mr. Moon</i>	1836
Pompeian Room	<i>Mr. Bellenden Ker</i>	1836
Sketch of a Child's Head	<i>Lord Vernon</i>	1836
Sketch of a Turk (begun in Greece)	<i>Sir Charles Bell</i>	1836
The same	<i>Mr. Bellenden Ker</i>	1836
Portrait of Miss C. Minshull.	<i>Family</i>	1836
Portrait of Miss F. Minshull	<i>Family</i>	1836
Portrait of Earl of Essex	<i>Earl of Essex</i>	1836
Æacus and Hesperie (begun in Italy).	<i>Mr. Papworth</i>	1837
Greek Captives	<i>Mr. H. McConnel</i>	1837
Portrait of Rt. Hon. Charles Wood	<i>Family</i>	1837
Portrait of Dr. Hammick	<i>Family</i>	1837
Portrait of Miss M. Minshull	<i>Family</i>	1837
Portrait of Miss Minshull	<i>Family</i>	1837
Gaston de Foix, before the Battle of Ravenna	<i>Mr. Vernon</i>	1838
Portrait of Countess of Essex	<i>Earl of Essex</i>	1838
Christ Blessing Little Children	<i>Mr. Wells</i>	1839
La Svegliarina	<i>Mr. Moon</i>	1839
Second Portrait of Miss Bury	<i>Lady Charlotte Bury</i>	1839
Portrait of Mr. C. Wingfield	<i>Mr. Wingfield</i>	1839

SUBJECT.	FOR WHOM PAINTED.	WHEN FINISHED.
The Salutation of the Aged Friar.	<i>Mr. Moon</i>	1840
Portrait of Miss Wickham	<i>Mr. Wickham</i>	1840
Pilgrims Approaching Rome	<i>Mr. George Vivian</i>	1841
Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem	<i>Mr. Smith Child</i>	1841
The Sisters	<i>Mr. Fonnereau</i>	1841
Repetition	<i>Mr. Vernon</i>	1842
A Repetition, larger	<i>Mr. Marshall</i>	1843
Hagar and Ishmael	<i>The same</i>	1843
Hagar and Ishmael, a repetition	<i>Mr. Carey, America</i>	1843
Sisters, a repetition	<i>Her Majesty</i>	1844
Subject from Comus, Fresco.	<i>H. R. H. Prince Albert</i>	1844
Infant Genii	<i>The same</i>	1844
Héloise	<i>Lord Crewe</i>	1844
Subject from Comus (small oil sketch).	<i>Mr. Wethered</i>	1844
The Visit to the Nun	<i>Her Majesty</i>	1845
Subject from Comus, repetition in oil of Fresco subject	<i>Mr. Hippisley</i>	1846
Contadina Family Prisoners, with Ban- ditti, a repetition	<i>Mr. Bicknell</i>	1848
Portion of subject from Comus (a draw- ing)	<i>Mr. Gibbons</i>	1848
Sisters, drawing, a repetition	<i>The Duke of Northumberland</i>	1848
Helena	<i>Mr. Frederick Robinson</i>	1849
Sisters, repetition	<i>Miss Rogers</i>	1849
Escape of Francesco Carrara, repetition	<i>Executors of Mr. Vernon</i>	1849
The Good Samaritan	<i>H. R. H. Prince Albert</i>	1850
Ippolita Torelli	<i>Mr. Bellenden Ker</i>	1851
Violante	<i>Alderman Salomons</i>	1852
Boaz and Ruth	<i>Mr. E. Bullock</i>	1853
Irene	<i>Mr. Gambart</i>	1854
Beatrice	<i>The same</i>	1855

EARLY PORTRAITS,

CHIEFLY TAKEN IN PLYMOUTH.

Mr. Cunningham.	His Mother.
Mr. Prideaux (two portraits).	His Father.
Mr. Broughton.	His Mother (unfinished)
Mrs. Broughton.	Mr. S. Fuge.
Mr. Arthur.	Mr. Collier (two portraits).
Dr. Bidlake.	Mr. S. B. Martin (half-length).
Mr. W. Fox.	Mr. Childs (two portraits).
Mr. Hingston.	Old Mr. Fox.
Mr. Lampen.	Mr. Tanner.
Mrs. Lampen.	

ESSAYS.

“HOW TO OBSERVE.”*

(AN ESSAY INTENDED TO ASSIST THE INTELLIGENT OBSERVATION OF
WORKS OF ART.)



FIRST CHAPTER.

BEFORE we endeavour to assist the intelligent inquirer “how to observe” in the Fine Arts, it will be desirable, consistently with the elementary plan proposed in these Essays, to consider the general nature of the arts, and to distinguish their essential and proper characteristics from their subordinate applications. Undoubtedly, the most strictly and literally useful employment of the arts is to be sought in their applications, and hence it is not surprising that some well-meaning writers should have dwelt on such utilities as the chief ground of recommendation. Such a mistake may be pointed out without necessarily undervaluing the useful capabilities in question; for we find that the arts have been at all times employed to the greatest advantage for the mere purposes of humble decoration, precisely when their highest powers have been most complete, and when, consequently, there would be least danger of their not maintaining their dignity. In separating these widely different claims to consideration, it will be, therefore, so much the more just to pay due respect to the merely useful department of the arts, inasmuch as they have generally been indications of the corresponding culture of their more refined attributes.

* The two following Chapters, thus entitled, were written in 1835.

But among the chief applications of the arts to merely useful purposes, and one to which they were applied in the earliest times, may be mentioned the transmission of facts by representations which may be assumed to be addressed merely to the understanding, and not to the faculty of taste. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that formative art could illustrate but could not inform. Yet a hundred instances might be adduced in which knowledge gathered from ancient works of art is obtained for the first time, and from them alone, which is the natural consequence of their speaking a language which all can understand. For while the arbitrary symbols of which written language is composed are totally without meaning until education has taught us to connect with them the ideas they represent, the plastic arts are immediately intelligible, and it is their universal language which sometimes enables us to verify the history of nations whose inscriptions have been preserved to us in vain. This immediate perspicuity or natural eloquence is, besides, one of their higher distinguishing characteristics, for, considered apart from the limited utility to which it may be applied, it could be easily proved that imitation, as such, is generally intelligible in proportion to its excellence. Had Dr. Johnson said that it is the lowest province of art to inform, and that it would be more consonant with its juster purpose—that of appealing to our higher sympathies—to abandon the inferior office of supplying the province of words, he would have been nearer the truth. He would also have found his notion entirely borne out by the progress of the art among the Greeks, as distinguished from the Egyptians and Asiatics, which nations, by endeavouring to *inform*, often confounded imitation with written language, instead of addressing the feelings and the imagination by the exhibition of character and beauty with an effect which language can never approach.

The independent power of the arts to convey informa-

tion would be best attested by the antiquary. His chief interest, even in works of taste, is derived from the facts they communicate or establish; and so long as this is acknowledged to be a secondary interest it is no more to be quarrelled with than the useful researches of those who peruse an ancient poet for information respecting costume, geography, or any other circumstances with which to illustrate history. The use of the arts in corroborating or even, for the first time, suggesting explanations of passages in the classic writers of antiquity has long been appreciated, and has often been resorted to with the happiest effect. The taste for such comparisons was most rife in this country in Addison's time, and the monument of the abuse of such research is Spence's *Polymetis*. The search after parallel images in classic poetry and sculpture led this writer gradually to confound the characteristics of the two arts; and to forget that the end he had in view might be equally answered by works that have no pretensions to merit. His misapprehensions are ably and indulgently exposed by Lessing, who does justice to the more successful conjectures; but Lessing himself, with all his acuteness, was signally unfortunate in attempting to explain the statue called the Fighting Gladiator by a passage in Cornelius Nepos. All this, however, need not bring discredit on those means of elucidation which ancient authors and antique works of art mutually provide, in which respect much remains to be done; and indeed it may be observed that an acquaintance with the sculpture and monuments of antiquity is almost essential to the student of the classics. In this way a taste for the finest examples of art might be gradually imbibed; but, it must not be forgotten, that for the mere purposes of information the most ordinary performance is on a level with the finest—the commonest cast with the original marble.

As handmaids to Science the arts were limited at first by the state of Science: still, the proof that such an applica-

tion was not considered unworthy of the highest talent may be sufficiently apparent from the drawings of machinery by Leonardo da Vinci, by what we read of the researches of Pietro della Francesca, and by the varied labours of Albert Durer. Whether Titian furnished the designs for Vesalius' anatomy or not, Raphael disdained not to make topographical sketches of Rome, of which many are extant. The assistance which the arts have rendered to general knowledge, particularly in modern times, by the delineation of objects of Natural History and other branches of science, is perhaps the only form of imitation with which some persons are familiar; yet instances are not wanting in the Dutch school in which accurate transcripts from nature are accompanied by all that is exquisite in art. It may fairly be supposed that many of those works, representing not only flowers, but insects and reptiles, as in the pictures by De Heem, Van Kessel, and others, although entitled to be ranked among works of taste from their employing all the machinery of effect, were more especially interesting to the naturalist, and probably were at first chiefly encouraged by such amateurs.

The connection in Holland of this branch of art with Science is indeed apparent from various circumstances. Without staying to give Houbraken's description of the curious menagerie of the Marcellis, it will be sufficient to mention the ardour of Maria Sybilla Merian, who undertook the voyage to Surinam expressly to design the insects of the country. The volumes which she published on her return have been classed among the finest works of their kind.

In another branch of art, that of landscape painting, it must be admitted that it has been reserved entirely for modern times to cultivate its useful applications, without endangering its more tasteful pretensions. The topographical department of landscape painting, to give it the humblest name that has been applied to it, can hardly be traced beyond

the early part of the last century. Not only the great landscape painters, but even the earliest Italian and Flemish artists, with all their timidity and accuracy, seem studiously to have avoided the representation of real scenes, and sometimes appear to have been little anxious even to preserve an air of probability : this is seen in the backgrounds to some of Leonardo da Vinci's works,—borrowed perhaps from similar inventions of the cotemporaries of Memling and Van Eyck,—and in the later extravagant combinations of the Paul Bril and Breughel school. It may be here remarked as a singular fact that the style of landscape painting in Italy was, to a comparatively late period, if not from first to last, derived from the Northern Schools. The account given by Titian's biographers of his having taken certain German landscape painters into his house, to learn their style, is confirmed by the fact that the forms of his common buildings are always German, and such as are not to be met with in the Italian Alps.

Again, Denis Calvert, a Fleming, was the founder or reviver of that style of landscape which was practised by the Carracci and Domenichino. It would be digressing too much at present to trace the styles even of Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa directly or indirectly to a Northern education or influence, but it will sufficiently corroborate what has been said, to remember that the landscapes of Claude, remarkable as they are for the air of general truth and probability, scarcely ever pretend to be real views : we find in them the ruins of Rome transported to the sea-shore, and the features of Leghorn and Genoa blended with those of Tivoli. The Dutch imitators of Claude assumed a similar license, and the introduction in their pictures of well-known monuments betrays the liberties taken with the local accompaniments. These imitations soon ceased to be satisfactory, and, as usual, novelty in any shape was eagerly welcomed. Instead of sun, space

and air; instead of the "breezy call" of morning, or the still evening glow—the forms and circumstances of a particular spot—representations whose interest only began when the name was known—were gradually introduced. This new direction of an important branch of art was no doubt greatly owing to the taste for antiquarian researches which was carried to a sort of mania in Italy about the middle of the last century. At a time when Winckelmann directed the attention of the world to the remains of Greek sculpture, and expatiated in the language of enthusiasm on the highest efforts in art, the kindred inspiration which is the soul of landscape painting in common with all other efforts of art, seemed to be threatened with extinction.

The common sense of the view-painters addressed itself, however, to many; and with no other recommendation than a scrupulous accuracy of forms the art was considered to occupy a useful place as an appendage to geography and history. But this mere fidelity of delineation which the explorer of classic localities especially required, unfortunately long continued to be the limit of the artist's aim: it was perhaps carried to its absurdest extreme, at least occasionally, by Hendrick van Lint, who is mentioned by Sir Joshua Reynolds, his contemporary in Rome, as having acquired the name of "Studio" by copying every leaf on a tree. Even the best of the foreign landscape painters, who visited Italy, like the Prussian Hackert, gradually sunk into mechanical copyists of scenes which could indeed only be degraded by this merely topographical taste. It is necessary to remember this tendency of Continental art at the period in question, to be aware of the great value of such styles as those of Wilson and Gainsborough—the auspicious harbingers of English landscape: and it is but a just and merited compliment to this country to say that in the hands of our landscape painters the useful capabilities of art, however extensively cultivated,

have never been suffered to supersede its more tasteful attributes. On the other hand it must be fairly admitted that when Titian painted the grandest landscapes the world has seen, and when the uses of engraving had been fully appreciated, there were no views of Greece, Egypt, or India to instruct and delight the enquirer after knowledge. Raphael, we are told, sent artists to Greece to make drawings from the remains of antiquity, but the aspect of the country was never thought of, and an idea of the trash that was produced in the way of topographical illustration, may be gathered from the bird's eye views of cities which are painted in fresco in the upper Loggia of the Vatican.

The information which the arts now communicate, from the humblest engraving, to the Panorama which places us in scenes which no description could so well convey, will hardly be disputed by the most zealous advocate of the taste of the sixteenth century. In general, that taste was *Taste as distinguished from Utility*; its humbler applications were only humbler decoration. The arabesques of the Roman villas—the frescoes in the extensive buildings of Florence—the paintings on the Urbino earthenware—the frescoes in the open air in Friuli, were all graceful redundancies of the arts of elegance; in landscape, however, it was reserved for modern times to attempt to satisfy the naturalist and botanist without departing from the grand or delicious impressions of general nature. It is well known that, with the exception of an occasional pine tree, the trees of Claude are scarcely distinguishable in their species; the same remark applies still more to Poussin, and to the Bolognese painters; and if Salvator Rosa loved the broad leaves and masses of the chesnut tree it was more because it suited his touch, than from any particular attention to sylvan accuracy. It would be difficult to call any other tree of his by a name. In short, the varieties of the grove

in some Italian and Italo-German landscapes of the last century may be considered altogether a modern invention. Had we had no other evidence of the cypress and olive, the fig-tree and vine, than such as the finest specimens of landscape painting that ever were produced give us, we could never have guessed how they abounded in Italy. But that the landscapes of Titian and Claude are the finest the world has known has been confirmed by the verdict of all who seek in a picture not a mere catalogue of Nature's productions, but a reflection of her larger impressions and pervading charm—impressions and charm which the memory retains, and in which the details more fitted for verbal description are merged. The literal imitation by the painter of many things which, strictly speaking, were not only visible but prominent, would destroy the spell of a remembered scene. For there can be no doubt that our memory of Nature is composed of general ideas,—of a sense of a whole,—and art must be generalised to meet these ideas. It would be in vain for one who had felt the influence of the freshness of morning, the stillness of noon, or the glow of evening, in some enchanting scene, to hope to renew his delight by inspecting an accurate transcript of all the trees and plants indigenous to the spot, or such a portrait of rocks and soil as would satisfy the geologist. And if such a representation would be uninteresting (notwithstanding its special merit as an aid to Science) *because* it failed to realize the remembered sources of delight, so *any* treatment away from the desired impression would only proportionally weaken that impression. For it is not any particular feature of Nature but a ruling and master quality which appeals to the imagination, and the accumulation even of excellence which does not minister to that quality is only so much deducted from the pleasure of the imagination. And it is scarcely necessary to say that this ruling and master quality varies not only with the character

of the scene, but with the feelings of the individual artist. Titian, as a landscape painter, aimed, above all at integrity of local colour; Claude is the very type of the serene Italian atmosphere; with Nicolas Poussin grandeur of form and composition was the leading aim; with Salvator Rosa "ideas of desolation, solitude, and danger;"—with Rembrandt the magic mystery of chiaroscuro. Each of these may be said to meet the taste of a class of beholders, and that beholder will have imbibed most of Nature's highest teaching who looks to these great masters for a leading and central inspiration, and not for the information which mere accuracy of detail can impart. But where this accuracy is introduced, without any sacrifice of the painter's principal object, he will not fail to do it homage.

It may here be asked how the view hitherto taken affects the claims of another important branch of art—viz.: that of portrait painting. It may perhaps be urged that the value of the work in this case is mainly owing to the information it gives as to the personal appearance and physiognomy, it may be, of a celebrated individual, or to the stronger but less extensive interest attached to the representation of one endeared to the spectator by more familiar associations. In both cases, however, these ends might be answered by varying degrees of merit in all that relates to the essentials of the art. But without the stamp of excellence, as concerns the means, the historical portrait would be merely an historical illustration; while, in the case of the more confined and less enduring interest of private feeling, a portrait would cease to have value in any eyes when those of affection could no longer contemplate it. On the other hand, if once invested with the perfections of the art, the portrait for ever asserts its dignity; and this claim is found to supersede the loftiest pretensions as to name or history. The portrait of an unknown and even ill-favoured individual from the hand of Titian, Vandyck, or Reynolds, is more valued than

a work, recommended by no matter what historical interest, which is deficient in the attainable excellences of the art. And it was precisely because beauty of form and agreeable accessories were seldom at command, that the greatest masters in this department seem to have felt the necessity of more than common attention in the points which depended upon their own skill. The more unpromising the forms the more these painters seem, as in the instance of Rembrandt, to have aimed at redeeming them, and making up the *sum* of beauty and interest by the refinements of colour, chiaroscuro and expression. These, it must be remembered, are essential and proper excellences of Painting, and thus the art is raised by raising its characteristic attributes.

It may be dangerous in a school where correctness of drawing is said to be not enough appreciated, to venture to assert that the abstract beauty of form which is impossible in a portrait is ill adapted to the art of painting generally. But when it is remembered that this perfect conformation is precisely the excellence which belongs to Sculpture, it must be evident that it cannot constitute the strength of the rival art. In fact the charm of physiognomy and expression begins with the *accidents* of form, and was therefore of necessity inadmissible in those higher regions of beauty which the Greek sculptors justly placed above the atmosphere of the passions. Again, were a high degree of beauty of form excluded from Sculpture, that art would have no other beauty left to it, except that of its material. Whereas in Painting, while the touching realities of character may be safely employed to address the feelings, the fascinations of gradation and contrast, and the general treatment of chiaroscuro and colour, which attract the general eye of Taste, still remain in reserve to win the imagination. It is in these last attributes that the beauty which painting contemplates chiefly resides; and it is

important to recollect that they are compatible with every subject. Even when a dignified end has not been kept in view, the perfection of the means has never failed to secure lasting approbation. Examples in the Flemish and Dutch schools will readily occur to every one, where the most ordinary forms and circumstances are recommended by a charm of colour, a skill in composition, and a management of light and shade, which are at once true to the style of the art and to the largest idea of nature ; and which are sometimes sufficient, as in the works of Cuyp and Rembrandt, to excite the most pleasing and even the grandest impressions.

"HOW TO OBSERVE."

SECOND CHAPTER.

IF in the preceding chapter the highest claims of the Fine Arts have been shown to be distinct from any subserviency to the objects of Science, it must be remembered that in the opposite case, where Science is subservient to Art, the connection of the two is desirable and indispensable.

Knowledge of various kinds is in fact essential to the artist, the connoisseur, and the general spectator, for the practice, the criticism, and the enjoyment of works of art. It is perhaps even more ostensibly the groundwork of interest in the case of the two last, than a source of any professed claim to approbation in the artist. For all Science which relates to the practice of the arts is supposed to be concealed in its result; that result being an intelligible and impressive imitation of nature. A thorough acquaintance, for instance, with anatomy is calculated to enable the artist to make his figures more intelligible; and whenever it is so ostentatiously displayed as to have a contrary effect (for this is quite possible) it is obviously misapplied. The office of Perspective, again, is to render forms and relative distances correctly, and hence, when successfully employed, it is least likely to attract attention for itself, still less to present appearances which are unlike nature. It is the same with every department of art which may be in any

way regulated by a directing theory ; for not only sciences like those just named, which are more simple and certain in their laws, but those vaguer principles which relate to composition and grouping, to the management of light and dark, and the arrangement of colours, are all calculated to assist the full and effective imitation of nature, and can never be admitted to be judiciously employed unless they serve that end. It is justly remarked by Sir Joshua Reynolds, alluding to Du Fresnoy's rules, that no rules can make any pretension towards improving nature, or going contrary to her work ; their tendency is merely to show what is truly nature. But in addition to the theory which is founded on nature, and which, of course, is common to all the arts, there are principles which have reference to the methods of each art for itself, and which dictate the modes in which it can best and most successfully accomplish its object. Many practical contrivances are derived from the requirements of the material, and from the unavoidable conditions of the particular art ; to say nothing of the modifications of treatment from situation, light, dimensions, or any peculiar application. The *translation* which Nature of necessity undergoes more or less in imitation generally, and in each art according to its means, will be considered hereafter.

A scientific acquaintance with the materials with a view to securing the beauty or permanency of the work is undoubtedly of importance. The sculptor still finds it necessary to attend to the most accurate chemical details in the composition of his bronze ; and, in the infancy of oil painting, the same kind of knowledge was a part of the painter's studies. In more modern times the profession is generally content to leave these researches to others ; but it sometimes happens that an aphorism of Lord Bacon's is unconsciously put in practice with the happiest results. "It is absurd to suppose," says the philosopher, "that

things which have never yet been done can be accomplished except by means not yet tried." Whoever compares the extraordinary experiments of Sir Joshua Reynolds, recorded by himself, with the frequent indications throughout his Discourses of an intimate acquaintance with the Baconian philosophy, will be convinced that the above maxim was uppermost in his mind.

The connoisseur, as the name implies, is he who more especially professes to *know*. The designation perhaps indicates an acquaintance with facts rather than truths, with appearances and results rather than with their causes. In its general acceptation it comprehends a familiarity with the characteristics of epochs, schools, and individual masters, together with that nicer discrimination which detects imitations from original works. The chief distinction between the connoisseur and the amateur is that the knowledge of the first assists the exercise of the judgment, while that of the latter tends to kindle the imagination. The studies of the connoisseur may, however, take a higher range, and be directed not only to recognise excellence in works of art, but to investigate the nature and principles of that excellence; in short, in addition to a practical and habitual acquaintance with specimens, and a discrimination of their relative claims, to penetrate the causes of the world's admiration. On the whole, therefore, he may be said to combine the views of the philosophical artist with an erudition to which the artist seldom aspires. Indeed the enthusiastic lover of nature and of the poetry of art, whether professor or amateur, would shrink from the dry and uninviting researches on which a just and accurate decision on these matters sometimes depends. Yet their importance is unquestionable, as a few examples may show.

In periods of the highest development of art it has been found that the more antiquated methods have still been persevered in by many opposed to innovation, and hence a

great diversity of styles, as if belonging to distinct epochs, may really have existed together. The merely tasteful critic, best skilled to decide from the evidence of the work itself, would in such a case pronounce an erroneous judgment. Thus the grander style of Venetian colouring may be said to have been carried to perfection by Giorgione, who died young in 1511, but there exist pictures in Venice by Carpaccio and others, with all the indications of a style a century earlier, which were done some years after Giorgione's death; one of these adherents to the older style, Girolamo di Santa Croce, painted as late as 1548. Again, the sculptures of the Parthenon were undoubtedly all executed at the same period; yet, if some of the metopes, formerly in its frieze and now in the British Museum, had been found separately, and could be proved not to have belonged to the Temple, they would never have been assigned to one and the same time.

Again, the inscriptions on statues in many cases fix the date with more certainty than the style of the work; thus, assuming that the inscription on the celebrated Torso of Hercules is genuine (and it has never been questioned) it follows that the Sculptor Apollonius lived after the age of Alexander, because the form used for the omega (ω for Ω) appears first on the medals of the Kings of Syria.

The material of statues, again, is sometimes an unanswerable evidence which may be opposed to opinions of their style. If Dolomieu be right in asserting that the Belvedere Apollo is wrought in Carrara marble, it proves that the statue was done in Italy, and at a comparatively late period; this mineralogical fact was at first questioned by Visconti, but afterwards when the statue was examined at Paris, he no longer disputed it. The style of the hair and drapery led Flaxman to agree with Visconti in conjecturing that the statue was a copy from one in bronze. In

venturing to particularise the original from which it was taken—viz., an Apollo Alexikakos (avertor of Evil) by Calamis—Visconti was probably mistaken, not only because the attributes were different, but because many classic authorities agree in stating that Calamis—an early Athenian sculptor—was proverbially rigid in his style, and hence not likely to be the author of a work such as the Apollo.

The same consideration of the material assists the connoisseur in gems, for, whatever appearance of classic style or antique character an intaglio might have, it would be contradicted at once by the fact of its being engraved on a material unknown or never used by the ancients. The shell (*Cypræa*), so commonly and so successfully used by the moderns for cameos, was perhaps never so employed by the artists of antiquity; in like manner an intaglio on a Bohemian ruby, would be thus betrayed to be modern. So the connoisseur in coins also has certain indications from the composition of the metal, and the inscription; sometimes of more importance even than the style of the design.

The above are instances where the consideration of facts which we assume to be indisputable, must affect decisions dictated by the mere consideration of the style and merit of the work; the instances of the opposite kind, where apparent facts are overborne by the evidence of the work itself, and by the opinions of those skilled in this more difficult point, are quite as common. Pliny, speaking of the sculptor Phidias, says that he rarely worked in marble, but that he was reported to be the author of a marble Venus of exquisite beauty, which adorned the portico of Octavia in Rome. In the account given by Santi Bartoli, it is stated that the Venus de' Medici was dug up in the Pescaria (the Portico of Octavia). This singular coincidence might make it probable that the celebrated Venus is the work of

Phidias, especially as Gori* says that the actual inscription which ascribes it to an unknown artist, Cleomenes, is false. To all this the work itself is a sufficient answer, for, beautiful as it is, it differs essentially in its style from the accredited works of Phidias. The circumstance, however, of the Amorini on the support of the statue being an indication of a comparatively modern epoch (because Amor was first represented as an infant in later times), might be answered by supposing that these were executed at a different time, as they appear to be by an inferior hand.

Again, Vasari states that Raphael left a picture, (supposed to be a Madonna), which he had begun in Florence, unfinished, and that the blue drapery, which was wanting, was painted by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. Many a copy of more than one Madonna, with a due want of harmony in the blue drapery, has, from time to time, been brought forward in vain; its pretensions on the score of the historical coincidence being uniformly set aside for want of the seal of Raphael's genius. There is no end to the disposition to resort to proofs of this kind, which are expressly calculated to deceive the unwary collector. The connoisseurs of Venice never fail to point out the texture and joinings of the cloth† on which the works of their countrymen were executed, and even the wood of the stretching frames—"il nostro abete"—those of Venice (unlike the rest of Italy) being uniformly of deal; but these indications of originality are imitated, as well as every appearance of age, with most successful exactness; and numerous frauds prove that the quality of the art itself is the safest ground on which the connoisseur can form his judgment. The Venetian restorers of pictures in the last century took

* *Museum Florentinum.*

† The finer kinds of cloth used in Titian's time, appear to have been woven in very small portions, so that seams frequently appear which would now be considered a defect, and which are pointed out as a proof of originality.

extraordinary pains, in mending damaged portions of old paintings, to preserve the indications of the texture of the cloth, and an account of the mode by which they effected this will be found in Goethe's Works.*

We turn from the consideration of such uninviting details to that of the more pleasing province of the amateur, the sources of whose interest are to be sought in the imagination and feeling.

There can be no enjoyment of works of art, nor of nature herself without association; but it is important to distinguish the different modes in which that faculty produces its results. Associations may be peculiar, and hence may be confined to a few, nay even to one individual; or they may be owing to that general cultivation and experience which are common to many. To a traveller on his way to Venice, alive to the first indications of his near approach to "the City of the Sea," no-object is more likely to waken a train of reflections, connected both with the grave and gay attributes of the place, than a gondola, with its light form, fit only for quiet waves, its antique rostrum, and its roofed and curtained stern. Yet the following associations were excited by this characteristic object in the mind of a Poet and Philosopher. "As the first Gondola approached, I remembered an early plaything of my childhood, which I had not thought of for perhaps twenty years. My father had a pretty model of a Gondola which he had brought with him from Venice—he valued it much, and it was a great treat for me to be allowed to play with it. The first rostrum of polished iron—the black, covered part of the Gondola—all greeted me as an old acquaintance. I enjoyed a long-forgotten pleasant impression of early life."

Almost every biography contains instances of this kind; such accidental associations, like much that belongs to

* Vol. xxxix.

individual feeling, are often incommunicable, but where they are general enough to be understood, they are sometimes capable of awakening the liveliest sympathy. The distinction above alluded to is observable in the impressions produced by works of art; and, however powerful the more peculiar associations may be, they are not to be confounded with analogies essentially belonging to the object, and to which all observers may be more or less alive. The following is an instance where the effect of association must have been confined to the narrator. "Among other pictures I still remember with emotion a surpassingly well painted figure of St. Sebastian, bound naked to a tree. An angel draws the arrow out of his breast, and another angel brings him a crown of flowers for his head. Even now I can hardly bring the picture strongly to my recollection without tears." In this case it is true the subject and expression of the picture itself were originally the cause of the emotion it excited, but the subsequent interest was owing to the memory of this impression. As a specimen of a more generally intelligible and communicable kind of interest, Cowper's lines on seeing his deceased mother's portrait may be referred to.

Such associations, as the result of mere experience, may obviously be felt as strongly by the unlettered as by the best instructed, and happily, in the enjoyment of nature, experience is often sufficient, without any other condition than leisure, to induce the train of reflection which is both the cause and effect of Taste. But it is not to be taken for granted that this kind of enjoyment can always be experienced by the same class of spectators in contemplating the imitative powers of art. That it may sometimes be the case, as for instance, in the landscapes of Claude, in the expression of the human countenance as rendered by Raphael, and in the familiar incidents of the Dutch and other schools, seems quite possible, but in works where the

art itself has not so entirely concealed its means, a certain acquaintance with its conventions is necessary: where also the scene or the incidents of the subject are not familiar the spectator will naturally find his interest increase with his general knowledge. This is equally apparent in the contemplation of the external world, in cases where tradition or history supply or heighten the impression.

Two celebrated descriptions in this spirit will occur to the classical reader—the reflections of Poggio Bracciolini on viewing the remains of ancient Rome from the ruins of the Capitol; and those of Servius when he tries to console Cicero for the loss of his daughter by alluding to the destruction of the flourishing cities of Greece.

And who, in contemplating the monuments of ancient art, does not feel how greatly their interest is increased by the thought of what they have survived? Who is not willing to yield to the influence of imagination in reflecting that some of the very statues, bas-reliefs, and even engraved gems and mosaics, described by ancient writers, have been recovered after many centuries, and often from the bosom of the earth. A bas-relief in the purest Greek style, representing a philosopher reading, was dug up from the ruins of Cicero's Tusculum villa; and in many of his letters to Atticus, we find him desiring his friend to spare no expense in collecting and sending him such monuments of Greek art as were fit, from their subject and dimensions, to adorn a "philosopher's Library."

The following passage is extracted from a letter of Francesco di San Gallo, (son of Giuliano the architect) in which mention is made of the first discovery of the group of the Laocoon.

"When I was first in Rome, being then very young, information was brought to the Pope that certain excellent statues had been found in a vineyard near S. Maria Maggiore. The Pope commanded a groom to tell Giuliano

di San Gallo, to go instantly and see them. My father accordingly went, and as Michael Angelo Buonarroti was always at hand (being then employed on the Pope's monument, &c.) he was invited to accompany us. We all went together, for I rode on the crupper behind my father. I descended to the place where the statues were—my father immediately said, 'This is the Laocoon of which Pliny speaks.' February 28, 1567." *

Even with those who are skilled to judge of technical merits the interest excited by associations connected with the history of the work, or its author, often rivals the impression produced by the subject or the treatment.

Thus, however disposed the artist or the connoisseur may be to dwell on the merits of the picture of the Raising of Lazarus in the National Gallery, part of the interest with which even they regard it springs from an association equally accessible to the general spectator—the fact, viz., that it was painted in competition with Raphael's Transfiguration, and under the partial direction of M. Angelo.

An anecdote related by Vasari has always given additional interest to the picture by Raphael, of Christ bearing his Cross, usually called "Lo Spasimo" (now in Madrid). It was painted originally for Palermo; the vessel which bore it was wrecked, and men and cargo were lost;—the picture alone, being painted on wood, floated on the waves, and was at last recovered uninjured in the harbour of Genoa. It was ultimately placed in the church of S. Maria dello Spasimo at Palermo, "where," adds Vasari, "it has more fame and reputation than Mount Ætna." Incidents of this kind are by no means without their influence even on those who are most alive to intrinsic merits, while with the ordinary observer they have the important effect of winning the attention till the merits are discovered. The appetite for associations of any kind must have been often observed in

* *Miscellanea, dell' Avvocato Carlo Fea, vol. i. p. 329.*

those who visit picture galleries, and is as generally met and ministered to by the descriptions of guides and guide books. Nothing is more common in the absence of worthier grounds of curiosity than to dwell on some exaggerated incident connected with the execution, or the vicissitudes of the work; or on some story proving the vast estimation in which it has been held; as for instance the offer of a wealthy admirer to purchase the picture by covering it with gold coin. Even such associations which are only dwelt on for want of better are sufficient to awaken wonder and extort an empty admiration.

The classes of association hitherto alluded to may be traced directly or indirectly to *Experience*—an acquaintance with facts observed by ourselves, or assumed or recorded by others. There is another class which powerfully influences our impressions, viz., *Authority*—the experienced or recorded opinions of others. A grand or beautiful scene in nature may be invested with new charms by the recollection not only of the events that occurred in it or the names that consecrate it, but by calling to mind the opinions of men of taste respecting it. Whether it be Tivoli, praised by Horace; or the Lago di Garda by Catullus; or Cintra or Terni by Byron, we cannot help admiring the more because such men have admired before us. In like manner no artist, or man of taste, however skilled to judge, or even disposed to criticise, ever looked at the bronze doors of the Baptistery at Florence without being influenced as he recollected the reported exclamation of M. Angelo that they were worthy to be the Gates of Paradise. Yet no single authority, however imposing, can be so safe or so convincing as that of many; nor has even this concurrence its utmost weight till it is ratified by Time. This last kind of authority has perhaps the nearest approach to truth which many questions relating to Taste admit of.

In reviewing the foregoing distinctions—and examples to illustrate them might be multiplied without end—it will easily be seen that the associations of individual experience appeal chiefly to the *feelings*—the associations derived from Tradition and History kindle the *imagination*, and those founded on authority bias the *judgement*. All undoubtedly produce their influence in the first instance through the imagination, though the provinces of each are frequently found to be interchanged and blended.

Thus without limiting the degrees of knowledge which may add to the interest capable of being derived from works of art, it is quite clear that *some* mental preparation is necessary in addition to the exercise of the eye. The interest of the ordinary spectator is in short especially dependent on associations, and it is desirable that these should be analogous to the nature and character of the object. For such an observer, therefore, a knowledge of the history of the art, and of its criticism, the connexion of its epochs and styles with general history, and of course a sufficient familiarity with the subjects of representation may be pronounced to be indispensable.

Again, we have already seen that without some acquaintance with the general nature of the art itself, and with the aim of the particular school and even of the individual artist, both the mode of the imitation and the treatment of the subject must often disappoint the merely lettered amateur. It is as well first to point out the more attainable means by which the ordinary spectator may acquire or improve a habit of observation, for it is the habit of observation which can alone lead to a sincere relish and eventually to a just discrimination of the efforts of art.

The curiosity and interest of the general observer are chiefly excited by the subject, and this being the case it would be well if he were to select for his attention those works where the treatment of the subject has been con-

sidered the important aim of the art. A Scripture subject by Raphael or Poussin, by Bassano or Teniers, are very different things. The first corresponds with the general impression which everyone receives from reading the passage;—the second introduces us to particular circumstances, true (we will suppose) to the time and place in which the event occurred, but unknown to many. The last engraft the story on the particular circumstances belonging to their own time. Raphael meets the vague, but necessarily dignified conception of the reader by distinct, adequate representation. The information which Poussin gives us of the manners of the ancients supersedes by a new aim the great end of producing by representation an effect equivalent to the description. Bassano and Teniers, however, by introducing modern instead of antique circumstances and manners, not only differ, like Poussin, from the vagueness of the reader's impression, but, besides this, sacrifice all dignity, and approach the mean or the ludicrous. So great a mistake must seem unaccountable to the judicious observer, and the estimation in which such pictures are held will be equally unintelligible, till he discovers that in these cases the aim of the painter was quite independent of the story; that, having been a vehicle only for the display of exquisite skill in the art. For, as might be expected, these painters who are so careless about the treatment of the subject seldom fail to excel in the attractions of the art.

But the observer should be on his guard to detect this tendency when less pronounced, for, in contemplating works the fame of which rests on technical merits, and which may be deservedly admired, it would be a great mistake to extend that admiration to the treatment of the subject, as is very commonly the case. The question what and why we should admire in the works of a given painter is therefore most essential. For the present we assume therefore a class of

works where the consideration and treatment of the subject are not neglected, but, on the contrary, considered as paramount in importance. Such works, particularly where the incidents are taken from well known History, or from Scripture, address themselves quite intelligibly to the attentive spectator, and, like Nature herself, need nothing but observation and reflection to comprehend and relish them.

The Cartoons of Raphael have been often and well described. Yet there has been scarcely anything written, which the ordinary observer, however unacquainted with art, might not have discovered for himself. This is not said by any means to undervalue the descriptions in question, but only to show that it is a mistake to suppose that any other conditions than attention and common sagacity are requisite to enter fully, as far as the subject is concerned, into the merits of these works. We take as an example the cartoon of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, with a description founded on that by Fuseli. "The sacrificer is arrested in the action of smiting the bull by the gesture of the young man who observes Paul rending his garment in horror of the idolatrous ceremony his miracle occasioned. The miracle itself is present, for the man who had been so lately a cripple rushes in with eyes fixed on the Apostle, and with hands clasped in grateful adoration; while it is further evidenced by a person of gravity and rank who lifts up part of the man's garment to examine his restored limb, and by this act attests him to have been the bearer of those useless crutches thrown on the pavement before him."* The object of Raphael being always to meet and fully satisfy the expectation of the beholder, it would obviously be contrary to such an aim to enter into the details of the dress, architecture, and manners of the place and period, for, in general, none of these things are uppermost in the mind of the reader. But where an ancient ceremony is a prominent part of the

* Fuseli's Works, Lecture V.

subject, as it is here, the attention is then forcibly directed to it, even though some of its details may be new and strange to the spectator. The ceremonies of the sacrifice here represented (taken as is well known from an ancient bas relief) are therefore unusually exact. Many painters have thought to improve on the general principle just alluded to by seeking, in such subjects, to represent every circumstance, as far as possible, with learned correctness. The consequence, however, is that the spectator is struck with these circumstances, and not with the event itself, and whatever moral or æsthetic effect the subject is capable of producing is thus weakened or superseded. When, again, as is often the case with Niccolo Poussin, the air of classical antiquity which he infuses into his works *deserves* to supersede the subject or its treatment, it is valued as the best effort the Painter can give us, and in his case as the highest example of such a taste. This distinction should not be forgotten, for the great aim of Raphael to embody and satisfy the vague impression which the imagination retains involves the necessity of the highest effort at grandeur, dignity, or beauty, and this regulates the treatment even of the minor circumstances above alluded to. For, if our natural feeling demands that the figure of an Apostle should be clothed with dignity, the endeavour to satisfy this feeling becomes paramount to any wish to *inform* us of the literal truth in these matters, even supposing it attainable.

The great principle of the art to which all this is referred is its proposing to satisfy the imagination of the mass of spectators by adequate representation, and all aims, apart or distinct from this simple but difficult one, may be suspected to arise from the temptation to take refuge in more easily attainable qualities. But if the grandeur of the original impression is generally owing to the vagueness which necessarily excludes all particular circumstances, it

follows that of all such details, the mean, the trivial, and the ludicrous, such as are frequently introduced in Venetian and Dutch Scripture and History pieces, are the most incongruous. In general, familiar incidents are seldom allied to grandeur, yet it is safer to condemn them on account of any positive defects, than because they are familiar; for both the Greeks and Italians were in the habit of representing, in a modified way, the appearances with which they were surrounded when recommended by qualities fit for representation. Again, when the object is rather to address the feelings than the imagination, familiar incidents, individuality of character, the charm of physiognomy, and judiciously selected details, are essential requisites; and that all this may be kept quite distinct from the trivial or the ludicrous, the early Flemish Scripture pieces abundantly prove.

In the description above quoted of the Cartoon of Barnabas and Paul at Lystra, a stress is laid on the age, dignity, and rank of the individual who examines the restored limb; and it will be remembered that this circumstance, which gives validity to the character of the witness who thus attests the miracle, is not in the sacred story. The observer who discovers such strokes of genius shares as it were the judicious invention of the painter. Any man might have been introduced examining the limb, for it is evident, from the crutches being dropped, and from the man's action of gratitude, that he is cured; but to select a witness so little likely to suffer himself to be deceived was worthy of a great master. This example will explain what is meant by the term Invention in the arts, and may be taken as a specimen of the original means which the painter resorts to, to meet the fulness of the description; for even where it is necessary to adhere closely to the story (as is always desirable in Scripture subjects) it will easily be seen that great latitude remains for the painter, and that his representation is not a

tame transcript but a translation of the words into his own very different language.

The following account of Paul preaching at Athens rests more on learning than on the general sagacity before alluded to, and though the enumeration and distinction of the philosophers is highly probable, the intention of the picture is less strikingly evident than in the case just mentioned. "Simplicity of attitude invests the speaker with sublimity; the parallelism of his action invigorates his energy; situation gives him command over the whole; the light in which he is placed attracts the first glance; he appears the organ of a superior Power. The assembly, though selected with characteristic art for the purpose, are the natural offspring of place and moment. The involved meditation of the Stoic, the Cynic's ironical sneer, the incredulous smile of the elegant Epicurean, the eager disputants of the Academy, the elevated attention of Plato's school, the rankling malice of the Rabbi, the Magician's mysterious glance, repeat in louder or in lower tones the novel doctrine; but whilst curiosity and meditation, loud debate and fixed prejudice tell, ponder on, repeat, reject, discuss it, the animated gesture of conviction in Dionysius and Damaris announce the power of its tenets, and, what the artist chiefly aimed at,—the established belief of *immortality*."* Although this kind of learning is not so generally aimed at by Raphael on points admitting of more universal acquiescence and sympathy, it should be remembered that such circumstances are worthier of a great painter than an attention to particulars relating to costume and localities, because they suggest and afford scope for the varieties of human character. The supposition that Paul is dwelling, at the moment chosen by the painter, on the doctrine of the Resurrection, is more than probable, because that was the point in his discourse which most excited the doubts of

* Fuseli's Works, Lecture III.

his audience. "When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." If the above supposition be correct it accounts for the action of Paul, for we may suppose that his hands have been raised together, with the words "the dead shall rise," and the action of Dionysius expresses not merely surprise but sympathy with the action of the speaker. Such speculations sometimes, as in this case, only highly probable, at other times leading to the fullest conviction and a thorough comprehension of the painter's aim, open an ample field for observation, reflection, and enjoyment.

It was assumed that it is quite possible for a painter to be less solicitous to affect the spectator by the event he pourtrays, than to represent the costume, manners, and localities which belong to such an event. The inferiority of such an aim to that of Raphael has been already pointed out, but, this being taken for granted, it must in fairness be observed that the spectator who is alive to all the allusions with which such works abound, will find a pleasure in tracing them proportioned to the extent of the associations they awaken. The instance of Niccolo Poussin is the most remarkable of this kind that can be quoted; and although he addresses himself, when dwelling on the points in question, only to a few, and less to the feelings than to the erudition of those few, he is placed at the head of his class because the general and poetical air of antiquity he gives to his works is still more remarkable than his literal fidelity to every circumstance. So evidently was this spirit of antiquity, rather than its mere facts, his object, that in strictly historical subjects belonging to the Pagan world, he never scruples to introduce River Gods and similar personifications. The mode in which he con-

trives to reconcile the imitation of nature with these supernatural appearances, so that they do not shock by their absurdity, or appear incongruous, is one of his peculiar merits. The greater part of Poussin's works contain some circumstances which mark an antique period, or allude to an antique rite, and all may be said to have an antique air, whatever period they represent. As such allusions are addressed only to the erudition of the spectator, they are readily discovered in works of art by those who take an interest in them. To such persons the works of Poussin, Giulio Romano, Primaticcio, and others, open all the sources of classic associations, and in spite often of unattractive colour will always be contemplated with pleasure.

There are two distinct classes of works in which historical and especially Scripture subjects are engrafted on modern localities, manners and costume—the early Flemish School on the one hand, and the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools on the other. In the early Flemish paintings the great object being to interest the feelings, the familiar incidents introduced are far from interfering with such an impression; on the contrary the simplicity of so unambitious a treatment quite accords with the pious and sincere character and expressions of the figures. The imagination is not addressed except in the department of colour, which, by its breadth and beauty, atones in a great measure for the too frequent meagreness of the forms. In the Venetian and Dutch Schools, unlike the early Flemish, there is no moral aim whatever—the principal object is to display those attractions of the art which especially appeal to the eye, and hence any materials which could answer such a purpose are indiscriminately employed. The delight which the appreciation of this technical perfection is capable of affording can only be gradually experienced. Here again the defects in costume and even in more important matters are not for a moment defended, but such defects being taken for granted,

the works in question may be interesting even to the general spectator; not indeed for what they are called, but for what they really are. Many historical and Scripture pieces by Paul Veronese and others of his school, independently of their more ostensible merits, are not uninteresting pictures of Venetian manners, so that by suffering the association to depend not on a preconceived standard but on the admitted aim of the painter, no school can be altogether devoid of interest; and when the subject is greatly neglected the real object to which it was considered subordinate, will gradually interest the spectator as it did the artist himself.

Next to the associations connected with the subject, it is quite natural that the history of the Painter should be uppermost in the minds of those who contemplate his productions. The personal history of any great master cannot fail to add a new interest to his works, for by these means the modifications of individual character are traced in what profess to be illustrations of history or imitations of nature. Still stronger, in most cases, than the character of the individual, is the character of his age; and this is apparent not only in the direction which the art itself takes, but in the impression which it receives from religion, from politics, from literature, and from manners. To this must be added the influence of Place as well as that of Time; nor should even the history and the vicissitudes of the work itself, its original destination, its various possessors, its rarity, acknowledged excellence, and actual value be forgotten. The accumulated associations thus afforded can inform a lifeless work of art with far-reaching thought; and although such knowledge is quite distinct in itself from the critical discrimination of technical excellence, which the habit of observation must chiefly teach, it will undoubtedly lead to this, and be found to assist the acquisition of an independent judgment.

The first influence on the character of the formative arts which it is important to consider, especially at the time of

their revival and perfection, was that of Religion. It will not be necessary here to enter into the consideration of the mutual assistance which the arts and the Catholic Religion afforded each other; whatever may be the opinion as to the extent in which even the Reformed Religion may be benefitted by this alliance it is quite certain that art, if less exclusively directed to Beauty, must be at least ennobled and purified by such an application. In the early ages of Italian and Flemish art the expression of a soul-felt piety was the ruling aim and characteristic of the artist and his productions. Monks and ecclesiastics, among whom the name of Fra Angelico will first occur to the reader, were among the most devoted professors, dividing their time between the duties of their calling, and the outpourings of their enthusiastic feelings in the elaboration of altar pieces and similar works representing subjects from legendary as well as Scriptural sources. The effect on others of such sincere attempts to do justice at least to their own feelings cannot be doubted, and the docile piety of the age was met and exalted by such effusions.

Among the chief causes of this very general spirit, about and after the time of the revival of Art, was the impulse given to the more self-abasing doctrines of Christianity by the rise of new and severe religious Orders. The character of the early school of painters in Umbria, which had ultimately more or less influence on the schools of Rome, Florence, and Bologna, may be traced to the influence of the doctrines of St. Francis; but even at a later period, in the lifetime of Fra Angelico, the tendency of the age to the same enthusiasm must have been very decided, for we find that a number of ultimately beatified and sainted persons lived at or near the same time.

The earlier works which are remarkable for the impression alluded to, are imperfect in the extreme as productions of art, and, but for the interest connected with the above

fact, would often be passed over without a second glance. On nearer inspection, however, and with due allowances for the technical imperfections of the age, the feelings of the human beings of that time will still be apparent in spite of the defects of the work. Malvasia relates that the celebrated painter Guido, so remarkable for the delicacy of his taste, and of all men the most likely, from the masterly freedom of his pencil, to despise the tame and defective efforts of the early painters, was seen to contemplate with deep attention a Madonna by Lippo Dalmasio, and at last expressed his opinion that none of the then living painters could infuse into a countenance such an expression of holiness.*

Instances were not wanting, even from the earliest periods of the revival of art, of painters who were intent on the display of the art for its own sake ; and as imitation gradually approached its highest perfection an ulterior object was naturally less and less kept in view. With the character of the art the spirit of the age had changed, and it would perhaps be universally admitted that at and immediately before the period of the Reformation the examples of enthusiastic piety were less frequent in the Catholic Church than they had been a century earlier. But there was another important cause which gave a new bias to the style of the arts, a bias which has lasted very generally to the present time. This was the increasing taste for classic literature, and the discovery of, and growing admiration for, the antique statues. To this subject we shall hereafter return.

Thus Raphael appears to be the point immediately preceding a remarkable change in taste, and this would appear to be true in other respects ; for while, owing to his education under Pietro Perugino, to his early associations and his own feelings, he never abandoned the moral aim of the older painters, he supplied their technical deficiencies by the

* Felsina Pittrice. *Vita de' Pittori Bolognese*, vol. i. p. 26.

gradual attainment of a perfect style of imitation, and even infused the breadth and beauty of the antique into his works without losing sight of the qualities that touch the heart.

But the spirit of early Christian art was not only in danger of being annihilated or superseded by the influence of this classical taste, but also by the perfection of the art itself. When we consider the peculiar education of the mind as well as that of the eye and hand which are necessary to produce anything approaching excellence in art, it is not to be wondered at that its high attainment should be considered in and for itself a sufficient aim for human ambition. And this will appear the more admissible when it is remembered that, as an imitation of nature in her largest impressions, the art is capable of conveying in a condensed and abstract form all those otherwise inexpressible and uncommunicable feelings which the contemplation of the visible world excites. It is quite natural then, that, when perfectly accomplished, this form of Poetry (distinct from Poetry properly so called) should no longer be considered as a means, but as possessed of independent claims and qualities. If Nature herself, it may be urged, has no distinct method of instruction, but only exalts the feelings by a language which no other language can approach, why should not the colouring of Titian or the forms of the Apollo be permitted to exercise their own eloquence without being made subservient to any ulterior purpose? Language, it may be added, can touch the feelings not only to a greater extent but much in the same manner as the formative arts, by an attention, namely, to interesting particulars; but the power of arresting the indistinct images of grandeur or beauty which every imagination gathers from nature belongs to the arts of design alone. Thus employed they appeal chiefly to the imagination, and in the very vagueness and generalisation which this implies, abandon as an inferior if not incom-

patible aim the comparatively humble office of touching the feelings.

Such is the view or the tacit impression which may explain the production of those works that exemplify the exclusive triumph of the art, and which gradually led to the subordination of all aims to that of its own display. The departments of art which were carried to perfection in Italy varied in different places, and in different hands, though all coincided in time. Form was the favourite study of the Florentines and of M. Angelo—colour was carried to perfection in Venice by Titian—gradation of light and shade in Parma by Correggio. It is not to be supposed that the general tendency of this technical perfection excluded in every case the attempt to appeal to the feelings as well as to the imagination; yet, in the accomplished productions of M. Angelo, Titian, and Correggio, grandeur or beauty are the predominant characteristics, and the style of their works is the more striking precisely because it is more partial and exclusive than Raphael's. On the other hand, in comparing the great painter last named with the early Flemish masters, his superiority will appear to consist precisely in the greater beauty and grandeur of his designs, and in his having attained these high qualities without losing himself in unmeaning generalisation (the very possible tendency of such an aim). The union of physiognomy with beauty or dignity, of the truth of nature with imagination, of a sufficient attention to particulars with grandeur, constitute one of the chief and unrivalled elements of Raphael's fame. It is true the early Flemish painters unite beauty and breadth of colour with individuality of form, and where these forms and details are not repulsively defective and minute, as is too frequently the case, this union may be granted sufficient to maintain the independence of the art; but the mode in which Raphael accomplishes the same end is far more satisfactory and complete, especially where, as

in some of the frescoes of the Vatican, the colouring is on a level with his other excellencies.

The religion of Europe in the earlier epochs of Christian art affected not only the general spirit of that art, but its particular inventions and customary treatment. Private families in dedicating altar pieces had the triple object of paying homage first to the Madonna, who may be considered in some of these cases to represent the Church, then to their patron Saints, and lastly of confessing the faith in their own persons by the introduction of their portraits in the same picture. Again, such pictures were offered to acknowledge particular benefits, escapes from danger, disease, or death; the presiding Madonna, the Saints who protected or interceded, and the living and grateful objects of their care thus appear together, and the "grace received" is indicated either by a specific allusion or by the attributes of the particular Saints introduced. A very slight acquaintance with this practice will soon accustom the admirer of art to allow for the anachronisms of these votive pictures, and he will gradually be smitten with the simple sincerity of such representations. The portraits of the donors always appear drawn with strict fidelity, even to their clothing. It will be seen too that this anachronism, by which the painter's contemporaries were introduced, as it were, into the society of beatified personages, led by an easy transition to the representation of Scripture subjects without altering the modern costume. The effect of this in an enthusiastic point of view must have been great, for the mass of beholders contemplated the high examples here depicted more as realities, and were thus invited to mingle in idea with the saints of old.

To return to the votive pictures, properly so called; in many instances the patron Saint presents the family to the Madonna, as in Titian's picture, called the Madonna de' Frari. Sometimes the Saint even points out of the picture

as if interceding for the spectator ; this seems to be the action of St. Francis in Raphael's Madonna di Foligno, and it is so, beyond a doubt, in that of St. Sixtus in the Madonna at Dresden by the same painter. In this last instance, the Saint's intercession for the spectator seems the more natural because there are no votaries in the picture. The composition of the group in the earlier altar pieces, whether "ex voto" or not, was always semi-circular, as if to mix up the spectator with the divine or sainted personages represented, and to make him feel himself to be in their presence. This arrangement was never abandoned by Raphael in devotional subjects : in mere historical or dramatic compositions, in which the spectator might be interested but not a *party concerned*, Raphael adopted the more picturesque arrangement of disposing the nearest figures with their backs turned to the front of the picture, thus approaching the circular instead of the semi-circular form. The two modes may be seen occasionally in the same picture, where the lower part represents an ordinary action or story, and the upper part a vision, as will appear by comparing the scene of the Transfiguration in Raphael's picture of that subject with the group below. Again, in his Theology, commonly called the Dispute of the Sacrament, the figures in the human group are arranged in the more picturesque method, while the Synod above is semi-circular. The succeeding painters, who were on all occasions intent chiefly on the excellence of the art as such, frequently adopted the picturesque form even in devotional subjects.

It is to be remembered that the attachment to particular Saints naturally varied with time and place, and the influence of this on the practice of the art is worthy of attention by those who trace its styles. The nude, or only partially draped figure, abounded most among the rural and local saints belonging to the Venetian territory ; where, for instance, St. Sebastian, St. Roch, and St. Christopher

protected men and cattle from wounds, disease, and lassitude, or renewed their strength when overcome with labour. The study of the colour of flesh was thus early practised on a large scale by the Venetian painters.

The extent of the influence of St. Francis round Assisi,—the centre of his spiritual dominion, and the place of his death,—is defined less by actual distance than by the facility of communication as regards the Apennines. Foligno, Perugia, Urbino, and Bologna belonged in the time of Raphael's youth to a school of art especially accustomed to represent the local Saint, and a facility in the treatment of thick and ample drapery may have been the consequence.

Another class of anachronisms may be mentioned in such pictures as Raphael's *Heliodorus*, in which, though the story is taken from the Book of Maccabees, Pope Julius the Second, with his attendants, is introduced. Many of the subjects in the Stanze of the Vatican, although sometimes taken from Scripture, and generally intended to exhibit the protection of Heaven extended to the Church, are contrived to afford allusions to incidents in the life of the reigning Pontiff. Thus the deliverance of Peter from prison alludes to the escape of Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, subsequently Leo X., after he was taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna. Again, the wars in which Julius engaged had so exhausted his treasure that his allies, in order to secure their promised subsidies, threatened to strip the churches, and even St. Peter's itself. This suggested the subject of *Heliodorus*; and the Head of the Church is introduced witnessing the infliction of divine vengeance on the sacrilegious invaders.

The influence of religion on the spirit and style of art itself is a very different consideration from the mode in which it may affect the employment of artists; yet as the nature of that employment may be reckoned among the causes which led to the excellence of the great Italian

Painters, it would be an omission not to allude to the check which the arts of our own country received by the Reformation. This subject has been well handled by Flaxman in one of his lectures,* and although what he states has more reference to Sculpture than to Painting, there can be no doubt from the proofs he adduces that, at the period in question, this country bade fair to compete in art with the great schools of the Continent. The extinction of this promise was the immediate consequence of the Reformation, which had the effect of excluding pictures from churches, and the prejudice was revived and enforced by the Puritans a century later.

We allude for the present briefly to the influence of the Greek mythology on the arts—an influence the most direct and harmonious. The consideration of this subject is indispensable in order to comprehend not merely the allusions and mysteries of the mythologic personifications, which have been handed down to us in the monuments of ancient taste and devotion, but the principles which were common to the definitions of the artist and to a religion which sprung from, and may be resolved into, the abstract ideas of nature. This examination will more fitly accompany the portion which will be devoted to Sculpture.†

The impression which the character of the art receives from causes connected with political relations will open new and interesting sources of inquiry to the cultivated observer. The personal history of the Pontiffs was illustrated, as we have seen, by incidents from the canonical or apocryphal books of Scripture. In Venice the “potent, grave, and reverend” Senate, the martial achievements of the Republic, and the opulence that resulted from a thriving commerce, appear alternately or altogether to vie with religion in impressing their character on the productions of the pencil.

* Lecture I. English Sculpture.

† See “Contributions,” Essay VI. Sculpture.

Such influences as we have thus slightly touched on are not confined to the choice or dictation of a subject, nor to the introduction of contemporary persons or events, but pervade directly or indirectly the style and aim of the art itself—the materials of which have in a great degree always determined its character. The age of armour, while it invited attention to certain technical merits, and was favourable to picturesque effect, may have had the effect of accustoming the eye, as in the works of the early Flemish painters, to rigidity of outline both in the figures and drapery, and, on the other hand, may have gradually opened the resources of chiaroscuro to correct this. The republican equality of Venice was symbolised by and perhaps confined to the unpretending black dresses of the Senators, but the introduction of these dresses in pictures once supposed, a rich and glowing scale of colour was likely to accompany it.

Again, it may be said of the style of Sculpture in Holland, that owing to the necessity of representing the circumstances of modern warfare and the temptation to compete with the fuller means of Painting, the monuments to national valour (there almost all restricted to naval heroes) abound with various defects in style; for the rigging of ships, the sea, fire, and smoke are often vainly attempted in marble. Among the consequences of the French revolution also we not only find subjects representing classical examples of valour and patriotism, in accordance with the ostensible principles of the day, but the admiration of the rigid severity of Roman or Spartan virtue involved a close imitation of the antique Sculpture, and is to be recognised in extreme correctness of form and costume, with little else to recommend it. The change to a military despotism had the effect of forcing this classical hardness to invest itself with all the accidents and details of modern military circumstances. Thus the accuracy which had been the result of the antique mimicry

was again lost. The new subjects, on the other hand, rarely lent themselves to the agreeable display of the art, and it was not till they ceased so exclusively to demand the labours of the pencil that taste by degrees returned to a healthier state.

It may not invariably be possible to trace a direct political influence where events have been less pronounced, but the change in the character of a state may be said to be always accompanied with its corresponding indications in the productions of art, especially where they are employed in a public form. The "senatorial dignity" of Titian is indeed always opposed to the light, festive character of Paul Veronese; but in making every allowance for the diversity of individual feeling, it is evident that both are in harmony with their respective times. The heroic age in any nation is always found to precede the development of art, and so it was in Venice, but at the time when Titian attained that perfection which had been nurtured in the simplicity and solemnity of the early school, the government of Venice was at its acme of political influence. Half a century later the opulence of the State had reached the point from which it ever after declined,—a period marked by the ostentatious display rather than the thrifty employment of wealth. The evidence of this state of things is to be seen in the luxurious gaiety of Paul Veronese's style.

The silent working of causes similar to those just alluded to may always be traced, assuming a sufficient knowledge of facts; and even the occasional misconceptions of writers of authority should not deter the observer from indulging in such reflections. Madame de Stael ventures to assert that the expression of grief was never given to a Greek statue—in short, did not exist in Greek art—before the time of Philip of Macedon; and explains it by supposing that the representation of a state of suffering was unworthy of artists

living in an age of freedom. The assertion is erroneous, and the conclusion absurdly so ; but it is not without reluctance that the necessity of checking the exuberance of philosophic speculation is pointed out, for it is precisely the species of inquiry which is fitted for the lettered amateur, and which in his mind may frequently supply the place of that interest which the professor and connoisseur derive from the mere work of art. The change in Raphael's style, when he removed from the influence of the more ascetic school of Umbria to the cheerful intercourse of the citizen life at Florence, has been dwelt on with his accustomed acuteness by Rumohr ; the meek, serious, and almost suffering expression of some of the great painter's earlier works disappears in the smiling Madonnas painted by him after some residence in the Tuscan capital.

A new source of interest is open to the amateur in the consideration of the influence of literature on the arts. In what degree this influence has been salutary or otherwise it is not necessary here to pronounce ; but the mere existence of such a connection supposes materials for consideration and inquiry worthy of every enlightened observer. In accordance with the restricted plan hitherto followed, a few only of the leading examples will be pointed out, and these will for the present be confined to modern art.

The first great impulse, independent even of the invention of printing, though doubtless accelerated by it, was the revived taste for the writings of antiquity. The study of the classics long preceded the appreciation of ancient sculpture. The enthusiasm and zeal of Petrarch and Boccaccio in acquiring and imparting a knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors can hardly be said to have become diffused till a century after their time—viz., till 1450 ;—when the desire to collect specimens of ancient art was beginning to produce its lasting effects. These specimens were naturally sought for in the first instance as illustrating ancient history

and poetry. Petrarch himself collected antique medals, and in a later age the renewed study of the classics led to a similar result. Poggio Bracciolini, born 1380, first collected busts; the interest he attached to them probably in some cases depending on associations. But by degrees he acquired a relish for the art itself, and sighed to possess entire figures. Thus the admiration of the antique did not originate with the artists; the application of the monuments of ancient genius to the purposes of modern art was only an ultimate consequence of general cultivation. The admission of this classic influence was not sudden; many artists remained true to the Christian types long after their brethren had been carried along with the general mania, while, on the other hand, some few anticipated the general march of taste towards Paganism. Not to mention a classic votary so ardent as Mantegna, it is known that Cosmo de' Medici, in forming his museum, found no prompter more zealous than the sculptor Donatello. Lorenzo the Magnificent needed no prompter; thoroughly imbued with the philosophy as well as the poetry of Paganism, he not only continued to add to the treasures his father had left, but conceived the idea of educating the artists of his time to imitate and rival them, by opening the garden in which his marbles were distributed as a place of study. It was here that, among others, M. Angelo resorted, when a youth. The extent of the Medicean collection of antiques was undoubtedly greater than that of any other formed in the same age; the place itself where they were deposited may be said to have been surrounded by an atmosphere of classic learning, for there the greatest scholars of the time were ready to impart instruction to the admirers of Homer and the votaries of Plato. Yet this was not the only asylum which Attic taste and the Muses of classic poetry and art had found; in the latter part of the fifteenth century there was scarcely a State in Italy which failed to acquire its share of

praise for the endowment of universities, the encouragement of Greek and Latin professors, and the formation of Galleries of art.

Of the princes who emulated each other in this course, none, next to the Medici, are more deserving of notice than the Dukes of Urbino—Frederigo da Montefeltro, and his son Guidobaldo. And they are selected the more readily, not only because some of the best artists of the age were born in or resorted to their capital, but because the extent of their influence is unaccountably overlooked by the historians of art. The accomplished Baldassare Castiglione was for many years of his life attached to the fortunes of the Montefeltro: his *Cortegiano*, a book well known to every lover of Italian literature, professes to give the model of a polished education as drawn from the "Accademie" or soirées of the court of Urbino in Guidobaldo's time. In introducing the reader to the society of great and accomplished men who met in the apartments of the Duchess, he describes the classic decorations of the Palace, and its "antique statues of marble and bronze." But the most remarkable record is a long manuscript poem on the acts of Frederigo, by Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael,* in which the description of the castle seems to justify the poet in conferring on Urbino the title of "the Athens of Umbria."†

* This poem was written either before Raphael was born, or in his infancy.

† Tiraboschi (vol. vi. p. 78) gives (perhaps as a literary curiosity,) a dedication of a book to the Duke Frederigo. The author, or editor, Piero Perotti, tries to imagine what the *sensations of his volume* will be when permitted to enter the precincts of the Ducal Library; "Al vedere ch' esso farà ivi ogni cosa risplendente di marmo, d' argento e d' oro, all' entrare in cotesta tua magnifica biblioteca, benchè mutolo e senza vita, parrà nondimeno che si rallegrì ed esultì." "Vedrà quanto onori i professori d' eloquenza, con quanta degnazione accogli gli uomini dotti; talchè sembra che gli studj delle belle arti, esuli prima e raminghi abbian per te solo recuperata e la vita e la patria." Lastly, we learn from the same source that Frederigo not only was a hero, but looked like one: "stupirà al vedere la tua quasi sovrumana grandezza di corpo, la robustezza delle membre, la dignità del sembiante, &c."

All this, it may be observed in passing, sufficiently proves how little ground there is for asserting that Raphael in his early youth was without the materials or the precepts necessary to form an accomplished artist; for, with the exception of Florence, no court of Italy, not even that of Rome, was so well furnished with both as Urbino. Nevertheless, whatever influence the specimens of the antique sculptures there preserved, may have had on him, whatever direction his taste may have received from the works of Luca Signorelli, Pietro della Francesca, and other skilful artists to which he had access, it is quite true that all was superseded by his devotedness to the spiritual aim of Pietro Perugino,* and the Umbrian painters. That this was the result of a deep moral conviction rather than the mere blind force of example is proved by its being uneffaced by the examples of talents far more splendid;—in a word, if Raphael could afterwards live in Florence untainted by the classical taste which prevailed there, it is quite easy to conceive that all which Urbino contained of a similar nature might have sunk in his estimation if found to be incompatible with the aspirations of a Christian painter.

Both Florence and Urbino preceded Rome in the formation of Galleries of antiquities. Petrarch had indeed long before tried to awaken an interest for the ancient monuments, and Rienzi shared his zeal, but a long indifference succeeded, and when Poggio described the state of Rome in one of his most interesting compositions,† he could only enumerate five marble statues and one of bronze. It was reserved for Leo X. to excite a permanent interest for the sculptured relics of antiquity. The discovery of the group of the Laocoon was soon followed by others of equal importance, while the munificent rewards which the Pope

* According to the well grounded argument of Rumohr, Raphael must have been nearly 20 years of age when he began to study under Perugino.

† De Varietate Fortunæ.

offered stimulated a passion which requires no education. "The production," says Roscoe, "of a genuine specimen of antiquity secured to the fortunate possessor a competency for life, and the acquisition of a fine statue was almost equivalent to that of a bishopric." The taste of the Pontiff was shared by many who had imbibed it from the same sources—viz., from the courts of Florence and Urbino. Castiglione, the friend and adviser of Raphael, himself collected "antique busts and cameos of the best workmanship."* Many of the Cardinals expended their treasures in similar objects, but the individual who formed the most extensive and various collection was Antonio Colocci. His villa, near the remains of that of Sallust, might be compared with the garden of Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence, and, like that, was probably open to the students of antiquity and art.

Thus, it is evident that this taste began in Rome, as in Florence, with the men of letters. The court of Leo X., from the time of his elevation, had become the resort of the accomplished and learned men of Italy. To the names of Vida, Beroaldo, Bembo, Sadoleti, and Bernardo Accolti might be added a long list equally eminent whether in the ranks of poetry or philosophy. The revival of the language, and the happiest imitation of the style of the Roman poets is, of itself, a sufficient evidence of the taste of the day. The elegant hexameters of Sadoleti on the Laocoon, of Castiglione on the so-called Cleopatra, and the iambics of Leo himself on a statue called Lucretia, not to mention the more copious works of Vida and others, all tend to show how closely their admiration of ancient art was connected with their classic associations and studies; while many a scholar partook of the antiquarian ardour of the age without being, for a time at least, at all alive to the technical merits of the works that were brought to light.

* See Life, prefixed to the *Cortegiano*.

The first symptom of a classic tendency in art is thus explained by the mere influence of this taste in the literary world ; but, by degrees, the admiration of the more independent professor was attracted by the skill, the beauty, and the poetic fancy displayed in the antique sculptures. The mere copying of classic details in costume and architecture was, as may be supposed, the earliest evidence of the love of the antique. Filippo Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, and, above all, Mantegna, are instances in various degrees of this first tendency. Owing, however, to the still universal demand for sacred subjects, the opportunities of treating a composition so entirely Pagan as Mantegna's Triumphs* were not frequent.

But the engravers were not so restricted ; their works were not for the chapel or the cloister ; they could minister to the elegant or corrupt taste of the votary of classic poetry as they pleased, and the introduction of Pagan subjects may be said to date its rise from them. In 1452 the first known engraving by the inventor of the art, Maso Finiguerra, appeared in Florence, and it is to be remarked that the earliest essays were not reproductions of known compositions, but original designs. These subjects soon became very generally classical. Lorenzo de' Medici suggested the Labours of Hercules to Pollajuolo, the History of Vulcan to Ghirlandajo, the Gods and Goddesses to Luca Signorelli. The contemporary examples of similar subjects in Painting are very rare, but, towards the close of the 15th century, the private taste of the more wealthy partisans of the spirit of Paganism began to invite the labours of the painter ; and, before 1520, the classic influence had so spread that the independent and vital character of Christian art may be said to have been entirely superseded by it.

The first complete specimen of a painter who united high

* Designs for Tapestries at Hampton Court. Fuseli calls these Triumphs "a copious inventory of classic lumber."

excellence in art with an exclusive passion for classic subjects, was Giulio Romano, the chief scholar of Raphael. He may be considered the great head of the classic school, and the more marked indications of this tendency in the subordinate works of Raphael,—the execution of which, owing to their extent, was entrusted latterly very much to his scholars,—may be attributed to the suggestion or the hand of this painter. His taste was kindled and fed by Baldassare Castiglione, and when that accomplished scholar and statesman returned in 1524 to Mantua, his native place, Giulio Romano accompanied him. The labours of the artist there, both in architecture and painting, were various, but the classic frescoes of the Palace formed an epoch in the taste of modern art. Primaticcio, who for some years was one of the numerous subordinate associates of Giulio at Mantua, imported the style into France at the invitation of Francis I., and decorated the palace of Fontainebleau with subjects from the Odyssey. The classic taste in France dates its permanent establishment from this period, for the same painter was employed by Francis to collect antique sculptures in Italy; the result was the importation of more than a hundred specimens, together with casts from the treasures of celebrated Galleries. The arts in France may thus be said to have been nurtured in the classic school, and it is not surprising that the taste should have afterwards attained its acme in a French painter—viz.: Niccolo Poussin. The original influence of Giulio Romano is, however, sufficiently acknowledged by the marked homage paid to him in the didactic poem of du Fresnoy.*

* To Mason's translation of this poem, Sir Joshua Reynolds, as is well known, appended notes. The passage in question is as follows :

“ Learn how, at Julio's birth, the Muses smiled,
And in their mystic caverns nursed the child,
How, by the Aonian powers their smile bestowed,
His pencil with poetic fervour glow'd.

In these cases the spirit and genius of the ancient mythology was followed for its own sake, and is directly appreciable, perhaps most appreciable, by the classic scholar and poet. But while all the artists who yielded to the taste of the day must be admitted to agree in one particular—viz. : a dereliction of the inspiring principle of Christian art—it is to be observed that the Italian painters, with the single exception of Giulio Romano, seem to have had an ulterior object in selecting these subjects. The Venetians were smitten with an admiration of colour as a main element of beauty, and justly considered the colour of the nude the worthiest object of imitation. Hence, while they cared little for classic associations, they were readily tempted by the opportunities (such as the fable of Bacchus and Ariadne painted by Titian) which the characters and incidents of the mythology afforded, for giving full scope to their powers. The excellence of Titian, it must be admitted, is never more apparent than when he exhibits in all its splendour, the most beautiful, yet the most negative hue in nature. Again, the spell of Correggio's chiaroscuro, so nearly allied to the voluptuous, led him to select analogous subjects from classic fable ; while the Florentines, and, at a later period, Annibale Carracci, with the purer zeal of anatomical designers, eagerly seized every excuse for displaying the naked figure. The Venetians, who might have been expected to be most fascinated with this class of subjects, are certainly not to be charged so much as the other schools with having abused them. The designs of Giulio Romano and Annibale Carracci, the Ios and Ledas of Correggio and

When faintly verse Apollo's charms conveyed,
He op'd the shrine, and all the God displayed ;
His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,
With more than mortal rage his battle burns ;
His heroes, happy heirs of fav'ring fame,
More from his art than from their actions claim."

M. Angelo, cannot fortunately be paralleled by any Venetian work.

From the death of Giulio Romano—1546—to the rise of the Carracci—about 1580—the subjects for extensive spaces were of the same kind as those of Mantua. The *Odyssey* was selected by Tibaldi to decorate the walls and ceiling of the Institute of Bologna, much about the time that Primaticcio, assisted by Niccolo dell' Abate, painted subjects from the poems of Homer, together with the Acts of Alexander, at Fontainebleau. These three painters are extolled in the well-known sonnet of Agostino Carracci. The subjects of the frescoes of the Palazzo Fava in Bologna (the first work that established the fame of the Carracci) are taken from the *Æneid*;—those of the Magnani Palace represent the history of Romulus;—the Farnese Palace in Rome is filled with mythologic subjects that appear to have little apparent connexion.* Speaking of this work Fuseli says that Annibale Carracci, "with the Capella Sistina and the Vatican before his eyes, filled the mansion of religious austerity (?) and episcopal dignity with a chaotic series of trite fable and bacchanalian revelry." Much allowance is to be made for the spirit of the age; scarce half a century earlier we find the painters of what has been called the ornamental school (the Venetian) decorating the exterior of warehouses with Scripture subjects. The Doges, in the public works of Titian, and even of Paul Veronese, are always in the presence of St. Mark, the Virgin, or the Redeemer; and Tintoret's "Paradise" adorns the Ducal Library.

The scholars and contemporaries of the Carracci, such as Guido, Guercino, and Albano, continued, with more or less natural inclination, to treat classical subjects; and the *Aurora* of Guido may be cited as the favourite of its class. Poussin, Domenichino, Lanfranco and others, by adding

* See the explanation in Bellori—"Le Vite de' Pittori, Scultori ed Architetti moderni."

Tasso and Ariosto to the classical sources, only ministered to the universal taste for what is called profane, as opposed to sacred subjects. It will be even remembered that in such a poem as Tasso, the graver subjects were avoided; it was the garden of Armida, and the attractions of Clorinda and Erminia that were preferred to the pious Goffredo, and to the main incidents of the Epic.

Before the close of the 16th century the classic or profane taste had spread over Europe, with the single exception of Spain, where, either from the bigotry of the priests or the ignorance of the nobility, it never prevailed. Cean Bermudez remarks that neither Roelas, Castillo, nor Murillo ever painted an historical, much less a mythological subject. Whatever Italian and Flemish art lost, therefore, by the introduction of a classical taste, it ought not to be forgotten that the Spanish school gained nothing by rejecting it; and, had not the Sevillian painters under the auspices of Velasquez and Murillo broken through the monkish influence by treating familiar life and portrait, the school might have continued to be what it was in the hands of the artists of Toledo, a dry imitation of Italian altarpieces.

In reviewing the gradual introduction of mythological and poetical subjects in Italy, there is one remarkable fact which cannot but excite our wonder. The poems of Dante, so closely allied, in many respects, to the original religious aim of the Italian painters, and appearing to offer a fit transition from serious subjects to poetic fictions in general, never seem to have been considered legitimate sources of inspiration by the Italian artists. That Orgagna, M. Angelo, and others, gave evidence in their Last Judgment of having been inspired by Dante, is well known; but the subject itself was still the Last Judgment. The engravings by Baldini and others it is scarcely necessary to say were intended to accompany the early editions; but we look in

vain for a series of frescoes from any one of Dante's poems in lieu of the ever-recurring classics. To explain this, from the nature of some of his descriptions, is hardly possible, for, even omitting these, there are incidents in abundance which invite the invention of the artist. It is rather to be referred to a prejudice against taking a poetical subject from modern authority, and this view is confirmed by other circumstances. While the Venetian artists, for instance, frequently painted conversations, musical parties, &c., it does not appear that they ever thought of so popular a writer as Boccaccio. Again, although Ariosto's acquaintance with Titian is supposed with great reason to have influenced the descriptions of the poet, there is no evidence that Titian ever returned the compliment by treating a subject from the *Orlando Furioso*. As to Tasso, the *Gerusalemme*, when once adopted by the painters, may be said to have been the favourite; and the predilection for incidents of this story seems to have been most strongly recommended, if not first introduced, by Niccolo Poussin. These facts, (the general truth of which would not be invalidated even if a few exceptions should be discovered) may tend to show how much the force of what is called the spirit of the age has ever had to do with the choice of subjects; for, without pretending to assign a cause, it almost appears as if the Italian artists had no objection to modern associations and incidents provided they were real, but that they preferred deriving their poetical subjects from a classic authority. Ariosto, who modernised so many antique fables, might easily be confounded with more ancient sources. Ruggiero and Angelica embody the same subject as Perseus and Andromeda; and the escape of Orco from the Den, by Lanfranco—in the Borghese Palace, Rome—is always taken at the first glance for Polyphemus and Ulysses.

The classic taste has ever found an uncongenial atmo-

sphere in Germany. There, the labours of the learned in illustrating the writings of antiquity, have been rather of the nature of research than the effect or the cause of taste ; and when in the last century the æsthetic and antiquarian requisites were united in Winckelmann, Lessing, Heyne, and others, the result was perhaps more apparent in every part of Europe than in their own country. The mania which infected Italy from the close of the 15th century, seems never to have so spread beyond the Alps as to produce a lasting impression on art. The very few early instances of Flemish painters who turned their attention to pagan subjects are to be traced to an Italian influence, and not to the operation of a naturalized paganism. A single instance of a mythological subject occurs in the productions of Van Eyck, if “the Bath” which a Sovereign of Urbino commissioned him to paint may be so called—for nothing but its name is known. By Memling no pagan subject is recorded. Lucas van Leyden also availed himself but indirectly of the privilege of the engravers, his classic subjects being very few ;—a Pallas, the last engraving he did, was probably an imitation of one of the many Italian works of the kind.

Of the succeeding painters perhaps Lucas Cranach was more smitten with antique subjects than any of his contemporaries, from the opportunities they afforded of displaying his ungainly taste in the nude. Albert Durer, however, with a fondness for anatomy which might have led him to adopt subjects from the ancient poets, remained true to the Scriptures and to the legends, and preferred Adam and Eve to the Lucretias of Cranach. The painters of the latter part of the 16th century, who returned from the study of the Italian master-works, such as Bernard Van Orley, Frank Floris, De Vos, and others, imported sometimes the subjects as well as something of the manner of their models ; but even when the old religious exclusiveness

had relaxed in favour of historical and poetical subjects; when Henry Goltzius (a name synonymous with the falsest exaggeration) in affecting to shun the meagreness of his early predecessors, preferred the mythology as a vehicle for Herculean or redundant forms; when, lastly, Rubens in his exuberant versatility allowed ancient history and poetry to have equal claims with the altar piece:—from first to last we do not find the slightest approach to the characteristics of a classic taste.

But in another species of invention, allied to the abstract personifications of the ancients, the nations on the north of the Alps emulated to the fullest extent the practice of the Italians, viz., in the use of the Allegory. This transition from the literal to the figurative sense might indeed be traced with some appearance of plausibility from the examples of pagan art, but the nature of the human mind is of itself sufficient at all times, to account for its employment, and even where very little culture is supposed. It is only where the practice has reached an absurd excess, as was the case at the close of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries, that it is forced on our attention; and it appears that the influence of literature was at this period again the leading cause. A hidden purpose in writings will be most prevalent in times when the truth cannot be spoken openly. The Italian writers from the 14th century abound in concealed or ulterior meanings;—the secret opposition to the Pope, or to the Emperor—the hostility and mutual distrust of the petty Italian sovereigns, were the origin of many a publication in which a political object has been veiled under the garb of poetry or narrative.

It may be fairly presumed that the necessity or the habit of this dissimulation in the great writers of the 14th century, and of those who succeeded them, may have been adopted by later authors when the same motives no longer existed; a decided bias once given, the mere

force of example as usual soon hurried it to exaggeration. It is to be remembered that it is the excess only of this tendency which is remarkable: all moral and didactic poetry has of necessity a hidden aim, but the mode in which this may be attained may be more or less adroit. The result is perhaps never more successful than when the desired effect is produced without any suspicion of the "pious fraud." This was the first purpose of Tasso; but the evidence of an ulterior meaning was then so indispensable that he thought it advisable to remodel his poem with a view to a theological allegory. Ariosto's allegories are more obvious, but they are rather introduced as episodes. Without staying, however, to trace the progress of this taste in Italian poetry or its subsequent influence on northern writers, its acme may be at once instanced in our Spenser's Faery Queen, three parts of which were published in 1590.

The first effects of this taste on the arts of imitation may be traced in the engraved illustrations of the symbols by which moral writers conveyed their lessons. The emblems of Alciatus* who lived in the time of Leo X. were celebrated. Pierio Valeriano, who was selected by the same pontiff to superintend the education of his nephews, published fifty-eight books of Hieroglyphicks. Of the learned men, immediately attached to Leo's court, Paolo Giovio produced a book on devices and mottoes, and Gregorio Gherardini published an "Explanation of the enigmas of the ancients and of the Pythagorean symbols." It appears however, that the antique types were at this time little known, and even when they were, the Emblem-

* "Celebri ancora per le moltissime edizioni e versioni e commenti sono gli Emblemi dell' Alciati, ne' quali egli, sotto figure simboliche, spiegate poi con eleganti epigrammi, describe le virtù e i vizi—opera avuta, e non senza ragione, un gran pregio fin ch'è furono alla moda gli emblemi, ma ora, insieme, con essi, dimenticata."—*Tiraboschi*, "*Litteratura Italiana*," vol. vii., p. 1068.

artists of the 16th and 17th centuries continued to invent after their own fashion. The twelve Virtues by Raphael derived their symbolical attributes from the authorities above quoted, and have nothing in common with the system of the ancients except their number and their names. In the allegories of our own writers we recognise similar sources as distinguished from the antique Iconology. The Fame covered with tongues, introduced by Shakspeare (in the Prologue to the Second Part of Henry the Fourth), is an instance of this, and Spenser's personifications, when not his own invention, are quite distinct from the classic type. The "Iconologia" of Cesare Ripa, the great authority of painters, was published the same year with the first portion of the Faery Queen, but a number of books of the same class had preceded it; one of these is by a painter of Vicenza, Battista Pittori; his designs are accompanied by the epigrams of Ludovico Dolce, and one of them, on the merit of Titian, may be taken as a specimen of the far-fetched allusions which were in vogue. The device is a bear licking its cub, with the motto "Naturâ potentior ars."

Books of the same class were rapidly multiplied beyond the Alps. It will be sufficient to mention the symbols of Typotius published at Frankfort in 1602, and those of Otho Venius, the master of Rubens, in 1607. In one class of these publications the designs were merely intended to accompany and explain the poetry or moral lessons appended to them; but such authors as Cesare Ripa, Boudard, and others, professed to furnish materials for painters. A third class invented or collected the emblems and devices illustrative of the history of particular times and persons; of these, Fabricio, on the life and actions of Gregory XIII., and Menestrier on Louis XIV., are examples. The connexion of historical devices with the armorial bearings of chivalrous times and romances is obvious.

The allegories, even of the great painters, are not always so clear and intelligible as could be wished, but it appears that an acquaintance with emblems was almost a branch of education, and many things which are now strange to us were tolerated and even admired by the wits of the time. Correggio sometimes painted professed allegories, as for instance, "The sensual man fettered by Habit and tormented by Conscience," and its pendant, "Heroic Virtue, overcoming Vice, and crowned by Glory." The subject would scarcely be guessed from the pictures themselves without the titles:—the condemnation of unsuccessful allegory lies in the mere fact that the description conveys the idea better than the representation. In Raphael's *Virtues*, before alluded to, the attributes are now totally unintelligible without consulting the *Iconologists*. In his personifications of Philosophy, Poetry, Theology, and Justice, he has followed in a great degree and where he could, the antique types; and it is remarkable that neither Paolo Giovio nor Gregorio Gherardini were at that time to be consulted, for they came to Rome some years later. The *Virtues*, on the other hand, were among his last designs.

Of Michael Angelo's taste in Allegory an idea may be formed by the bas-relief belonging to the Royal Academy—the subject is Lorenzo de' Medici raising the drooping city of Florence, expelling the enemies of Order, and introducing the arts of Peace:—a short title, but far more comprehensive in addressing the imagination than the work itself, characteristic as it is in other respects. His *Day and Night*, *Dawn and Twilight*, on the tombs of the Medici at Florence, are wholly unintelligible as ideas.

But the great age of allegory was only beginning in art when it was ripe in letters; as soon, however, as it was found to be an easy passport to the approbation of the learned, many a painter of modest pretensions sought to recommend himself by the depth and wit of his allusions.

Vasari,* Zuccaro, and their followers, aimed especially at this kind of merit. The former gives his own description of his frescoes in the Ducal Palace at Florence, in a dialogue between a Prince of the House of Medici (Don Francesco) and himself; under the familiar abbreviations of G. & P.—Giorgio (Vasari) and Principe. He begins with the Sala degl' Elementi, and, in the midst of disquisitions in which the heathen Cosmogony and modern astrology are mixed with his own attempts at personifications, he makes the Prince occasionally exclaim, "Oh! quanto mi piace questa storia"—"certamente che questo é un intessuto molto bello e molto bene imaginato." Giorgio proceeds, "that long stone on which all the figures before mentioned rest, is supposed to be the Firmament; I could not represent it more plainly; it is the ninth power of Heaven." In answer to some other profound information, the Prince says with great truth, "you tell me things, Giorgio, to-day that I never suspected were signified under these colours and forms." A female figure that flits before the Moon is explained to be her daughter "Dew." A man with a globe and an hour-glass is "Day." To represent Justice he disdains the ancient and intelligible sword and scales, but arms her head and not her breast, decorates her helmet with white, red, and green feathers, for Faith, Charity, and Hope, gives her a shield with Medusa's head, and places in her hand a sceptre ornamented with a *hippopotamus* at one end and a *stork* at the other. His ingenuity seems most put to the test in applying the antique fables to the fortunes of the Medici, but even here he acquits himself with ingenuity. In the historical or family allusions the dialogue often resembles the descriptions of the visions in Ariosto, where Bradamante, Ruggiero, and others, have the fortunes of the house of Este revealed to them. The letters of Vasari enlighten us still further, for we find that even in portraits the

* The edition of Vasari referred to is that of Florence, 1832—8. 2 vols.

costume and accessories may all be made to allude to the history or excellent qualities of the individual. The round stool on which Alessandro de' Medici sits indicates that his power is to have no end ; the legs of the stool, the colour of the drapery, the polish of the armour, all have their meaning ; and all would certainly be little suspected of having any, with the exception of a helmet on fire on the ground, the unusual appearance of which might excite curiosity. It means eternal peace.

The folly of the painters was encouraged by the same absurd taste among their employers. Vasari, in another of his letters, speaking of a figure of Harpocrates on which he was employed, says, "I have made him with very great eyes and ears, wishing it to be inferred that he saw and heard much, &c. ; he has a crown of cherries and medlars on his head, the earliest and latest fruits, to represent judgment, which, mingled with sour (destiny ?), becomes matured by time ; he is girded with serpents, and places one hand on a goose, to indicate vigilance ; *all this Pope Clement made me do* as a type of our Cardinal (Ippolito de' Medici)."

The inventions of Federigo Zuccaro, to judge from his didactic writings, must have been equally profound, but as he has left us but few descriptions of his works, his allusions cannot be so easily traced. An allegorical satire which he painted in Rome and exhibited publicly, compelled him to quit that city for some years.* The Italian schools, which had sunk into mannerism and affectation in the hands of pedants such as these, again revived, as it were by a common effort, towards the close of the 16th century. Many co-operated in this, but the Carracci have the chief credit of the change. Their efforts were chiefly directed towards the improvement of the art itself, and hence Allegory was with them a secondary object. The fashion of the age, however, still proved to be irresistible, and every artist, sooner or

* He was in England after this at the court of Elizabeth.

later, acknowledged its influence. In Bologna the works of these painters embodied either classic stories or religious subjects, but when Annibale Carracci, assisted by his brother Agostino, undertook to paint the Farnese Palace in Rome, he selected various mythological subjects with a view to a hidden allegory. Bellori, who explains the Farnese frescoes, does not even hint that any allegory was intended in the Fava and Magnani palaces at Bologna, whence it may be inferred that Rome was still the head quarters of this taste. The explanations of Bellori do not come with the authority of Vasari, for that painter, describing his own works, leaves us in no doubt whatever as to his intentions. The following passage from Bellori's account of the Judgment of Hercules—painted by Annibale Carracci in a room adjoining the great Farnese Gallery—if correct, gives but an indifferent impression of the good taste of the painter. "The red mantle of Virtue with the purple tunic are emblems of Divine Valour; and the yellow drapery with which Pleasure is adorned, reminds us that her gratifications soon wither and fade to straw colour."

Among the circumstances which contributed to stimulate and keep alive the love of Allegory and emblematical representation, may be reckoned the Triumphs, Pageants, Masks, and Tournaments, so frequent in the 16th and 17th centuries. The mechanical powers of Leonardo da Vinci had produced wonders at a Pageant in honour of Francis I.; but, in later times, when Painters had learned to unite rapidity of execution with effect, the best talents were often in requisition to decorate the temporary arches and façades with inventions befitting the occasion. A great many of these works have been handed down to us by engravings, but they are oftener merely described; they, one and all, exhibit the usual elaborate conceits, with the full complement of "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers." Vasari in a

letter to Aretino gives a minute account of the paintings and decorations in Florence in honour of the arrival of Charles V. The description of a similar festival in Bologna, on the occasion of the visit of Clement VIII., 1598, is accompanied by the etchings of Guido. The same painter designed and etched the devices employed at the funeral obsequies of Agostino Carracci, in 1603. At the ceremony of the translation of the remains of Paul V. from St. Peter's to S. Maria Maggiore, Lanfranco invented the Allegories. Andrea Sacchi's designs on the occasion of a triumphal entry of some Prince into Rome also exist; but none of these records are more interesting than the description of the decorations of Antwerp on the arrival of Prince Ferdinand of Austria as Governor of the Netherlands — it contains 45 designs by Rubens, engraved by Van Tulden. The cities of the Netherlands were famous for these pageants, and this is to be partly accounted for from the numbers of painters in distemper who resided in Flanders to design subordinate works for the Tapestry manufacturers. At Antwerp, on a similar occasion no less than 233 painters were employed.

The head quarters of tournaments and masks was Ferrara, but Mantua, Milan, and other cities encouraged the same amusements.* It was probably at Ferrara that the first Italian Comedy was represented. The Pageants there in the Carnival of 1561, which celebrated the nuptials of the Duke Alfonso with an Austrian Princess, must almost have realized the romances then so much in favour. These Tournaments were generally part of a romantic allegory, as may be gathered from the titles of some of the descriptions that have come down to us. "Love prisoner in Delos, a Tournament in Bologna." "The Tournament in Mantua, and the invention and allegory with which Signor

* The mask of "Adam," at Milan, is supposed to have suggested materials to Milton.

Borso Bonacossi supported it." The classic taste of Florence too appears in a "Mask of the Genealogy of the Gods of the Gentiles," which last took place there in 1565. Again, a painter so smitten with the picturesque as Paul Veronese, was not slow to avail himself of the materials which Allegory offered. His works accordingly abound with emblematical figures, and his more decorative compositions must have had a close relation with the pageants above alluded to. Thus, while in sacred subjects the painters were at liberty to people the earth and air with angelic assistants, Allegory equally enlarged the machinery of the picturesque in profane subjects; so that earth and air might always be peopled with the forms and hues that best served the ends of effect.

These exhibitions, at least those of a chivalrous kind, were equally frequent in Germany and France. When, therefore, we consider that Rubens was, in the first place, early initiated in the science of Allegory by his master Otho Venius, and by the example of the painters of the day—that his intercourse with courts had familiarised him with such spectacles, to which also, it appears, he sometimes contributed—and lastly, that the minds of all, but especially of the higher classes, were fully disposed to enter into these conceits, we shall look on the frequent introduction of allegorical personages in his works as a natural consequence of the spirit of the age. And although we recognise in Rubens a fondness for these personifications, it must be admitted that Allegory was chiefly used by him as an important auxiliary, and that wherever he did resort to it the *picture* gained by it. It should be remembered too that in Rubens' time the antique types were better understood, and the enigmas of the modern Iconologists were beginning to give way to them. The abstract personifications of Poussin were of course culled from the antique, or invented in its spirit. His vision of Rome and Fortune in

the picture of Coriolanus may be traced to classic sources ; but the personification of the Nile, with head hidden in the reeds, alluding to the undiscovered source, probably originated with him—*valeat quantum*. The idea has been often copied since, and has found more favour than it deserved. The symbolical language of the ancients as applied to art is not only the clearest, but has the recommendation of being more current than any other.*

The evils which the abuse of this taste entailed on Painting were still further aggravated in sculpture. The figures of Falsehood, Heresy, Infidelity, which are so frequent in Italian monuments, were made as hideous and monstrous as possible, on a principle directly opposed to the nature and powers of the art ; but the allegorical mania went still further. To represent Death without its terrors the sculptor of a Papal monument surmounted the whole with a gilded skeleton. In the Villa Mattei a marble Truth opens with both hands a gash in her breast, as if to bare her heart to the beholder.

There was one very general and very decided taste in literature which had no influence on Art in Italy, and but little, if any, in Germany ; this was the passion for tales of chivalry. Subjects from Boiardo and Ariosto were, as we have seen, not often treated by Italian painters, and, when they were, it was without the slightest approach to what is now understood and felt by the term “romantic.” To account for this it should be remembered that, besides the permanent objection to such subjects (from their substituting uncouth forms for the nude) the real age of armour was not past, and the knightly costume with all the “pomp, pride, and circumstance” of chivalry was perhaps too everyday an occurrence to produce the effect on the imagination then, which it produces now ; while the enchantments so indis-

* It has been collected and exhibited in a series of engravings by Millin—a better manual than Cesare Ripa.

pensable in the machinery of these stories were beyond the powers of representation. The triumphs of Christian warriors over their Paynim enemies, so prominent a source of interest in these books, and, as it would appear, so legitimate a subject for Catholic pencils, seem never to have attracted artists. The few subjects of the kind that exist were purely historical, such as the defeat of the Saracens at Ostia, by Raphael, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, by Velasquez, a few allusions to Eastern victories in Venetian altar-pieces, and the Battle of Lepanto on the ceiling of the Gallery in the Colonna palace at Rome by more modern hands. Before our own time no Spanish painter seems to have adopted a single subject from Don Quixote's Library; no Italian or Frenchman cared to represent the deeds of the Paladins in Boiardo and Ariosto; and no German ever thought of the Niebelingen Lied. The "Knight" of Albert Durer was perhaps intended as a characteristic figure; at all events it corresponds in many respects with the chivalrous "ideal." Giorgione seems to have been somewhat smitten with this taste, as may be inferred from his selecting a fashion of armour a little older than his own time. But the portraits and events of the period, though with all the advantages of knightly costume, were far too real for the chivalry of the poets. The most remarkable work of this class was probably Titian's Battle of Cadore, in which the Imperial knights were represented charging across a narrow bridge in an Alpine scene and during a storm. The picture was destroyed by fire, but a sketch of a portion of it is in the Gallery at Florence, and there exists an old engraving of the entire composition.*

Of the Saints who appeared in arms, St. George, St. Hubert, St. Martin, St. William, and one or two others of

* (See subsequent information on this subject, with plate of original design, in Gilbert's *Cadore*, p. 186.)

less note—the first was most frequently painted, but perhaps never in a spirit analogous to the chivalrous legends. The Church of S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni at Venice was once decorated with a series of subjects from the life of the Saint, but it was Carpaccio who was the painter, not Titian or Giorgione. Tintoret might be supposed to be fully alive to the romantic requisites, yet his picture of St. George and the Dragon in the National Gallery, whatever merit it may have, does not possess, to modern eyes, a chivalrous character, or the impression of a chivalrous period. Paul Veronese, or his employers, preferred the martyrdom of the Saint to his heroic deeds, and Rubens, who has represented St. George more than once, had an object in view quite distinct from the poetry of Romance. The St. Hubert of Albert Durer, though not an armed knight, is sufficiently romantic, and, on the whole, the chivalrous taste seems to have had more votaries in Germany than elsewhere. We find even a fondness there for the representation of armour in sculpture—a taste by no means to be defended. The tomb of Maximilian at Innsbruck surrounded by 28 bronze statues, is a curious instance. After all it may be affirmed that the chivalrous mania in literature was never really communicated to the arts of design, and not a single painter can be instanced who has acquired a name for adequately embodying the characteristics of that species of poetry. The objections arising from the nature of the art have been already alluded to, but the picturesque and the romantic own no such restraints. Although, therefore, it may be little desirable to revive such subjects now, yet when we reflect on the variety of ignoble materials which the attractions of art, and the powers of genius have recommended, it cannot but be matter of surprise that the once extravagant fondness for these fables should never have been ministered to by the pencil.

The pastoral taste found more favour with the Venetians;

probably because it offered a fair excuse for the introduction of the naked figure—the allowable accompaniment of a golden age—but such subjects, as treated by them, however ostensibly ideal or remote, are not to be confounded with antique Idylls and Eclogues. It is even possible that they may have been altogether the result of the picturesque and music-loving manners of the time and place, as the shepherdised creations of the French in the 17th century grew out of the theatre and the courtly masks and greenwood *fêtes*. Yet there was a fondness in Venice for one pastoral writer, quite unequalled in any city of Italy. Nearly thirty editions of the *Arcadia* of Sannazarius appeared in Venice in the 16th century. The first two, printed in 1501—1504, were so imperfect that the author wrote a letter of complaint to a friend in Venice on the subject; a third appeared before the first improved edition by Aldus in 1514. The *Arcadia* may therefore be said to have been in every hand before Giorgione died. And it is impossible not to attribute to this elegant work some degree of influence on a style of art, and a selection of subjects totally distinct from the classic Bacchanals of Giulio Romano, and strictly confined to Venice, until imitation spread it elsewhere. The consideration of the concurring influence of manners will be resumed in another place.

The philosophical speculations of the Italians of the 15th and 16th centuries may be considered as the most important consequence of their classic studies: the thirst for the writings of the ancients was marked indeed by no particular predilections—poets, orators, historians, and philosophers were read with equal avidity; but philosophy was the subject that of itself required the greatest attention, and involved the greatest discussion. The depth of the abstruser doctrines of Plato and Aristotle by degrees engaged the serious meditation and ultimately excited the wonder and reverence of the best intellects in

Italy. It is not uncommon for modern historians to date the revival of letters from the attentive study of Plato at Florence. It was there the most learned Greeks had taken refuge, pleased to repay the hospitality they received by elucidating the difficulties and extolling the matchless structure of their language. And it was then that the garden of the Medici might be said in more than one respect to rival the Athenian academy.

But notwithstanding the authority of the Fathers of the Church, who attest the sublimity, and almost the orthodoxy of Plato's doctrines, the pagan tendency of the study of his philosophy, mixed up, as it was, with classic researches of all kinds, was but too apparent; and Florence was the first city in Italy to assume a character entirely opposed to that spirit of the middle ages, which, after all, had made her what she was. The alarm of the Church had already been excited, but it was lulled to security, at least for a time, as soon as Leo X. ascended the Papal throne;—the classic Leo, who had been nurtured in the Platonist schools of his native city, and trained to emulate alike the taste and the philosophy of the ancients.* With him and the learned and accomplished men who repaired to his court, the head quarters of Platonism may be said to have migrated to Rome. The classic mania had not, however, been suffered to prevail thus far without violent opposition, and while the attacks of such enthusiasts as Savonarola lasted, the partisans of the ancients seem to have hushed their private differences of opinion, to make head against their adversaries. But no sooner was the classic taste in a fair way of acquiring the empire which it has ever since maintained, than the relative claims of the ancient writers among themselves began to be warmly discussed. A war, which had

* Yet, in a few years, he was compelled to suggest or acquiesce in a decree of the Council of Lateran (1517) restricting the study of the heathen philosophy.

long been smouldering, now declared itself between the followers of Plato and Aristotle;* and, perhaps by way of gaining friends among the anti-pagan party, it was affirmed by the admirers of Aristotle that his principles were even more reconcileable with the Christian dogmas than those of his rival. From whatever cause, Plato, in the end, lost ground, while the study of Aristotle acquired a decided preponderance. The preference for Aristotle did not, however, become general till near the middle of the 16th century; but, before the accession of Leo X. in 1513, which naturally caused a reaction in favour of Platonism, the credit of the Stagyrte was so far established that the less elevated or less dangerous nature of his speculations (the very circumstance that made him more popular in the end) was the only point on which he was considered inferior.

The evidence which works of art afford of the effect of such speculations and controversies cannot be supposed to be very apparent or very numerous, yet, as they occur chiefly in the works of Raphael it may not be uninteresting to trace them.

The room in the Vatican where Raphael began to paint, called the Camera della Segnatura, is adorned with four subjects, one on each of the four walls, viz. :—Theology, Philosophy, Ethics, and Poetry. The subject of Ethics consists only of three figures, viz. : Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. On the ceiling are four single figures, personifications corresponding with the respective subjects, viz. : Theology, Philosophy, *Justice*, and Poetry. The title of Jurisprudence has been generally given to the subject of Ethics, owing to a mistaken apprehension of the meaning of the presiding Justice.

Some of the commentators on the Ethics of Aristotle

* This war had commenced so early as the middle of the 15th century, but the prudence of Cardinal Bessarion, himself a Greek, had then reconciled the adverse parties.

have deduced twelve virtues from his system ; but, it must not be supposed that the philosopher who ridiculed the Pythagoreans for attaching importance to numbers had any fancy on this subject. It is not quite clear that he distinguished twelve, and it is certain that different commentators have composed their list differently, for all which dogmatism Aristotle himself is made to answer. If we consult the fountain head we find that this philosopher in his general division of Virtues considers some as intellectual energies, and others as presiding over the affections and passions, while Justice alone resides in the will. It may be gathered from his statement that Prudence is at the head of the intellectual virtues ; that Temperance presides over the desires ; and that Fortitude may represent the defensive passions. Justice, Aristotle distinctly says, is the Virtue that gives efficacy to all the rest and is mixed up with each. The treatment of this subject by Raphael is clearly taken from this beautiful classification, which, it may be observed, the moderns have never improved on. Instead of *four* cardinal virtues he gives us three only : Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance—these represent the whole twelve, but Justice *presides over all*, and is placed in the portion of the ceiling corresponding with these three figures.

It would be difficult to find who first made the list of the twelve virtues, but the number is now consecrated, and the personages themselves have been painted again and again by Italian artists. Raphael has introduced them all in the Loggie, with the three Theological or Christian virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Alexander Piccolomini, an Italian philosophic writer of the 16th century, enumerated the twelve with laudable distinctness ; * and though it may be doubted whether Aristotle would ratify the enumeration, it is certain that it agrees with the

* Prudence, Magnificence, Fortitude, Meekness, Magnanimity, Temperance, Liberality, Love of Honour, Affability, Truth, Friendship, Justice

personifications of Raphael. In the "Discourse of Civil Life," by Bryskett, a friend of Spenser, we find the following passage: "herein do I greatly envy the happiness of the Italians, who have in their mother tongue late writers that have with a singular easy method taught all which Plato or Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely written, of which some I have begun to read with no small delight, as *Alexander Piccolomini*, Gio. Battista Giraldi, and Guazzo." There can be no doubt that Spenser was acquainted with these writers, perhaps had recommended them to Bryskett, and it may be presumed that he had studied Aristotle himself, yet his deviation from the system of the philosopher, while he pretended to follow him, is one among the many proofs of the distortions which these doctrines underwent. In his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser says he intended to write twelve books, each exemplifying one of the twelve virtues of Aristotle, and that Prince Arthur personifies Magnificence, which, Aristotle says, is the presiding virtue without which none of the rest are perfect. We have seen that the Philosopher says this not of Magnificence but of Justice. Again, the first book is Holiness; which of the Aristotelian virtues is this?

It may be observed, with reference to what has been before said on the subject of Allegory and symbolical figures, that Raphael has had the good sense to give his Justice the sword and scales; attributes so universally known that this personage is one of the least objectionable in the Iconology: her head is crowned with a regal diadem, such as is seen on the heads of Juno, thus confirming the notion that she is the paramount Virtue.

In the subject of Philosophy, or, as it is commonly called, "The School of Athens," Plato and Aristotle appear with equal honours, surrounded by their disciples. The figures and actions of the two philosophers express with justest discrimination the nature of their respective studies and doctrines.

Aristotle stretches his arm and wide spread hand before him as if he would grasp the surface of the world; the book he holds in the other hand is inscribed with the title, 'the Ethics.' Plato points to Heaven, holding the dialogue entitled *Timæus* under his left arm. The researches of Aristotle in natural history are among the most prominent of his labours; the then limited knowledge of nature, the ignorance of the microscope, and the imperfect notions of the heavenly bodies, all opposed formidable obstacles to his investigations; yet, notwithstanding the unavoidable errors he fell into, we may safely respect the testimony of Buffon, who says of him, "Aristotle, who is as great a philosopher as Plato, and a better physician, instead of wandering in the regions of theory, collects facts and speaks in a language more intelligible." * With the portraits of these philosophers by Raphael any just description of their views and aims would correspond. And accordingly we find an unintentional illustration of the great artist's conception in the following passage from Goethe. After a masterly sketch of Plato and his doctrines, he adds: "Plato stands in relation to the world as a blessed spirit who is pleased for a time to dwell in it. It is not so much his purpose to seek to know the world as to communicate to it what he brings, and what it wants. He penetrates into depths, rather to inform them with his presence than to search into them. He seeks the elevated regions of thought, as if yearning to repossess his own. Everything he utters relates to an Eternal All, Good, True, Beautiful; the furtherance of which he strives to excite in every bosom. The details of earthly knowledge which he acquires are condensed, it may be even said evaporate in his method, in his communication. Aristotle, on the other hand, stands in relation to the world as a human being, a builder. Once for all he is here, and must work and act.

* Vol. ii. p. 71.

The earth is a foundation for him, but its surface suffices ; from thence to the centre the rest is indifferent. He draws a vast area for the ground plan of his building, gathers materials from every side, arranges them, and rises upward by regular steps like a Pyramid, while Plato seeks the heavens like an obelisk, like a pointed flame."

The engraver Tomasino, who retouched the first print of the School of Athens by Giorgio Mantovano, added diadems and the nimbus or glory to the heads of Plato and Aristotle.

The revived or increased admiration of Plato during the pontificate of Leo X. is not without its evidence in the works of Raphael. Beroaldo, the Librarian of the Vatican, had published with a copious commentary the "Golden Ass" or "Metamorphoses" of Apuleius, a distinguished Platonist, whose character as a philosopher should not be judged by the light production in question. Yet, as if everything from so learned a source must necessarily have reference to recondite doctrines, Beroaldo does not hesitate to say that under a mystic veil the abstruser philosophy of Plato, and even of Pythagoras, might be discerned. This opinion relates to the whole work in which the story of Amor and Psyche is only an episode. The allegory of that story had been explained by Fulgentius,* and its hidden doctrine is perhaps derived from Plato's two dialogues, called *Phædrus* and *Symposion*. The subject of Amor and Psyche seems to have been confined to Raphael and Baldassare Peruzzi, but a similar allegory was often treated afterwards. It is the moral, according to Bellori, of Annibale Caracci's great work (already mentioned), and was suggested, in his case, perhaps by the proximity of the Farnese palace to the villa called the Farnesina, where Raphael painted the subject from Apuleius. Titian, and other painters, who treated the same kind of general allegory, probably all drew from the same source.

* *Enarrationis allegorica fabularum. Fulgentii Placiadis.*

A more direct consequence of the influence of literature in matters of taste is to be sought in the effect of the various books on art which have succeeded each other from the 14th century to the present time. The credit of Vasari's work, "The Lives of the Painters," has had the effect of giving currency to many opinions and statements which are not always reconcileable even with historical truth. In many particulars, indeed, his errors and misstatements have been pointed out, since they were easily detected; as, for instance, where he ventures to describe the frescoes of Raphael from the prints of Mantovano and Marc Antonio. These, having been either engraved from designs, or intentionally altered, differ in many respects from the frescoes themselves, so that Vasari's account of them is often quite inapplicable. In such matters his assertions naturally have not become law; but in others, hereafter to be noticed, where it was difficult to obtain other sources of information, he was long unanswered; thus even his partialities acquired a consecrated authority. Biography is always attractive; and, notwithstanding the more obvious blunders, such as that instanced above, with which Vasari's narratives abound, the entertaining character of his work, the purity of his Tuscan idiom, and the value of a professional testimony in all practical matters, and where he describes what he had seen, have contributed to place this work at the head of its class. With respect to its general influence there can be no doubt that the Florentine artists and even M. Angelo himself have lost nothing in the estimation of posterity by the eulogies of their countryman. His depreciation of other schools and individuals, where he cannot but extol, or where he cannot altogether suppress the merit of the artist, is to be detected in invidious allusions to personal history. In most of these statements he has been successfully contradicted, as in the account of Raphael's and Francia's death, of Perugino's irreligion, &c. The

immediate neighbours of Florence are, as might be expected, the most unfairly treated; the early claims of Siena are passed over, and the Bolognese painters who succeeded Francia are treated with undissembled ridicule. Perhaps to this attack the valuable history of the Bolognese school by Malvasia may owe its origin. Vasari finds fault with Raphael's drawing of the nude, and elsewhere observes that he who does not study the figure early (as the Florentines did) can hardly ever become perfect. He asserts that Raphael attempted in vain to rival the style of Leonardo da Vinci, but that he did profit by imitating that of M. Angelo.* He concludes his critical observations by regretting that the Transfiguration had turned black. The Venetian painters, with the greatest of whom, Titian, Vasari was personally acquainted, are criticised for not preparing cartoons as the Florentines did;† and Titian himself, when he visited Rome, is allowed the palm of superior merit only in portraits. Of Correggio, whose merits are acknowledged with great brevity indeed, but in terms of high praise, he says that if he had quitted Lombardy and visited Rome he would have done wonders. In the same Life he observes that nature "not to be thought partial, had given some rare geniuses to other states, like those who for many years had adorned Tuscany." It is, in short, for Florence, and above all for M. Angelo,

* The question whether Raphael altered his style from a secret inspection of the Capella Sistina, as has been too often repeated from Vasari's statement, is well examined in Quatremère de Quincy's *Life of Raphael*. Sir Joshua Reynolds improves even on Vasari, when he says, "It is to M. Angelo we owe even the existence of Raphael."

† The three foreshortened pictures of Abraham and Isaac, David and Goliath, and Cain and Abel, were executed by Titian, because, says Vasari, he himself could not stay in Venice to complete them. The real cause is, however, hinted at, that Titian understood the art of foreshortening on ceilings. The pictures in the Salute are not originals. Speaking of a picture of the Presentation by Schiavone, Vasari says: "La quale è fatta con una certa pratica, che s'usa a Vinezia, di macchie ovvero bozze senza esser finita punto."—*Vita di Batt. Franco*, p. 909.

that his chief adoration is reserved, and his account of that great artist far exceeds, even in extent, any of the other Lives. The short account of the Flemish painters which Vasari gives at the close of his biographies is sufficiently indulgent, but he derives his information, as he tells us, from two Flemish artists in Florence. When he can judge for himself, as in the case of Michael Coxis, Calcar, and others, he praises them for approaching the Italian manner. Thus foreigners are estimated by an Italian standard, and the Italians by that of Florence.

The popularity of this work cast all others into the shade; for it happened that no eulogist of any other school was so fortunate in recommending himself as an author. The history and defence of the Bolognese (as already said) were undertaken by Malvasia. The names of the Carracci and their contemporaries, whose fame Vasari did not live to witness, added weight to this performance, but it is very far from being so amusing or so critically judicious as Vasari. Bellori, who wrote the lives of Annibale and Agostino Carracci, and those of some of their followers, describes the works of Raphael and exalts his fame without any allusion to those of M. Angelo. His description of the frescoes of the Vatican has been the accredited hand-book on the subject ever since, and it may be observed that no such account of the Capella Sistina ever appeared. The excellence of Correggio, as we have seen, was not disputed, though but briefly noticed by Vasari; had he been less honourably treated we might have had authentic accounts of him and his works by some indignant partisan earlier; for except an imperfect account by Mengs, there has been no life of Correggio which could be depended on till that by Pungeloni appeared. The merits and full reputation of Correggio were brought to light and established by some painters at the close of the 16th century.

Boschini was the eloquent defender of the Venetian school, but, as he wrote his principal work, a poem, in the Venetian Dialect, it is but little known.* He places Titian

* "*La Carta del Navigar Pittoresco*, Dialogo tra un Senator Venetian deletante, e un professor de Pitura soto nome d' Ecelenza e de Compare, Comparti in oto venti. Con i quali la Nave Venetiana vien condotta in l' alto mar de la Pitura, come assoluta dominante de quello a confusion de chi non intende el bossolo de la calamità. Opera di Marco Boschini, Academico Delfico, &c. In Venetia, 1660."

Some idea of the quaintness and humour of this work may be formed from the following quotation from the preface, here literally translated :—

"There is no doubt that he who wishes to build a ship must go to the forest for wood. But it is equally true that it is not enough to have dry and seasoned timber cut under a good moon, for, if it be not put to use by a skilful carpenter, there is risk of making, as the saying goes, out of a lance a thorn.

"To tell the truth, when the thought came to me of building this my ship of painting (nave pitoresca), knowing myself to be a barren forest, although with a little unhewn timber, I found that my brains were 'tabula rasa.' I therefore had recourse for aid to the Venetian artificer Proto, the arch proto, Intendente, the arch intendente, indeed the Plenipotentiary of Painting, who has courteously helped me by giving me a number of master workmen, with all the materials ready at hand which are needful to my undertaking. And, moreover, he has also provided me with suitable building stocks, that is, Venice, on which Gian Bellini, with all care, has laid the first framework, having for assistants his brother Gentile and Vitor Carpaccio. Tintoretto has given the design, so that the ship may have a form that will enable her to stand any sea. Giorgione has put on the rudder that she may be put to port and starboard as may be necessary. Pordenone has set himself to work to frame the timbers according to measurement, shortening and lengthening them for the better shape. Bassano has made the portholes to give light to the cabins and captain's chamber. Zelotti has fixed the mainmast straight and sound. Salviati the foresail. Paris Bordone has gilt the poop. Paul Veronese has adorned it with a lantern all bejewelled. Schiavone, a great calker, has calked her seams. Palma Vecchio has sewn her sails that she may sail the faster. And, moreover, many other Pupils of the painters have done the more common work, such as placing the timbers on the ribs, joining them, tarring them, and everything else required to complete her. The most skilful Titian, true Admiral of Painting, assisting at all these operations."

Boschini's other work, "*Le ricche Minere della Pittura Veneziana*, Venezia, 1674," is written in correct Italian. It gives short lives of the principal painters, and then conducts the reader to every picture then in Venice and in the surrounding islands. It is in the same style of enthusiastic laudation, and apostrophises Venetian art as the "twin of Nature."

at the head of all painters, and replies with becoming warmth to the attacks of Vasari on that painter, on Palma, Schiavone, and on the general practice of the school. He relates that when Liberi was in Rome studying the Last Judgment of M. Angelo, Giuseppe d'Arpino asked how he could waste his time there, when he had Tintoret and Titian to look at at home. He adds that Velasquez, when at Rome, being asked by Salvator Rosa his opinion of Raphael, answered that he thought Venice the best school and Titian the greatest painter—that Rubens and Vandyck always maintained the same opinion—that Albano and Pietro di Cortona considered Tintoret second to none; and that Guido placed Paul Veronese at the summit of the art. These and many other authorities, whose opinions of particular works are given, Boschini quotes chiefly from his own experience; and the greater part of the anecdotes he relates, all redounding to the honour of the Venetian painters, are interesting from the details and even from the familiar style with which they are given.*

Scannelli, in the “Microcosmo della Pittura” †—published 1657—makes Raphael, Titian, and Correggio the great Triumvirate. He was perhaps the earliest writer who embodied the opinion, adopted since the time of the Carracci, that Correggio was in the first rank of ex-

* Speaking of Gian Bellini (“Zambelin”) and his great merits, Boschini has the following stanza :—

“ Chi no vuol creder che sia cusi,
Togia la pala di San Zaccaria
E à Roma in spala se la porta via.
Che i vederà, che l'è co digo mi.”

—*Vento Primo*, p. 31.

Which may be thus translated :—

“ He who will not believe that this is so,
Let him take the altar-piece of San Zaccaria,
And carry it off on his shoulders to Rome,
He will then see that it is as I say.”

† Libro 2, pp. 283, 284, &c.

cellence. He asserts the superiority of Raphael to M. Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and says that Vasari had no foundation for stating that he was the scholar of the two great Florentines "and did not reach their perfection."

An earlier writer, Lomazzo, in his "*Tempio della Pittura*"—1590—although he does not profess to combat Vasari, yet differs essentially from him, and may be understood to give the highest honors to Titian.

The "*Dialogo sulla Pittura*" by Ludovico Dolce, the friend of Titian, can hardly be considered polemical. In the "*Discorso sul Merito di Tiziano*," the Venetian painter is naturally placed at the head of the art.

It is scarcely necessary to say that many works are passed over which are merely didactic.

About the middle of the 17th century, two individuals, the one a Neapolitan painter, the other a French amateur, ventured openly to attack the picture of the Last Judgment by M. Angelo. It does not appear that Salvator Rosa was stimulated to the severe criticism contained in his third satire by any disgust at Vasari's partiality for his own countryman; yet it is not impossible. For he might have had some reason to think the painters of his part of Italy neglected by an historian who professed to be universal. Roland Fréart de Chantelon was the friend of Poussin, and of Errard, the first Director of the French Academy in Rome;—his contemptuous censure of Vasari for blundering in the description of the frescoes of the Vatican is scarcely warranted by its cause, and his strictures on M. Angelo are only equalled in times nearer our own by those of d'Azara and Milizia. The French may have had some ground for pique against Vasari, for there seems no reason why, in the chapter which he devotes to ultramontane artists, in which he gives a place to painters on glass, he should not have included some of the French who

were really famous in this department: nor was it likely that the name of Jean Cousin should have been utterly unknown in Italy. But, from whatever cause, we find the French connoisseurs, from first to last,—De Piles, Felibien and Falconet,—little disposed to acquiesce in the decisions of Vasari; the painters who appeared before and during the age of Louis XIV. claimed a share of the same pre-eminence which France had attained among the nations of Europe, but the full expression of this independence was reserved to a later period. The Marquis d'Argens, in his "*Reflexions Critiques sur les differentes écoles de la Peinture*" (1751) asserts the superiority of the French to the Italian School, and compares the best Italian names with equivalent or surpassing talents selected from among his own countrymen. Jean Cousin is the parallel to Leonardo da Vinci; Le Brun is confronted with Michael Angelo;—Titian with Blanchard;—Tintoret with Van Loo;—Raphael with Le Sueur;—Correggio with Mignard; &c., &c.

The Germans seem to have been content with Vasari's admission that if A. Durer had been born in Italy he would have equalled the best painters of his time. The engravings of the great artist of Nuremberg excited, as well they might, the unfeigned astonishment of the Florentine, and the friendly intercourse which subsisted between the artists of Germany and Italy naturally disposed Vasari to do all the justice he could where a total difference of taste and interest obviated all invidious comparisons. In the imitation of the Italian masters, which for some time characterised the German painters, an exaggeration of the manner of M. Angelo is very conspicuous, and if Pellegrino Tibaldi—a native of Modena—merited from the Bolognese the appellation of the reformed M. Angelo, Spranger and Henry Goltzius might be called his caricatures.

In our own country, where there could be no reluctance,

from the grounds of dissatisfaction before alluded to, to adopt the opinions of Vasari, and every reason, during the last century, for taking the opposite side to the French, the homage to Michael Angelo was a characteristic tenet of the School. In Sir Joshua Reynolds this admiration assuredly was quite independent of authority, but that he followed the statements of Vasari implicitly, even when they are not borne out by facts, is evident from his asserting that "it is to Michael Angelo we owe even the existence of Raphael." The unfriendly feeling which existed between Mengs and Reynolds may also have had its influence. Mengs, like Scannelli, excludes M. Angelo from the highest honors, which are decreed to Raphael, Correggio, and Titian; and d'Azara, the friend of Mengs, expressed a far less reserved opinion to the same effect. It was thus quite natural that Reynolds should distinctly and emphatically declare his admiration (the sincerity of which there seems no good reason to doubt) for so great a genius at a time when so many were disposed to underrate him.

His acquiescence in Vasari's opinions is again apparent in an instance where they were less worthy to be followed. The study of the Venetian masterworks had contributed to produce in one so gifted himself by nature, a knowledge, a taste, and a dexterity in colour which often placed him on a level with the great painters in question. Yet, of all the detractors of the Venetian School, (and there never were many) none can be said to approach the sweeping severity of Reynolds. The cause of this is partly explained by himself, for it appears that he thought it his duty, while the character of the English School was scarcely formed, to deter those whom he addressed from aiming at the perfections of colour, lest they should neglect the severer study of form. While respecting such a motive, it must ever be regretted that so excellent a critic should underrate some of the greatest masters of art the

world has seen: it is above all of importance to observe that such extreme opinions were new in Europe. That they should have been thoughtlessly adopted since by many in our own country from such an authority is not to be wondered at, and it were to be wished that every portion of the excellent discourses of Reynolds were as well remembered as this ungrateful attack upon the Venetians.

It was not suffered to pass in silence: an answer appeared in Venice in 1783,* in which the English President is accused not only of misrepresenting the qualities of the Venetian painters he alludes to, but of suppressing the names of the earlier masters—such as Bellini, Carpaccio, and Cima da Conegliano,—who, from the religious gravity and severity of their style, are altogether exempt from the dangers of that accomplished facility which afterwards prevailed. The adoption by Reynolds of Vasari's contemptuous expressions regarding some of the Venetian artists, particularly in the case of so great a painter as Tintoret, is treated as illiberal and uncandid, and the opinion that the Bolognese colour is superior to the Venetian is laughed to scorn. The testimony of various writers and painters† are accumulated to prove the universally high estimation of Venetian art, and the avidity with which its specimens were sought after by the English (he might have added by Reynolds himself) is fairly adduced as a test of their secret admiration. In conclusion, after noticing some of the recent painters who had done honor to Venice, such as Tiepolo, Piazzetta, &c., the writer predicts the future fame of a young sculptor of two-and-twenty, who had just gone to practise his art in Rome: this was Canova.

* The dedication is dated 1782. The Italian translation of some of Reynolds' Discourses appeared in Florence in 1778.

† Among other circumstances, the writer states that there is in the Corsini Library in Rome the first edition of Vasari, with marginal notes by Agostino Carracci, who, it seems, could not refrain from expressing his utter dissent from the Florentine historian respecting the Venetian painters.

Venice has, in very recent times, found enthusiastic advocates who have warmly defended not only the genius of her painters but even her government. Without further considering the perfection of the art itself in Venetian hands, it may be asserted that if ever a race of painters could be said to have been inspired by religion and patriotism above all other feelings, it is in the bright epochs of Venetian history that we must look for the highest examples. And without entering into the consideration of this remarkable State we may agree with the eloquent French writer* who traces the high character of its art to the above causes, and follow him in quoting a similar expression of praise from an enlightened countryman of our own.†

"Joy is mine
That I have read and learnt thee as I ought,
Not in the crude compiler's painted shell,
But in thine own memorials of live stone,
And in the pictures of thy kneeling princes,
And in the lofty words on lofty tombs,
And in the breath of ancient chroniclers,
And in the music of the outer sea."

This view of the opinions of Vasari is only intended to put those on their guard who have not leisure to consult other authorities, which, it must be admitted in general, are far less amusing.‡ As Reynolds has been followed by many of our own critics, so the Tuscan writers, from Borghini to Lanzi, have agreed with Vasari in giving the palm to Florence.

We assume, at present, it is to be remembered, that

* "C'est une vérité historique incontestable que Venise, malgré tout ce qu'on a peut dire de ses tribunaux secrets, de ses courtisanes célèbres, et de sa machiavélisme commercial, a été la plus chrétienne des républiques."—*De la Poésie chrétienne dans son principe, dans sa matière, et dans ses formes.* Par A. F. Rio, vol. ii., p. 528.

† Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton.

‡ Among the opponents of Vasari, Boschini, as far as he goes, might bid fairest to rival him, but for the circumstance of his having written, as we have noticed, in the Venetian dialect.

the Amateur cannot dispense with authority—that the opinions of others are among the inducements which win his attention to works of art, and teach him to exercise his observation. Insensibly his independent judgment is formed, which may or may not ratify the conclusions of others; but it is quite just and natural, while he rests on authority, that he should suspect those opinions which are likely to be prejudiced, or are avowedly exaggerated. The partialities of Vasari, after all, agree more nearly with general opinion, than those of most other eulogists. Thus Ariosto in distributing the meed of praise and fame to the most distinguished painters, includes the two Dossi of Ferrara, because they were his fellow citizens. Lomazzo, a Milanese, enumerates seven great painters, whose statues of various materials grace his allegorical Temple of Painting. Most of the names are of the best, but Polidoro and Gaudenzio Ferrari are included, and both were from the territory of Milan. Tassoni, the author of the “*Secchia Rapita*” in his “*Pensieri diversi*” institutes a parallel between ancient and modern art, and challenges antiquity to rival eight painters whom he names. In so large a comparison it was likely he could be tolerably just, and he is so, for he includes Albert Durer with the best Italians, and the first on the whole list is Titian; but Parmigianino is added to Correggio, and this is easily traced to the circumstance that Tassoni was a native of Modena.

Having alluded to the influence of writers on art so recent as Reynolds, we venture to approach still nearer to our own times in briefly describing a revolution in a great measure the effect of the opinions of literary men, which has taken place in Germany since the time of Mengs. The immediate successors of that painter, however preferable in the opinion of many to their more celebrated predecessor, can hardly be said to have proposed an object distinct from the imitation of the Italian painters and

the antique statues. Various incidental causes concurred to produce the change in art of which we speak, but patriotism seems to have given the first and mightiest impulse.

The destruction or spoliation of churches in the cities and townships of the Rhine during the wars immediately following the French Revolution, were the means of dispersing the examples they contained of early German and Flemish art; and as those works had rarely attractions enough, maltreated as they were, to tempt the avarice of invaders, they were, in many cases, rescued or cheaply redeemed by those who understood or felt their worth. Some were, by a timely precaution, removed or concealed, but, in most instances, they were ultimately sold to supply the losses which the devastations of war had occasioned to the religious communities. Such was the origin of those interesting collections of early national talent which were destined to produce so powerful an impression on a deeply sensitive people. The same pictures, in their original places, while a part only of the impressive decorations of the churches and chapels, and obscured probably with dust and smoke, had awakened no other feelings than those connected with their situation and religious purpose, but when displayed for themselves as works of art,—after the injuries of time or violence had been repaired,—a crowd of emotions and associations overpowered the beholders. With feelings of patriotism intensely alive at a time when the defenders of the country were battling for existence, the eyes of all were suddenly opened to the forgotten or unheeded excellence of their forefathers in the arts of peace—arts devoted to the service and embellishment of religion. That these works should have been brought into notice at such a time and from such a cause, aroused, as may be easily imagined, the most passionate predilection for the genius of their country, and whatever may have been

the effect in stimulating patriotic ardour during the conflicts that took place in sight of their cathedrals, the admiration we speak of not only outlived the political struggle, but laid the foundation of a total revolution in taste. With such feelings at such moments, nay, even with the loftier and more comprehensive aspirations to which they lead, there are few perhaps who would not sympathise. Who has not regretted that the young nations of the middle ages had not time to expand into free maturity before the revival of a classical influence hastened their development at the expense of a characteristic physiognomy? Who has not asked what language, what habits, what principles of taste would Teutons or Celts,—would Christians generally have arrived at if left to themselves? That such a curiosity is natural and such speculations admissible will forcibly strike us in surveying the beautiful examples of Gothic architecture. It is then we indulge the wish that all that Christian races have thought and done could harmonize as completely with their own condition and being; for, although they might never have rivalled the plastic genius of pagan antiquity, they would have infused the spirit of their religion even into the arts by endeavouring to kindle or encourage the feelings which connect this world with another; above all they would never have applied what, in a given state of things, is beautiful and true, to other circumstances and habits with which they are incompatible.

These ideas, which are but fond imaginations to most of us, if indulged at all, to a German may easily assume plausibility and consistency. It is only in the German nation that the question as to the possibility of all independence of classic trammels can be for a moment entertained; for in language and art, as well as in Religion they may be considered the natural antagonists of the classic ancients. At the period alluded to this question was chiefly agitated with regard to the imitative arts: the proposition was put whether the Germans should follow up the

original character of their art, imperfect as it was allowed to be, or whether they should continue to borrow from a foreign nation and a remote period. It is not our necessary purpose to follow the exaggerations (if affected simplicity and dryness can be so called) to which these speculations led, nor to trace the expansion of this enthusiasm into more rational views and practice. The first effect on art was not produced without the co-operation and stimulus of sincere and eloquent writers. Friedrich Schlegel is generally allowed to have been the first in order; his descriptions of the pictures above alluded to, and his exhortations to men of letters and artists appeared in the "Europa," a periodical work published at Vienna in the first years of the present century.

Two productions of Tieck, or of Tieck and Wackenroder together, may be mentioned next. In one of these we are transported to the times of Albert Durer and Lucas Van Leyden; the hero, Franz Sternbald, is Durer's scholar, and the introduction of artists of the time, the description of their occupation, habits, and opinions is mingled with the aspirations and misgivings of Sternbald himself. The greater part of this composition, while the scene is in Germany, exhibits a passionate interest for the epoch of the actors it commemorates, but the latter part of the German pilgrimage and the whole Italian portion is very inferior, and betrays a different mind and hand. Another work attributed to Tieck and Wackenroder, but probably the work chiefly of the latter, consists of Essays, or, rather, as it is called, "Outpourings of the heart," on various subjects connected with art. The homage to Albert Durer is here again a prominent sentiment, and it is to be remarked that this was the natural transition from Schlegel's admiration of the still earlier German painters. The description by that writer of the altar-piece of the Cathedral at Cologne, painted about 1400, is a remarkable proof of the influ-

ence of enthusiasm; and, in comparing the eulogium with its object, we are forcibly reminded of the weakness of language in conveying a true idea of a work of art; for the same terms in which he describes a performance belonging to the infancy of art, might be applied to an example of its most consummate perfection. Some of the Essays in the "Outpourings of the heart" are founded on Vasari's historical testimony; the incidents are selected unfortunately, being unfounded in fact, such as the story of Francia's death. But among the more interesting and original fragments is a disquisition entitled "Two Languages," viz., Nature and Art—in which these two are not mutually contrasted, but are together opposed and compared with all other language, and shown to have their independent, if not their superior powers and influence. This is one of the notions and expositions which stamps the author as an accurate reasoner, and best exhibits the depth and refinement of his taste.

It has already been observed that after the discovery of engraving on copper many subjects were treated in that mode of representation which seldom appeared in painting. But the art of wood-engraving, from its early connection with the embellishments of books, was still more universal. It is true these accompaniments were sometimes introduced as scientific explanations in works relating to anatomy, mechanics, &c., but they were quite as frequent as mere decorations. Printing, from the first, was naturally allied to an art so similar in its preparation and process as wood-engraving, and hence the graphic ornaments of books by woodcuts may be said to be coeval with printed text. In missals and devotional books the representation of the Saints and other religious subjects were indispensable: people had long been accustomed to them in their manuscript prayer books, and such aids to devotion were then considered as important as the orisons they accompanied. This application of wood-

engraving naturally led the way to the embellishment of books in general: the presses of Florence, Venice, and Lyons, vied with each other in this literary luxury, and the specimens themselves throw additional light on the practice of the schools from which they spring. A curious gallery of art might be formed from the embellished books of the 15th and 16th centuries, for the designs are always original, and, in their compositions, seldom resemble any existing pictures. Many of them, again, exhibit the best qualities and powers of wood-engraving: as this art preceded engraving on copper, the first specimens of the latter have a close resemblance to wood-cuts, especially in the firmness of the outline. In modern times, as is well known, this influence has been reversed, for wood-cuts now attempt to give the richness of metal engraving. When books were the work of calligraphists, and their embellishments drawn, coloured, and gilt by hand, the best artists often employed themselves in the illuminating department. In the early middle ages this was indeed the chief practice of the painters, and even after Painting had made considerable progress, and the demand for altar-pieces was general, such artists as Fra Angelico, Memling, and others, occasionally exercised their talents in this way. But when wood-engraving was introduced, the final execution and even the invention of the designs was seldom the work of the best artists. At least, this was the case in Italy; in Germany, on the other hand, the finest talents were still employed in these productions, as the works of Holbein, Albert Durer, and others prove. Still, the Italian embellishments are strongly marked by the character of the school from which they spring, and often exhibit great beauty of composition, and great intelligence of the figure. A powerful school of designers, under Primaticcio, Nicolo dell' Abbate, and Il Rosso, was, as we have seen, naturalised in France in the first half of the 16th century, and the artists continued their labours under

Francis I. and his successor. The embellishments of the books published in the presses of De Tornis, Rovilio, and others at Lyons during the 16th century, have the general character of the painters above mentioned, with a certain Italian mastery in treating the figure. The wood-cuts from the designs of Venetian artists seldom fail to convey an impression of colour; not indeed in the sense in which that power is frequently understood in modern engraving, but by giving an idea of transparency, by opposing great strength and sharpness in the outlines, markings, and clear shadows, to the reflections and lights, which have thus a sparkling effect, and resemble that internal light which is the great excellence of the Venetian and indeed of all well coloured pictures. The same principle is observable in the wood-cuts of landscapes, which were more coarsely done in Venice than elsewhere. But when this quality was lost in Venetian wood-cuts it must be confessed that they have little else to recommend them; whereas the designs of the other Italian Schools long continued to be respectable from the knowledge of form they displayed.

But, in spite of the public demand, and the frequent intercourse with artists, the publishers of those days appear to have been far less enlightened than our modern editors. An early edition of Ariosto is remarkable not so much for the wood-cuts as for the preface in which they are described; by which it appears that the grossest ignorance on the subject of painting was possible among these publishers of embellished books even at a time when the greatest triumphs of the art had been achieved. The writer in question observes that a great improvement in perspective will be perceived in the designs he recommends, for that many objects are introduced getting smaller and smaller up to the top of the picture. He admits that on the page of the book the figures lie flat, but he informs the spectator

that, notwithstanding this, they are, by an effort of the imagination, to be conceived as standing upright, &c.* If such a passage as this were found in any classic author, we might hastily conclude that it indicated a period when the arts were sunk in the completest barbarism.

The consideration of the influence of politics on the arts, naturally leads to that of the habits and manners of a people; effects connected more or less with the nature and operation of Government and laws. The fluctuations in all that constitutes the external evidences of general opinion and taste belong as much to time as to place, for the same country, not only in the lapse of centuries, but sometimes in a much shorter interval, may undergo great alterations in character. In violent and temporary changes the arts will perhaps be a more faithful and lively record of public feeling than any other language, for it is to them permitted to be enthusiastic; the passionate expression of excitement which is lost for the historian, lives in such effusions as the *Marseillaise Chant*. All that belongs to the intenser, deeper, and vaguer affections, to the loftier imaginations of a people, whether the times be good or evil, will display itself best, if not exclusively, in the arts; and they are then especially interesting when they express feelings which cannot be conveyed in any other form.

But the impression of national character is to be traced where its indications are less pronounced; and the habit of observing this will be found one of the most pleasing speculations to which the cultivated amateur can direct his attention. Even in the silent arts, the observer is again reminded, it is not necessary that the subject itself should be characteristic of a given moral state—though this has sometimes been the case—it is in the character and demeanour of the actors that the habits of thought and the

* "*Orlando Furioso*," printed in Venice, 1566, by Valgrisi, edited by Girolamo Ruscelli.

manners of the age are to be recognised. The dignity and almost solemnity of mien which are remarkable in all the works of the early Italian painters is not entirely to be explained by the religious subjects they treated, nor by the possible inability of the artists to give gayer and lighter expressions; for we find the same sedateness very general in the highest development of art; and it is remarkable that the first exceptions are not to be found in the schools which aimed at the fascinations of colour, nor in festive subjects, but in the Holy Families of Florentine painters. The general character of the productions of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century, is grave and quiet: the grandeur of M. Angelo is perhaps truer to his own mind than to any time or place; but the apostles and philosophers of Raphael and the "dignified Senators" of Titian correctly express the Italian manners which belong to this age. This character is equally apparent in the portraits by those two great painters and by Sebastian del Piombo—these, uniting great tranquillity of mien with a look of inward life, are often true to the heroic age of Italy, and recall the Italians whom Dante described—

"Nel muover degli occhi onesta e tarda—
Ella non ci diceva alcuna cosa,
Ma lasciavane gir solo guardando
A guisa di leon quando si posa."

The manners of the noble Italians of about 1500 still partook of this character, and they have been defined with sufficient minuteness by Baldassare Castiglione in his *Cortegiano*. The scene, as alluded to before, is the polished Court of Urbino in the time of the first Guid'ubaldo (Montefeltro), whose duchess, Elisabetta Gonzaga, was celebrated even among the noble dames of Italy for the perfection of her manners. The company which assembled daily in her apartments, after the visit of Julius II. in 1506, was composed of the most

distinguished cavaliers, and the most accomplished litterati of the time. All are represented as conforming themselves in the midst of their hilarity to the example of tranquil dignity ("d'una graziosa e grave maestà") which was so remarkable in their high born hostess. In describing the manners of the ideal Cortegiano, one of the interlocutors instances the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este as the example worthiest of imitation; observing that, even in the presence of older prelates, being young himself, that nobleman had so dignified a mien, that he seemed fitter to teach others than to need instruction. "In like manner," continues the speaker, "in conversing with men or women of whatever rank, even in jesting, in laughing, and in repartee, he maintains a certain calmness," &c. This tranquillity of mien, however different from modern experience of the manners beyond the Alps, was more or less prevalent in Italy in Castiglione's time, and, as the acknowledged tone of refined society, may be supposed to have been more marked in Ferrara, Mantua, and Venice, in which places, as in Urbino, the example of the Court or higher orders would be more immediate. Rome, from the variety of its visitors, and Florence from the perpetual changes which preceded the established rule of the Medici, would be less certain representatives of the habits of the age. "It is pleasing," says Castiglione, "to see a youth, especially if in the profession of arms, inclined to be grave and taciturn; self-possessed, without that restlessness which often accompanies early life. So collected a manner (in a warrior) commands respect as proceeding less from anger than deliberation, and rather governed more by reason than impetus. Besides, it always bespeaks a magnanimous nature, and we recognise it even in those animals which surpass others in nobleness and force, as in the lion and the eagle." This imaginary picture exactly corresponds with that of many a pale-faced, determined, and thoughtful

Italian, as exhibited in the portraits of the time ; for although Castiglione himself confesses that the glory of the Italian arms had declined, the very confession is intended to excite the patriotism and knightly virtues of his noble countrymen.

The expression of calmness in danger, in works of art, is a remarkable test of national habits, or of the enthusiasm of particular periods. The characteristic of the ideal hero in ancient and modern times is the superiority of the will to external influence ; a calmness so lofty as to be above the atmosphere of the passions. In Greece this was extended in art, and perhaps, by the force of habit and example, in real life, to extreme circumstances of action and danger. The Greek hero or divinity is always self-possessed ; and not only in statues where there were other reasons for limiting the violence of expression, but in other modes of representation, as in the paintings on vases, the features are in a great degree tranquil and the eye calm in the last emergencies. This never obtained in modern art in an equal degree, till adopted by the French school under Napoleon. The French hero then, on the stage, and in pictures, fought, died, or conquered with unruffled features, and with unkindled eye. Even now it would be considered a libel on the sangfroid of a French soldier to represent him, in whatever peril or however bent on revenge, with eyes flashing fire like a wild animal.

How far this is true to refined nature, so as to be understood as its expression in imitation, we need not stay to examine, but merely remark that, of Italian painters, the Venetians seemed most to aim at this calmness of expression in the representation of their heroes. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Giulio Romano (especially the first) seem to have given the natural expressions of rage and fear without restraint. The modern French taste is to be traced in a great measure to the imitation of the classic models of

art and to the Spartan virtues of the Revolution, for we should look in vain for the same quietness of expression in their pictures of battles executed two centuries ago, when the nation was quite as brave, and perhaps more refined.

In observing the gradual development of the powers and direction of the art, the change from the grave to the cheerful, and ultimately to the ludicrous, may seem the natural consequence of a full acquaintance with the capabilities of imitation, coupled with the desire to do what had been previously untried. That such should be the mere result of time when sufficient liberty of opinion exists is quite natural, but the moment of change is generally found to be owing to a corresponding modification of manners. In many countries sufficient liberty of opinion did not and does not exist, as in ancient Egypt, and in modern India and China; and so, in the Papal dominions, in Venice and the more arbitrary States in Italy, the influence of religion and laws rendered changes comparatively gradual and the operation of opinion slow: but in Florence there were two causes which tended for a time to encourage innovation and to undermine the influence of religion. These were the Democratic government, and the taste for classic literature, mythology, &c. At present we allude only to the first.

At a time when the arts, exclusively devoted to religion, were taught strictly to adhere to the forms and types, however rude, which custom and prescription had rendered venerable, even an unstable and disorderly freedom could have a salutary effect; for there is no saying how long the rigid and traditional modes of representation might have lasted but for the capricious liberty of opinion which characterised the Florentines, and which led them to break through established usage as readily as to expel their rulers.

The first great innovator was Giotto; and it may be sufficient here to observe that with a genius which opened up the sources of much that was accomplished in the course

of two centuries later, he united an independence of opinion which presents a sudden and violent contrast to the prejudices and practice of his age. He lived in the most turbulent and fickle times of Florence, and when Dante spoke of him, the poet, after having witnessed the expulsion of his own enemies, had been banished in his turn. The influence of the same license was afterwards apparent where there was not the same genius to recommend and justify it. While the painters of the rest of Italy, and particularly of Umbria, Bologna, and Venice, bent their whole efforts to represent the sacred personages of the altar pieces with a heartfelt devotion which could not but be apparent in their works, a class of Florentine artists, uninfluenced by any feelings for the sacred subjects on which they were employed, aimed at a species of reality which scandalised the public. Especially was this the case when Fra Filippo Lippi copied the features of his *Inamorata* for a *Madonna*, so as to be generally recognised. Still, there were not wanting both painters and preachers who from time to time attempted to stem these abuses, by reviving and encouraging a religious aim in devotional pictures: and hence two distinct aims in Florentine art—the one devoted to external imitation, the other to the expression of an enthusiastic feeling; and there can be no doubt that their mutual influence tended ultimately to the benefit of the art.

The social manners of Florence under her democratic government, with probably much of the license, had something of the cheerful ease and grace of independence; and although the influence of this state of things altogether on art was far from beneficial with inferior talents and vulgar minds, it was in all cases necessarily tempered and modified when applied to devotional purposes. The introduction of smiling expressions in sacred subjects by Leonardo da Vinci was a remarkable innovation in the

treatment of Italian altar pieces; for there is no approach to this practice in any other school before his time. Improving on the hints and attempts of a few Florentine painters, and of Verrocchio, his master, he carried this new grace to sudden perfection: it was diffused by Lorenzo di Credi and others in the Lombard schools, and attained the last degree of playfulness and beauty in Correggio. In this daring and pleasing novelty—daring and questionable as applied to religious subjects—we immediately recognise the effect of that fickleness of taste and contempt of precedent which distinguished Florence, at least for a time, from the other Italian States. We may add that it was scarcely possible for the taste of an age to have a more powerful or more universal representative than Leonardo da Vinci; for, with a capacity for all that was esteemed worthy of attainment in his time, he may be said to have presented in his own person an epitome of the genius, the mental energies, the skill, and the accomplishments of Florence. It was under the influence of the same habits and manners, and partly in all probability from the example of Leonardo, that Raphael adopted the cheerful character which distinguishes the Holy Families he painted in Florence. His later works in Rome of this class were, for the most part, serious and dignified, while his earlier performances in Perugia were imbued with that meek, pensive, and almost suffering character which has been already traced to a peculiar religious influence.

The Venetian painters, always so agreeable, sometimes so cheerful in colour, and so remarkable for vivacity of execution, yet never indulged in the smiling expressions of the Florentine and Lombard painters. The school which most aimed at fascinating the eye is always “grave and reverend” in expression; and this character is not confined to devotional pictures, it prevails equally in festive subjects. In these latter there is a quietness of

mien, and even a solemnity of look exciting associations which, in spite of the cheerful circumstances ostensibly constituting the subject, border on the moral and pathetic. Giorgione's, Titian's, even Paul Veronese's musical groups are always serious. The expression of the two principal figures in Titian's picture called the "Four Ages," in the Stafford Gallery, is a pleasing example. The musical party and the Bacchus and Ariadne, by the same master, in the National Gallery, are of similar character; even the Bacchanals and dancing figures in the last-named picture are sedate, and form a singular contrast, the subject considered, with the smiling gaiety of Correggio's Madonna and Child. To attribute this peculiarity in the Venetian painters to want of power would be absurd: it might be accounted for in some degree by the predominant taste for breadth of local colour; as if these artists were unwilling to disturb the mass of the carnation by ruffling it with expression. But the chief cause is to be sought in the grave manners of the people. It was impossible for the Venetians at all raised above the lowest ranks to encourage bodily activity. Few were the places in the city where a promenade for its own sake could be thought of, and a slow and measured step must have been fittest for a flowing and half-oriental costume. Even their manners on Terra firma went rather beyond those of the rest of Italy in gravity;—the mode of riding called "*alla Veneziana*" was criticised as being too stately. The religious ceremonies, and the solemnity of a mysterious government added a moral influence within a narrow circuit to the local peculiarities, and confirmed the sedate appearance and quiet, tranquil manners of the Venetians. Their chief amusement which, though not silent itself is the cause of silence in many, was music. A letter exists which gives an account of a "*partie carrée*" in Titian's garden in August, about 1530. The party consisted of Titian, the writer Francesco Priscianese, Sansovino the sculptor, and Pietro

Aretino. "Before the table was prepared, for the sun was still powerful though the place was shady, we passed the time in contemplating the excellent paintings of which the house was full, and talked of the beauty of the garden, which is on the further side of Venice, next the sea, in full view of the island of Murano, and other pleasing scenes. No sooner was the sun set than this part of the sea was covered with a thousand gondolas, adorned with beautiful dames, while soft sounds of voices and instruments were wafted to us till midnight, when we were at supper." In this garden, the view from which was only bounded by the blue Friuli mountains, was the tree with round leaves which Titian had introduced in the picture of the Pietro Martire. The instrumental accompaniments of the voice, above mentioned, were not limited to the lute, as the modern reader would imagine, for we learn from the author of the Cortegiano that the violoncello was esteemed the fittest instrument with the voice. Even four of these instruments, then a favourite concert, were still improved, he adds, by voices : the flute he disapproves of.

The costume of the Cortegiano is directed to tend rather to the grave and sedate, than to the "vain." "It appears to me," says Castiglione, "that black, or, if not black, the darker hues have a more becoming effect in dress than any other colours. But this I understand of the ordinary dress ; for over, and with armour, gay and lively colours without doubt are more appropriate. But even in these I should desire that repose which recommends the Spanish nation so much." And elsewhere, "the Spaniards approach more nearly to the Italian character than the French ; for that sedateness and gravity which is peculiar to the Spaniards appears to me more fitting for us than the ready vivacity which is so generally apparent in the French nation." "There are many Italians," he continues, "who endeavour to imitate that vivacity, shaking their heads in talking,

making awkward bows while in motion, and walking so fast that a courier could hardly keep up with them—all which never succeeds with them unless, indeed, they have been educated in France, and have adopted these habits from their childhood." From this it appears that the sedateness which is so general in the Italian pictures in the earlier part of the 16th century, was the true representation of the national character at the time, and that the first exceptions in Florence were also analogous to the manners of her citizens.

The ideas of beauty entertained by the Italians during the period of the perfection of the arts, might be supposed to be derived without reserve from the living examples by which they were surrounded, but in some particulars, either from the conditions of art, or the influence of fashion, they seemed to have preferred a deviation from nature—a deviation at least from their own immediate experience of nature. The preference which the poets have always shown for golden hair might pass for nothing, for, as we shall elsewhere endeavour to show, the descriptive department of poetry is generally rendered effective by means very different from the conditions and necessities of the formative arts, and hence a poetical description is no authority for the painter; but in the present instance the poets and painters happen to agree, and black hair which is so common in Italy and so beautiful everywhere, being found in pictures to be only suited for very dark complexions, is hardly ever to be met with in the Italian paintings as the accompaniment of female beauty. The colour preferred by the Florentines and Lombards, and especially by the Venetians, is undoubtedly the most harmonious that could be adopted for a mellow carnation—being in fact a darkened degree of the very same hue, (rather golden than red) which prevails in the flesh; so that it is not uncommon, in unfinished Venetian pictures, to see the forms outlined with the same warm brown which is used for the hair. The taste was so universal

in art that it even seems to have led to the actual fashion for auburn and golden hair, to obtain which, in Italy, artificial contrivances were necessary. Among the woodcuts of costumes by Cesare Vecelli, the cousin of Titian, there is a representation of a Venetian lady altering the colour of her hair with chemical applications. She sits on the house top, in the hottest rays of the sun, her face being protected by a hat so contrived as to exclude her hair, and expose it to the light. Thus, there may have been a time in Venice when nature was made literally to correspond with the taste of the painters, though at present dark tresses are as prevalent there as everywhere else in Italy.

The taste of the Italian poets with regard to complexion is, however, widely different from the practice of the painters. Ludovico Dolce, who had frequent opportunities of conversing with Titian, and of ascertaining his opinions directly as well as through the medium of his works, observes that "extreme whiteness of tint is not so agreeable as a richer hue, and that vermilion cheeks and coral lips are to be avoided, since they give to faces in pictures the effect of masks." He adds that Apelles preferred carnations bordering on the browner, mellower hue; and that when Propertius finds fault with his mistress for painting herself, the poet expresses a wish that she could exhibit in her face that simplicity of hue which Apelles gave to his beauties. This was the taste of Titian and his followers, and is undoubtedly true to the general impression of Italian nature, although sufficient exceptions are met with to warrant the somewhat different treatment of Paul Veronese. But in that fascinating painter's works the pearliness and ruddiness of the carnation is often accompanied with the lightest golden hair, thus proving that it was a taste not literally derived from Italian nature, however true it might be to a climate beyond the Alps.

Indeed it is by no means impossible that the German taste, which, in colour at least, had always a powerful influence on Venice, may have had its share in some of these predilections.

The finely pencilled eyebrows and high foreheads of the Florentine Madonnas are to be traced also to the *fashion* for these peculiarities among the Italian dames. We learn from a passage in the Cortegiano* that both were the effect of art, and in this case it may be presumed that the painters followed, rather than suggested the fashion. Castiglione, judiciously placing those recommendations highest which do not admit of constant display, observes that beautiful teeth are an advantage in a lady “*because they are seldom seen.*” This seems indeed a proof that the “temperance and smoothness” he recommends existed to a great extent; but, unless the Italians are totally changed, unless they could boast with Lord Chesterfield that, though often smiling, they were never seen to laugh, we must conclude that the Italian Aristarchus meant only to *recommend* this moderation, when he stated it to be so general among his countrywomen. Some other reason may therefore be assigned for the fact that none of the Florentine, Roman, or Venetian painters ventured to show the teeth; and even Correggio can scarcely be said to be an exception, so rare and so little conspicuous are the instances where he has done so. In very early works of art, always remarkable for general incorrectness and misplaced attention to detail, it would be less difficult to find examples. Jacobello del Fiore, an early Venetian, conscientiously painted St. Michael’s teeth, and carefully finished the angel Gabriel’s tongue. It will be admitted on all hands that, in many cases, the modern painters have improved the smile of beauty by exhibiting what the

* “Quindi nasce l’acconciarsi la faccia con tanto studio e talor pena; pelarsi le ciglia e la fronte.”

taste of the age did not permit Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Titian to attempt. Leonardo's Mona Lisa might have been more attractive still, if her dimples and laughing eyes had been accompanied by the mouth which Reynolds caught from Lady Hamilton.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LANGUAGE AND ART.—THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE SUBLIME. —REPRESENTATIONS OF THE SAVIOUR, &c.

THE arbitrary signs of which written language is composed may embody the subtlest operations of thought, but these signs, which vary with time and place, are totally meaningless till we have learned to connect with them the ideas they symbolise. The Plastic arts, on the other hand, however circumscribed in their means of expression, are immediately intelligible, and it is through their universal language that History is sometimes verified, while many a long preserved inscription refuses to give up its meaning.

This immediate perspicuity or natural eloquence of the imitative arts is therefore one of their distinguishing characteristics, although the mere utility to which it may be applied is among the lowest as well as the most limited of their attributes. And it is on this perspicuity that their value and dignity will still be found to depend, even when employed on subjects of imagination; for they can only be generally intelligible in addressing the eye when they express what is familiar to the majority of mankind, or, in other words, when they represent the grander and more general characteristics of nature. If we seek to determine

more accurately the characteristics which principally aid us to recognise a class of objects, we shall find that they consist in those which, being the more constantly present to our observation, are necessarily best remembered. They are then the most frequent, and may be therefore called the most permanent qualities of nature. It follows that a representation professing to be as intelligible as possible, would exhibit all the permanent qualities compatible with the general observation of nature, and sparingly admit those of a mutable kind. This would approach the highest style of art, for the idea of beauty itself resides in, or at least accompanies, the permanent, the general, and the remembered characteristics of nature. Thus the most intelligible representation will also be nearest to the idea of beauty, and the means will be distinct in proportion to our wish to see our visions realised; that is, in proportion to their beauty.

The principle of perspicuity in addressing the sense is, thus understood, one of the most essential in art, and from its paramount necessity we find that the infancy and the perfection of imitation are more nearly allied in this respect than would at first be supposed. The first efforts at imitation in all nations are necessarily marked by an anxious attention to the essential characteristics of the object imitated, in order that it may be easily recognised; and the same qualities (with many more such) are carefully dwelt on in the perfection of art, as the means of arresting the idea of beauty. Now the qualities by which we recognise a class of objects are precisely those on which their relative beauty depends. Hence it is we so frequently find in the rudest specimens of ancient art, and in the earliest after its modern revival, the germs of a pure and genuine imitation,—germs which were afterwards ripened to perfection, and which still surpass in interest, because in truth, the powerful but mistaken innovations of the decline of art, where this first

and last requisite is wanting. The slow but ultimately unerring decision of mankind has condemned these later innovations, and has at all times refused to consider that a genuine idea of beauty, in which the mutable accidents of nature are more apparent than the permanent characteristics.

The endeavour to speak clearly and intelligibly to the eye thus laid the foundation of executive style and beauty, and the perfection of this language was attained when *all* the permanent and easily recognised qualities of the object were effectively expressed; and hence accident, as being least necessary for this purpose, was admitted latest in the course of Art.

But if the infancy and the perfection of art thus necessarily resembled each other in their physical elements, from the influence of the obvious desire of perspicuity, there is a wide difference in their moral elements, and in the end they respectively contemplated; for, however necessary it may be, as long as beauty is aimed at, that works of art should speak clearly to the eye, it is by no means desirable that they should compete with language by attempting to convey precisely the same ideas to all. The perspicuity of pantomimic arrangement and connected action, so essential a requisite in the dramatic style of art, belong not to the end but to the means of imitation, and these, as we have seen, need to be clear and intelligible; but the highest powers of art have an aim beyond this, and are so distinct from the mere exhibition of an action, that they may be fully displayed even where no story is told. It has been justly observed that in Raphael the story is merely a means to show the actors—not *vice versâ*. For if language can describe as accurately and more accurately than art the progress and circumstances of an event, it is evident that the power of telling a story cannot be considered as the proper end and aim of Plastic representation. That power

is not in short a moral element of art. It is a vehicle only, and, as such, as producing an immediate and intelligible impression on the sense, it is beyond the *means* of verbal description, inasmuch as successive detail is surpassed by simultaneous representation, and as intelligible imitation surpasses the conventional symbols of language. But there is an ultimate object in art, beyond this vivid impression on the sense, which must be compared with the ultimate effect of language, and this will be found to consist in such impressions on the imagination as words cannot produce; this ultimate object of art in short begins where the power of verbal description ceases. Almost every part of a work of art is susceptible of an indefinable charm which language can never convey, and this vague impression on the mind beyond the intelligible appeal to the eye is the moral element of art. The truth of these observations will be better tried by examining more accurately the nature of the Plastic arts as distinguished from the means and end of Poetry.

It is supposed that the first attempts at writing were of the nature of the imitative arts. To write and to draw were at first synonymous; but while, on the one hand, the exact and concise methods essential to written language soon distinguished it from the arts of design, the latter established a character of their own by appealing to our more exalted sympathies, and thus gradually neglected the humble office of supplying, to a very small extent, the power of words. Hence it is one of the lowest offices of art to *inform*, and, on the other hand, those languages have least answered their end which have attempted to express complicated ideas by combinations of imitative forms.

The object of perfected written language is therefore to convey comparatively distinct ideas by forms unmeaning in themselves; the highest province of art is to meet indefinite ideas by distinct, imitative representation. Thus,

in language, whether written or spoken, the sign of the idea is less intelligible (having, in fact, only a conventional meaning) than the idea itself; in the Plastic arts it is the reverse. In language, whether Prose or Poetry, the imagination may be said to be *directly* addressed, for the attention is so imperceptibly solicited by the senses in reading or listening that we are scarcely conscious of their intervention; the operation of the intellect in comprehending the meaning of words is, from long habit, effortless and instantaneous, while the meaning attached to each word is, or rather is intended to be, the same to all minds. But, in contemplating a work of imitative art, although the intellect undergoes, or should undergo, no effort, the sense is actively employed; and yet, however distinct and intelligible the object represented may be, the ideas it excites may vary in different minds, according to various capacities and associations. Thus the ideas excited by contemplating M. Angelo's Prophets and Sybils, which are sufficiently definite in execution, are vague, vast, and poetical. The same may be said of the master works of sculpture, which, from the conditions of that art, are still more definite. In proportion as a work of art becomes more widely intelligible by divesting nature of localities and accidents, so its *idea* addresses itself more and more to the imagination. The direct inspection of nature is necessarily an examination of details of which the imagination retains the aggregate or average idea. The impression produced by a representation of this average idea will therefore be truer to the *memory* of the senses than to the sense itself, but the force of the impression will obviously depend on the clearness with which the representation is defined.

The poetry of art then does not consist in the indistinctness of the work itself, but in the vagueness of the impression produced by what it clearly represents. When the

work itself is indistinct the imagination may be said to be almost directly addressed, inasmuch as it is less aided by the senses, and the style of the Plastic arts, as deduced from the above comparison with language, is thus obviously violated, unless there is a meaning in concealment, as in mysterious or sublime subjects. These, it is true, approach the style of Poetry, but there are resources still in the power of Painting which can enable it to maintain its independence, as will be attempted to be shown hereafter. In aiming at the Sublime the object of the artist is to *excite* the imagination; in aiming at beauty he undertakes to *satisfy* it. Distinctness necessarily accompanies the latter attempt, or the imagination would still remain unsatisfied, and the imitative arts would refuse to do what they alone have power to do; for the exhibition of beauty is their exclusive privilege. It may be observed that no distinctness would offend in art or in nature if it did not disappoint, disgust, or terrify; and when an object is unpleasant from being too defined, it will either be because such a definition is not true to the appearances of nature, or because it is not beautiful enough to warrant such a display. In the art of sculpture this hazardous definition must, from the positive nature of the material, be attempted, and, in the same proportion its representations are far removed from ordinary and accidental nature, for the necessity of defining involves the necessity of beauty.

It is then apparent that the means and the end of the Plastic arts are essentially different, and that if it is the lowest *end* of the arts to inform, it is, nevertheless, the highest requisite of their *means*. And the same quality which would be more or less degrading to their moral elements is thus the very essence of their executive style. One of the highest efforts of art is to meet and realise imaginations of which we are already conscious—that general memory of nature in which the idea of beauty resides. Hence art does not so

much inform us, as ratify to the eye what we know, for the abstract idea, although derived from nature, already dwells in the imagination. The *degree*, therefore, in which this dream of perfection is met and realised will obviously depend on the clearness with which the representation can be adequately defined; so that distinctness will ever increase with beauty, and thus the more unreal the idea, always supposing it to be pleasing, the more definite will be its representation.

The *nature of the distinctness* which Painting admits, the mode in which its representations are most intelligible, and the means by which it endeavours to arrest the idea of beauty, are considerations naturally reserved to the examination of the style of that art. It may be, however, at once observed that the distinctness proper to Painting is very relative, even in the highest exhibition of beauty, where there would be least necessity for concealment; but as the degree of beauty becomes less and less the necessity of concealment or mystery increases, till the limits of ordinary effects are overpassed, and the representation becoming more and more uncommon or accidental assumes some new character, and may be capricious, solemn, or sublime. There is only one exception where the extremes which art can embrace meet, and where beauty is accompanied with mystery; the impression thus produced is of the voluptuous kind. The nature of this principle and this union would be best examined in an attempt to define the style of Correggio.*

Although it is true that the representation of beauty is the quality of the imitative arts which is unattainable by Poetry, and that it must, therefore, chiefly constitute their style, yet it will easily be seen that other attractions are not excluded provided they do not usurp the place of beauty. For while deprecating all attempts to make one art do the

* See "Materials for History of Oil Painting," vol. ii. p. 301-3.

work of another, yet absolute distinction and independence of style may be 'carried too far. Just as we find in the Italian opera the story is considered the mere vehicle for the attractions of the music; the language, which was originally intended to be aided in its expression and not superseded by the music, being too often treated as scarcely worthy of attention. Thus it is evident that the appeal to the affections of the heart which can be made by words is much more powerful than the utmost efforts of imitative art to the same object. This does not, however, exclude the passions from Painting, nor even from Sculpture, but it teaches how their effect can be made impressive, and how the independence of Plastic representation can be sustained by calling to its aid those qualities which are, on the other hand, beyond the power of language. The extremes of certain passions, such as anger, grief, fear, may be described in Poetry in all their vehemence, because the imagination alone is addressed and the senses are not shocked. In Painting (to take the art which admits most license) these extremes are necessarily modified, because they are immediately addressed to the eye; so that the necessity for beauty is ever in proportion to the appeal to the senses. Thus the poetical description would be one which could not be represented, and the impression produced by the visible representation would be so vague as not to admit of precise description.* The expression in the statue of the Niobe is of this kind: the moment precedes the death of the children, and consequently there is no intention to represent the subsequent metamorphosis; her expression is the real grief of a living woman, but modified according to the conditions of sculpture and the beauty of the subject. Ovid, on the contrary, describes and dwells upon all her maternal agonies, at the same

* Many expressions of Raphael and Correggio are of this description, although sufficiently distinct in execution.

point of time, in the style suited to Poetry. The difference between the expression of the statue of Laocoon and Virgil's description has furnished the groundwork of an excellent treatise on the different methods of Poetry and Sculpture.* Thus, whenever the arts address the feelings they still address the imagination more, and when expressions are so positive as to leave no room for speculation, but convey precisely the same violently defined idea to all, they depart from the style of the imitative arts, and depart equally from the idea of beauty. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the indistinctness of the idea is not to be confounded with that of the representation of the idea, which, as we have already seen, is, as a general principle, definite in proportion as the object is agreeable. On the other hand, when the work is necessarily indistinct, as in certain subjects where impressions of terror are increased by mystery, the violence of expressions may be more fully hinted at because they are more dimly seen. The general principle is thus the same: the senses must never be shocked; distinctness requires beauty, and unpleasant forms require to be partially concealed.

Again, as there is a gradation in the outward appearance of the passions, considered separately, so there is a gradation in the distinctness and completeness with which they may be rendered in art. The expressions which harmonize with beauty, such as love, joy, benevolence, admit of full development. The opposite feelings of hatred, anguish, revenge, and terror are necessarily limited in their visible representation, and so proportionally of intermediate passions. Hence the impossibility of mixing passions which require different methods of representation; and hence the absurdity of expecting the spectator to imagine characters of one description to be under the temporary influence, only, of other and opposite affections. What is exhibited to the senses is

* Lessing's *Laocoon*.

exhibited once for all. It is in vain we are told that what we see is not the constant character of the personage, or that his form does not correspond with his moral nature. Language can do this at once, because, to the imagination, things past or future are as vivid as things present; where nothing is seen but by the mind's eye, all is equally apparent; but in visible representation the imagination concludes only to the unseen from the seen; from this there is no appeal. A poet can tell us that his mistress is lovely even in her anger, which is easily conceived if we suppose slight variations in her expression, and more than one moment of time; but if meant of one moment only it would be the same as asserting that anger is lovely, which is absurd.* Yet such would be the absurdity if a painter or sculptor, when giving full development to the passion of anger, should expect his representation to exhibit an amiable expression. Furies are described in Poetry forgetting their character and yielding to pleasing sensations; it is true a Fury in Painting, even with an amiable expression and exhibiting some beauty, would not be a very inviting object with "snakes uncurled" still shocking the sense; but, supposing all disagreeable impressions removed, she would then no longer be a Fury, nor even with the addition of her dreadful attributes, as long as her expression differed from her customary character. A reflection of this kind perhaps induced the author of the "Laocoon" to assert that the ancient sculptors had never represented a Fury; he was mistaken, but his principle is still true, for the necessity of defining obliged the sculptors of antiquity to make Furies beautiful.† A mutable expres-

* Statius and Valerius Flaccus have described an angry Venus, and Lessing smiles at the surprise of Spence that no examples of the kind exist in the arts.

† The author of this admirable work is less judicious when he examines how far deformity can be admitted in the arts; in fact he treats Painting and Sculpture as equal in power, forgetting that Painting has the power of concealing as well as of displaying.

sion is one of the extreme difficulties of art ; the appearance of a moment is strictly within the power of representation, but the expressions of two moments, into which there is a danger of falling, would at once defeat the artist's object. An expression which constantly varies agrees with the successive and continued power of language, and may therefore be said to be more poetical than picturesque ; but its changes are composed of separate moments, each of which will be much fitter for representation than for description ; for the only quality attainable by the description which art could not reach, would be the abstract one of mutability, or rather of actual change.

It is apparent that the idea of abstract beauty which addresses itself to the *imagination* and which we associate with the vague and general impression of nature, is more or less opposed to those livelier feelings of sympathy which are addressed to the *heart*. The mode then in which violence of expression may be reconciled with the aim at beauty is by the influence of a principle in some respects of an opposite nature. We have seen that to be consistent with the style of the arts beauty should predominate, but in Painting the degree of beauty which is essential to the pleasing impression of the work may be the result of large and harmonious colour, independent more or less of beauty of form ; and thus the causes of admiration are in less danger of neutralising the causes of sympathy, inasmuch as they may be said to belong to different departments. Thus, there is greater latitude allowed to expression in Painting than in Sculpture, although it still has the limits which may be defined, as before shown, from the comparison with language. We immediately see that beauty in Sculpture depends on *form alone*, and that therefore in subjects of expression the two contradictory principles (beauty and violent expression), abovementioned, contend for mastery on the same ground. Beauty

necessarily predominates, for if (in Sculpture) excluded from form, it exists no where else, and the art would give up all pretensions to please.

But if, as we have seen, the admiration of abstract beauty is so opposed to our sympathy with suffering, we are naturally led to inquire how far Sculpture, consistently with its main object, has the power of affecting us at all; how far, in short, it can appeal to the heart as well as to the imagination. It will be found that it is only in the representation of childhood, where beauty is not of an abstract character, that this power can be attained; or united with impressions bordering on the pathetic. The exhibition of the weakness of old age is too remote from the idea of life, or its hope, and therefore too remote from that of beauty to be fit for the full display of the powers of this art.* The exhibition of age without its weakness, that is, with a nearer approach to beauty, united with some appeal to our sympathy, will therefore be the next degree in which Sculpture can address the feelings. The union of the pathetic with adult beauty will be the least successful. The conventions and conditions of Sculpture are too far removed from familiar nature to excite a lively feeling of compassion; we see suffering in marble with comparatively little emotion, and this is still more the case where the imagination is addressed by the highest degree of beauty, as in adult forms, for that will usurp all our attention. The approach to the pathetic in

* In another of these essays (see "Contributions," Essay 13, p. 368), we have attempted to show that the idea of beauty is as the idea of life. If it be pleaded that death itself may be represented in the arts with effect, it is readily admitted; but whenever death is pleasing, it is because it *resembles life in repose*—

"Before decay's effacing fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

The same noble poet, speaking of the shut eyelid, which might be taken for repose, adds, "Thought shrinks from all that lurks below." Death is therefore never agreeable as death; it must be associated with beauty that is, with the attribute of perfect life, to be so.

Sculpture will therefore be in proportion to the departure from the abstract idea of beauty ; and it is needless to repeat that such a departure is very limited. In the Group of the Laocoon it is remarkable that the figures approach age and childhood as far as is compatible with a considerable degree of abstract beauty,—the first condition of the art. Yet even here we hardly consent to the emotions which the idea of the sufferings we witness should excite. We feel that beauty is still the *end*, we admire rather than weep, and merely consider the dreadful circumstances of the subject as a *means* to display the real strength of the art. If we experience any approach to a lively sympathy it is for the children and especially for the youngest. But if the exhibition of pain and distress in Sculpture, while subordinate to beauty, can never affect our feelings much, it becomes much less limited than Painting in employing such subjects. The group called Arria and Pætus, a dying woman, and a man in the act of stabbing himself, may be looked at not only without emotion, but with that degree of admiration which its approach to beauty warrants. It is not that the illusion is destroyed, but that illusions of this kind can never be produced except in the degrees and in the cases abovementioned. The conclusion then is that we are not so much shocked by the exhibition of suffering in Sculpture as by the want of beauty. In Painting it is different ; for let us suppose the subject of the Laocoon painted—the serpents with all their terrific reality—the victims in their deadly agonies—and no beauty of forms or colours would atone for the harrowing impression. But we should hardly give way to it, we should immediately smile at the injudicious attempt to torture our feelings, and thus art would sustain its worst defeat.*

* An examination of the theory of Architecture, which can only imitate the *principles* of Nature, would lead to an investigation of the causes of beauty itself—the qualities which always accompany it. This is the most

After having thus considered how far the imitative arts can most legitimately affect the imagination, and under what restrictions they may appeal to the feelings, it remains to be examined how and in what degree they may safely pretend to address the intellect. It will at once be seen that this is the province of art in which language most surpasses it, and its efforts to this point will therefore be admissible in a less degree than Passion, and in a much less degree than Beauty. Of the various modes in which the intellect may be addressed in the arts, that will be the most genuine which depends less on the erudition than on the sagacity of the spectator; and that will be the lowest which absolutely informs him. Some attention is frequently necessary to comprehend the development of a story in Painting, and a slight effort of the mind, if soon rewarded, is rather pleasing than not. Common consideration is generally sufficient to unravel any recondite ideas which need no previous learning to decypher them; but, whether requiring learning or not, the spectator who discovers a profound meaning will always rather admire than criticise the obscurity which his own discernment has penetrated. The allusions to costume, to obscure facts of history, and to science generally are obviously addressed only to the few, and therefore require to be sparingly introduced, but these may sometimes affect the imagination even when they are not understood, and if thus aiding the general impression of the work they may be considered genuine additions. It is enough, for instance, that the classic scenery and accompaniments which Poussin often introduces, give an impression of remote antiquity to his works; and what we lose, from being unable to trace all the scientific adaptation of these adjuncts to the circumstances and period of the

subtle and difficult inquiry connected with the arts. It is here we should most admire the sagacious and docile spirit of the Greeks, and find how deeply they had penetrated the essence of beauty.

fact represented, is abundantly compensated by the effect produced on the imagination. Indeed, it may be observed that these accompaniments in Poussin are more in the spirit than the letter of antiquity, for he is frequently incorrect in the mere scholarship of costume. But when such additions are so prominent as to excite curiosity, and thus remind the spectator of his own ignorance (unless mystery be the object) they are necessarily to be condemned. The display of those sciences which are connected with the arts is for the same reason justly censurable. They are supposed, as has been already explained, to aid the artist in rendering nature truly, and hence, when legitimately employed, are concealed in their results.

That exhibition of nature which, by representing the dress, habits, and objects of foreign countries and remote times, literally informs, ranks sufficiently low in the scale of art; but whenever representations of this kind are accompanied by large, true and familiar ideas of nature, the art again regains its dignity. The portrait of an unknown Venetian nobleman by such a painter as Titian would be interesting to some persons as giving information as to the dress of the period; but, in spite of all its local and foreign peculiarities it would interest the admirer of genuine art as being true to larger ideas than such as have merely reference to a particular time, place, and person. Thus the idea of beauty, or that large view of nature by which a work of art becomes generally interesting, is indispensably necessary in some shape or other to every style of genuine art. The pictures by Bassano, and by most of the Dutch masters, would never be esteemed if they exhibited nothing more than the habits and manners of their respective countries. The mode in which their effects are produced, and the idea of colour and light and shade which they exhibit, to say nothing of other qualities strictly constituting the style of Painting, are true to a much larger impression of nature than the

forms of their dress and houses, and even of their figures. It must be admitted that the degree of beauty which they exhibit is not extended to the most interesting point, and hence the mental pleasure they produce is very limited; but it is those larger qualities which give them the relative value they possess, and they are preferred to many works of art which profess to be in a higher taste, but which fail in the great requisites of Painting. An abstract representation of form, without a large idea of colour, is obviously destitute of style, and inferior to Sculpture.

We are accustomed to consider the Sublime as entirely distinct in its nature from Beauty, and it is only in their nearer limits where this distinction appears less palpable that we can, at first, hesitate to admit the general truth of the opinion; but it will be found to be true altogether. The difficulty of analysing and separating these two ideas is no proof that they are ever really identified, or that they can change their nature; and a discrimination of their doubtful limits will be best arrived at by keeping in mind the nature of the impressions produced by their more positive degrees. As the idea of beauty is associated with the objects of natural hope, (life, health, vigour) so the Sublime is immediately or remotely connected with awe and fear. The first (Beauty) resides in the general and familiar ideas of nature, the latter (the Sublime) is always more or less extraordinary. The *causes* of natural fear, the facts which our senses, beyond certain limits, shun, but which our imagination, within certain limits, can contemplate with pleasing dread, are associated with all the gradations of evil—from that which disturbs the tranquillity of a moment, to that which threatens life itself—and may thus vary in their *effects* from the overwhelming idea which annihilates resistance and extinguishes hope, to that undefined impression of awe which scarcely produces a sense of inferiority. We next perceive that the causes of fear may

be divided into those which affect either ourselves or others—that we are either actors or spectators, and that the feelings we can thus experience arise either from the apprehension of evil or from the secure contemplation of it. The extreme degrees of such feelings would be absolute fear or horror; and they, as we have seen, are beyond the limits of the imitative arts. The feelings then, which the exhibition of danger or suffering as exhibited in art can legitimately excite are *fortitude*, or *sympathy*, or some modifications of them. But these feelings are by no means both allied to sublimity in an equal degree; it must be remembered that the idea of the sublime chiefly addresses itself to the imagination; for when compatible with distinctness it is accompanied with beauty, and when terrific it is veiled in mystery, so that in both cases it either indirectly or directly appeals to the imagination. But compassion, or sympathy, is an affection of the heart, and one of its softer affections; and it would thus appear that some idea of danger to ourselves is still necessary to distinguish the sublime from the pathetic; hence the only species of sympathy which is of itself allied to grandeur—or the Sublime—is where we are interested for fortitude itself; thus reducing the feeling within us to which ideas of sublimity are addressed to fortitude or elevation of mind alone.

The degree of fear, or rather of its causes, which are incompatible with definite representation are obviously beyond the powers of Sculpture. The effect of forms which offend the sense by their distinctness would only be terrible, if real, and even in nature we should remove them from our sight, at least by averting our eyes; but in imitative art, as before remarked, our imagination refuses to consent to the illusion. Repulsive subjects, on this account, frequently defeat their aim, for the moment we cease to go along with the conventions of the arts, what we see is no

more than marble or canvas ; and it would be indeed “ the eye of childhood that fears a *painted* devil.” The business of the artist is to make us cherish the illusion ; in proportion then as the sentiment of fortitude is in danger of giving way to terror, the remoteness, indistinctness, or mystery which Painting can command, again make our dread pleasing. The *curiosity* we now feel is the test that we still love the danger. The senses are thus no longer shocked, and what would be ridiculous, because unreal, if distinctly displayed, excites the imagination while only partially seen. The impressions which are opposite to those inspired by the idea of beauty are therefore opposite in their mode of representation in art, and the principle is naturally applicable in the intermediate degrees ; what is most displayed will be most beautiful, what is least agreeable will be most concealed. The degrees of the sublime and even of the terrible which are attainable in Painting are thus almost unlimited, but it must still be remembered that, as long as the senses are addressed, beauty, in some shape, must be the means of attraction. A picture which addresses the *imagination directly* by concealing forms in mysterious chiaroscuro, or by concealment of any kind, without a pleasing effect of colour, is an attempt at Poetry which is inferior to Poetry ; and a picture which addresses the *eye directly* by definite and beautiful forms without a large and true effect of colour is inferior, as has been said, to Sculpture, especially if it is not extensive in its composition.

The degree of fortitude or elevation of mind which can make danger pleasing, enables art to make that first approach to the sublime which admits of definite representation, and which thus may be attained in Sculpture. The art reckons, as it were, on this temper in the beholder ; it can conceal nothing, and hence proportions its most imposing effects to the lofty feeling which can meet and feel familiar with their grandeur. This elevation of mind in the

spectator is at all times necessary to the genuine effect of the sublime, and, as before observed, when it is in immediate danger of degenerating to fear, the illusion is destroyed, and the art has betrayed its interests by attempting too much.

The impressions of awe, veneration, and respect, produced by grandeur, dignity, and power are those middle qualities where the remote influence of fear is less immediately perceived. Fear, indeed, may be entirely overcome and banished from our minds, but if veneration and respect are removed it is not that we have the power of reducing ideas of awe and grandeur, but that we are capable of raising ourselves to their level; instead of bestowing our respect on the object it thus returns upon ourselves, and we feel ennobled for daring to familiarise our minds with sentiments which once oppressed us with a sense of inferiority. Thus in the arts, if impressions of the above kind are so conveyed as to overcome all that is oppressive in their effect, the spectator naturally rises to a level with the greatness he contemplates; and what really partakes of the Sublime assumes the character of exalted beauty, for such it is, as soon as it becomes an object of admiration. The idea of Longinus on this subject, although he speaks of Poetry and Oratory only, seems to be analogous, and is considered by Boileau to be a genuine definition of the Sublime. "For naturally," he says, "our mind elevates itself in some sort from the grandeur of expressions, and catching the ardour of enthusiasm, becomes filled with delight and complacency, as if we ourselves had produced what we have heard." Now the very necessity of elevating our minds before we can fully admire, shows that there is a sense of inferiority; a remote principle of fear to be overcome; but it is no sooner overcome, the idea of greatness is no sooner made familiar to us, than we feel our superiority to our former selves, and we are conscious of being rather

entitled to respect than susceptible of it. In fact, if ever an awful idea is really pleasing to a human being, he must be, at least for the moment, possessed of exalted sentiments. The Prophets and Sybils of M. Angelo produce this elevation in many minds, and the feeling they inspire is justly compared by Sir Joshua Reynolds to what Bouchardon says he experienced on reading Homer; that his whole frame seemed to be enlarged. In these cases then it is not that the degree of sublimity is less; the work of art is unchangeable; it is that our moral dignity and power are more. Our minds are therefore capable of converting sublimity into beauty by exchanging a remote degree of fear for admiration, but it will obviously be an admiration of an elevated kind proportioned to the change in our taste and sentiments. The truth of this will be at once perceived by reflecting on the possible and opposite perversions of feeling, if feeling it may be called, which often result from the habitual contemplation of scenes repulsive in their nature. A field of carnage may, from long acquaintance with its circumstances, be viewed first with indifference and at last with pleasure. The applauding multitudes of both sexes that filled the blood-stained amphitheatre, and which still crowd a bullfight in Spain, prove that the sight of death and suffering may become agreeable. If the secure contemplation of the causes of our utmost fear may thus, by a morbid depravity of taste, become sources of gratification, it is obvious that the degrees of apprehension which are scarcely perceptible may, by a slight exertion of fortitude, be easily converted to pleasurable sensations. There are gradations of taste which are thus greatly in our own power, by accustoming our eyes and minds to higher or lower views of art and nature. We may descend so low in the scale as to admire imitations which have no pretensions to beauty, or we may elevate our minds so as to experience a sincere relish for the sublime. But, as before observed, whenever

an idea of sublimity is regarded with the same admiration we pay to beauty, it assumes, for the time, the place of beauty in our minds ; and thus a work of imitative art of an awful or grand character, if exciting this admiration, may be definite in execution, and if sublimity and distinctness are compatible, it is then, and then only, to be attained in Sculpture.

The first and simplest means by which Sculpture can succeed in this high object is by colossal size. If we can overcome the impression of inferiority in imagining ourselves in the presence of beings of supernatural power and stature, and this is always supposed, our minds naturally rise to a level with the conception ; and a moral grandeur of sentiment within ourselves keeps pace with the physical power offered to our senses. Such representations, however, suppose manly beauty of form, together with power. The idea of the decline of life, the extinction of natural hope, is naturally associated with serious and solemn impressions, and thus, if not accompanied with weakness, if exciting sentiments of respect, is a degree of the Sublime. But the diminution of life is the diminution of the very idea and essence of beauty, and hence needs considerable modifications if represented in the art which is dedicated to visible perfection. The dignity, without the weakness or comparative deformity, of age, represented in a colossal size, would be the nearest approach to sublimity which Sculpture could make. The Jupiter of Phidias was accordingly the most sublime work antiquity had to boast ; the age of the God in other representations which have come down to us is by no means advanced, at least there is no appearance of decline. The idea of immortality,—of the God,—would be obviously destroyed by it. It is the redundant beard and extreme dignity of expression which alone convey the idea of advanced life. Yet these representations at once realise the *Father* of the Gods, and although he is without a wrinkle,

we feel that we behold a venerable being. The variety of materials of which the statue of Phidias was composed might tend perhaps to diminish the grandeur of its effect, but the expressions of enthusiastic admiration bestowed on it by all the classic authors who have alluded to it, leave no doubt of its being the master work of ancient art. The sublimest works in Painting of a colossal and definite execution are unquestionably the single figures of the Cappella Sistina. The older figures in like manner here exhibit the dignity without the weakness of age, but in a less abstract manner than would be admissible in Sculpture from the different conditions of the arts.

It has just been said that the idea of sublimity results, in Sculpture, from colossal size.* The figures of Monte Cavallo are an instance of this, for their forms are such as to excite admiration. A colossal Minerva or Juno produces the same effect, for the idea of weakness which is associated with the sex is forgotten in a martial or dignified appearance; the association of divinity may be left out of the account, for it could never confer sublimity on a colossal Venus. The abstract idea of mere beauty and the feeling it excites are at once incompatible with the remotest sentiment of awe; gigantic stature would in this case only be sufficient to counteract a pleasing impression, without in any degree approaching the sublime. Many female statues of what is called the heroic size have come down to us; the distance or height at which they were seen probably

* However grand the idea or subject may be, a statue *less than nature* can never be sublime. The reality of this art prevents our imagining the figure to be greater than it is. In Painting, unlimited space is often expressed by a skilful hand in the smallest dimensions; in Sculpture, at least in the round, no stretch of imagination nor any nicely calculated scale of comparison with still smaller objects can ever produce this illusion. In rilievo, where there is no longer any immediate comparison with the actual bulk of objects in nature, this illusion is more possible. A Hercules of half an inch high in a gem, gives a greater idea of size than a model in the round of one or two feet high.

reduced them to the size of nature, but this will hardly account for the enormous size of the Flora in the Naples collection; as it is now seen it is too gigantic to produce an agreeable impression, and too soft and feminine to be sublime. The most valued of the statues of Venus are about the size of nature, and the Venus de' Medici is rather less.

Lastly, Sculpture borders on the sublime when even in ordinary or only heroic dimensions it conveys the idea of uncommon dignity, courage, or energy. Beauty is always, we repeat, supposed the indispensable condition of the art; a figure of the heroic kind which thus gives the impression of a rare and matchless physical organisation naturally excites elevated feelings, together with admiration. In making such an idea familiar to our minds, we feel that we have to rise to a level with the conception, but when we are no longer conscious of this process, when no remote degree of awe or respect requires to be met by loftiness of mind, then the traces of the sublime no longer exist. The work can then only pretend to beauty, and can only excite admiration.

It may be here considered how far ideas of *highest* veneration are compatible with definite representation, or with any representation. The person of the divine Founder of our religion is supposed to be a legitimate object of imitative art, whereas the visible personification of the Supreme Being is generally considered a vain, if not an impious attempt. The union of the human with the divine nature in the first case, and the possibility of exhibiting what was once present to human senses, is the usual mode of defending the representations of our Saviour. Yet, however free from impiety, it may be questioned how far such representations can be successful, and how far they can be consistent with the style of the imitative arts. It is evident in the first place that the idea is more impressive than any sign of the idea can be; and the superiority of

this internal veneration once admitted, the representation becomes only a symbol, and cannot be expected to keep pace with, much less to be the cause of feelings of awe and devotion. That the beauty or dignity of the work of art has nothing to do in this case with a devotional feeling, is evident from the uncouth representations of the objects of worship which are so frequently to be met with in Catholic countries; where it will generally be found that those which receive most homage are the most uninviting to the senses and the imagination, as they are commonly the most ancient; dating from the infancy of art. In these instances then the object venerated is a symbol only; it is of a conventional nature, and thus partakes rather of the style of language than of the imitative arts. A work of genuine art professes to meet and realise our imaginations; and were this possible in representing the person of the Redeemer, it would with many persons really have the effect of inviting to adoration. This adequate representation is, however, fortunately impossible, not because sufficient beauty is not attainable, but because the idea does not at all depend on beauty; it dwells rather in our hearts and minds than in our imaginations; hence it again becomes less fit for the imitative arts, and hence the difference between the finest and the meanest representations is a matter of little consequence to those who adore such works as symbols, for symbols, it is obvious, they all equally are.

It must be admitted therefore that the attempt to excite many of the ideas which the contemplation of this subject generates, and, in particular, the utmost degree of veneration, by the analogous impression of a work of art, is vain and impossible. The idea excited by the highest notion of moral perfection, which language itself can scarcely reach, refuses to be presented to the eye in intelligible forms. But, although our minds can never be met in their high

abstractions on this theme by visible objects, our hearts may be touched by them with sentiments of affection and gratitude. Abstract beauty is by no means an essential adjunct to produce such impressions; on the contrary, such feelings are allied to our near, everyday sympathies, not to that large view of nature which excites vague admiration; and one of the reasons why the representations of our Saviour are generally so insipid, is because they are addressed, or are attempted to be addressed, rather to the imagination than to the heart.

But if the attempt to convey an adequate idea of a perfect mind in a human form is thus impossible, how much more vain does the attempt appear to render palpable ideas of perfection which were never associated with the conditions of human nature. The difference, however, is less great than at first appears; it is enough that as regards the efforts of art both ideas are beyond its powers. In this respect, too, the difference between the powers of art and those of language is scarcely perceptible, and the means in which they best succeed in affecting us are the same. The mode in which the idea of the Divinity has been best rendered in art is by meeting feelings which are equally distinct from admiration and dread, from beauty and sublimity. The admiration or dread, the love or fear which a human being may feel towards his Creator, cannot be even remotely excited by any visible representation; for if the mind fail to comprehend the nature of that Being, the attempt to embody that nature by an appeal to the eye is more manifestly vain.

The feelings which remain to be appealed to are then those which our human sympathies may in some measure represent. The love, the veneration, the confidence, and the obedience which a father deserves and receives may be granted to resemble the relation in which the creature stands to his Maker and Benefactor. What has beauty to do with the

love we bear towards our parents? what the profounder comprehension of the duties of such a relation? The human semblance which can touch us with the best and most serious feelings we experience towards a father may thus alone be suffered to represent our God. It is thus that the Bible represents Him; it descends to our sympathies. The Supreme Being is not there painted to our intellect nor to our imagination. He grieves, He repents, He rejoices; He has the visible forms and the ordinary speech of a human being. Who knows not that this is a condescending and conventional idea of the Deity, in order to reduce an abstract and incomprehensible notion to the moral wants and feelings of man? *

It is merely intended by the foregoing observations to point out the only mode in which the Deity can be represented. Most of the representations of the Supreme Being by Raphael and some of the earlier Italian painters are addressed merely to our unlearned and plain feelings, and

* Dante has made his celestial conductress explain the same idea, as follows :—

“ Thus needs, that ye may apprehend, we speak :
 Since from things sensible alone ye learn
 That which, digested rightly, after turns
 To intellectual. For no other cause
 The Scripture, condescending graciously
 To your perception, hands and feet to God
 Attributes, nor so means : and holy church
 Doth represent with human countenance
 Gabriel and Michael,” &c.—“ Paradise,” Canto iv.

So Milton :—

“ What surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,
 As shall express them best.”—“ Paradise Lost,” Book v.

“ These passages,” says Cary, “ rightly understood, may tend to remove the scruples of some who are offended by any attempts at representing the Deity in pictures.”

hence, by avoiding the attempt at an adequate representation of the idea, are the most admissible.

It may be added that the limitations within which these ideas are to be rendered in Painting, exclude them still more from Sculpture. The representation even of the Saviour must necessarily fail in that art from the absolute necessity of beauty, and we have seen how little beauty has to do with the feelings required to be met. If then it be asked how the ancients were impressed with the representations of their Gods, it is answered that they were no more than personifications of abstract qualities in nature, and were thus necessarily addressed rather to the memory of the senses than to the heart or intellect. It was sufficient for a Pagan to admire his deity—the great object of his worship was Nature, and the representative image corresponded with that general impression of nature, which is at once a definition of beauty. This at least was the consistent idolatry of the Greeks.*

The arts then directly and adequately served the cause of religion with the heathens; and in perceiving that they are inadequate to that office as regards the objects of a Christian's worship, we have encountered a truth which it needed not this analysis of art to enforce. For how should abstract ideas of nature—and Nature is Art's only repository—suffice to meet impressions which in their very elements are distinct from and above Nature!

* The Egyptians and other nations frequently addressed their personifications to the intellect. The attributes which can be comprehended, but which offer no attraction to the senses or imagination, were their cold allegories of Nature. The Ephesian Diana may be cited as a specimen.

DISCOURSE.

DISCOURSE

ON THE CHARACTERISTIC DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE FORMATIVE ARTS AND DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

Delivered December 10, 1859.

GENTLEMEN,

IN the remarks which I am about to offer I propose to resume a subject to which I have partially adverted in a former Discourse.

Recapitulating, by way of introduction, the elementary principle there affirmed, I remind you that in the observation of Nature and in the exercise of the eye, the chief aid of the Artist is comparison. The distinguishing attributes of each form and colour can be apprehended by no other means. In like manner the distinctive excellences of each Art can only be arrived at by an analogous process: the character of the Art will consist chiefly in those qualities in which it is found to differ from the other Arts.

To exemplify this process of comparison and its results I propose, on the present occasion, to offer some observations on the distinctive character of Descriptive Poetry, and then to show that a similar method is applicable to every branch of the formative Arts.

Two celebrated definitions have been deduced from the comparison of Poetry and Painting. The one, which is

classical and ancient, is specious but false; the other, which is not older than the close of the last century, is only partly true; but although at once too comprehensive and insufficient, it contains the clue to a right discrimination.

The *dictum* ascribed, according to Fuseli, to Simonides, that "Painting is mute Poetry, and Poetry speaking Picture," is more honourable to our Art than to Poetry; but it is strictly true of neither. Painting is not always "mute Poetry," and Poetry would be degraded indeed if it were restricted to "speaking Picture." The modern definition, which we gather from Lessing, is far more satisfactory. "Painting deals with form in space, Poetry with action in time."* To render this definition somewhat more accurate, we might say: "The Plastic Arts represent objects in a quiescent or in an arrested state, in space; Poetry, when confined to the description of visible objects, dwells on the changes of those objects in time."

It is plain that comparisons can only lead to useful inferences when the relations of the things compared are palpable and appreciable. Hence we never can do more than compare Painting with a part of Poetry. Description, —the only department in which Poetry is in danger of entering into injudicious competition with the formative Arts,—is but a small section of the poetic world. Epic story, dialogue, moral reflections, philosophical arguments, and the whole range of thought, imagination, and allusion, cannot be approached by the arts of representation so as in any way to endanger the independence of poetic expression. This being apparent, the truth contained in Lessing's definition above referred to, may take its place in due order, if we begin with the more comprehensive form before proposed; viz., that the excellence of any one of the Fine Arts

* "Laokoon, 3tte Auflage," Berlin, 1805, §§ XVI. XVII.; compare Anhang, § XLIII.

will consist chiefly in those qualities which are unattainable by the other Fine Arts.

What then, following this guide, are the characteristic differences between the formative Arts and descriptive Poetry? for no other poetry can ever fear a rival in representation. This question I now proceed to consider.

First, with regard to the eye. When descriptive Poetry is literally nothing more than "speaking Picture" (and instances of such bad taste might be adduced), the description must be inferior to representation. A sufficient reason, among others, being that the visible impression is simultaneous and lasting, while each detail described in words is in some measure effaced by the succeeding image. I need hardly observe, that of all dangerous undertakings for the Poet none can be more so than the description of visible beauty, precisely because this is the point in which representation is, or can be, strong. I here use the word description in its literal sense: there are passages in some writers, professing to convey ideas of beauty, which are mere inventories, uninteresting alike to the understanding and to the fancy; too inexact to inform, and too prosaic to excite the imagination. You are doubtless most of you aware, from Lessing's excellent remarks, that Homer nowhere describes the beauty of Helen; yet, avoiding all ineffectual appeal to the eye, he contrives to convey the highest idea to the reader's mind. He tells us that when the old men, seated on the ramparts of Troy, saw her approach, they said to each other, "No wonder that two nations should have endured a long war with all its evils for such a woman, for she equals the immortal goddesses in beauty."* So far is this from being inferior to representation that we can hardly conceive an equivalent representation.

This is a well-known example of the modes in which the Poet can successfully describe beautiful objects, even sup-

* "Iliad," Book III.

posing them to be in a quiescent state ; but when he renders forms or colours mutable he is altogether independent of the plastic arts. Although continuous action is impossible in those arts, the action which is supposed to be arrested in a passing moment is one of their triumphs. If, therefore, Poetry undertakes to describe visible objects, as such, their change of appearance from one state to another, their continuous action, is suggested by the principle above proposed. The Painter may represent figures or objects in momentary (which means in arrested) action, or in absolute repose ; the Poet generally avoids the repose, and prefers the mutable appearances which take place, more or less rapidly, in time.

The poetical descriptions which exemplify this are innumerable. I select a passage from Dante, which not only indirectly illustrates the principle, but amounts to a declaration of the Poet's creed on this point. He speaks of a sleep which overpowered him while listening to angelic music, and says that if he could describe the sleep which closed the eyes of Argus, when lulled by soft sounds—

“ then, like painter,
That with a model paints, I might design
The manner of my falling into sleep.
But feign who will the slumber cunningly,
I pass it by to when I wak'd.” *

As if he had said : “ quiescent appearances may be fit for painting, but the Poet requires the changes which indicate the lapse of time.”

The principle itself is sound ; for the rest, the question whether sleeping figures are necessarily motionless may be answered by Dryden :—

“ The fanning wind upon her bosom blows ;
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.” †

* Cary's Dante, “ Purgatory,” canto XXXII.

† “ Cymon and Iphigenia.”

Thus, when we talk of a “graphic description” in a laudatory sense, we commonly mean a description of a *moving* picture—a description of successive appearances vividly and aptly represented by successive words;—we mean, in short, anything but what is strictly graphic; for a mere description of an immutable appearance would be unsatisfactory, because inferior to Painting.

The description of works of Art, which are unavoidably quiescent, is, on this account, one of the tests of the Poet’s skill—at least as regards the more or less successful manner in which he transfers those appearances into the domain of his own art; for I do not remember an instance of a mere description of a statue or picture, as such, nor can I conceive anything more unpoetical. Among the excellent modern examples of the kind may be mentioned Byron’s, Milman’s, and Shée’s descriptions of celebrated statues. On turning to those passages, you will see how completely independent the poetry is, and yet how worthy of the subjects described. The most ancient instance, often commented on, is Homer’s description of the shield of Achilles—a description which, as you know, is full of continuous action and of qualities unattainable by the formative Arts.

One of the most daring examples of the translation, if I may so call it, of a work of Art into poetic description, occurs in Dante. The Poet is speaking of some sculpture in bas-relief on the white marble base of a precipitous rock. After noticing other representations, he comes to the well-known subject of Trajan and the widow, which he thus describes :—

“There was storied on the rock
 * * * * Trajan the Emperor.
 A widow at his bridle stood, attir’d
 In tears and mourning. Round about them troop’d
 Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold
 The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.
 The wretch appear’d amid all these to say :

‘ Grant vengeance, Sire ! for, woe beshrew this heart,
 My son is murder’d.’ He replying seem’d :
 ‘ Wait now till I return.’ And she, as one
 Made hasty by her grief : ‘ O Sire ! if thou
 Dost not return ? ’ ”

The dialogue continues : the Emperor tells her that in that event his successor may avenge her cause. The importunate widow reminds him that it is for him to do right and not to delegate his acknowledged duty to another. The Emperor yields to her argument, saying :—

“ ‘ It beseemeth well
 My duty be perform’d ere I move hence :
 So justice wills, and pity bids me stay.’ ”

The Poet explains the manifest inconsistency of this description of a work in marble, as follows :—

“ He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produc’d
 This visible speaking, new to us and strange,
 The like not found on earth.” *

None will be disposed to question that fact ; and yet it may be conjectured that Dante had seen something which may at least have suggested this poetic flight. During and before his time, according to Vasari, the practice was adopted, and sometimes abused, of inserting speeches over the heads of painted figures.† The application of this to Sculpture in bas-relief could be easily imagined.

With regard to the legitimate poetical artifice of describing inanimate or motionless objects by the aid of comparison, it is to be observed that the simile, in such cases, is commonly fuller than the subject which suggested it. In the mere mention of Satan’s spear, Milton conveys no image which can degrade the description to a competition with painted still-life, and the Poet’s simile removes it altogether from any rivalry with representation :—

* Cary’s Dante, “Purgatory,” Canto x.

† Vasari, “Vita di Buffalmacco.”

“His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk’d-with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.” *

This mode of avoiding the literal description of inanimate objects is still more poetical when the simile involves an allusion to distant time, and to important events :—

“It was an area wide
Of arid sand and thick, resembling much
The soil that erst by Cato’s foot was trod.” †

Thus Dante, apropos of nothing but sand, calls up in the reader’s mind the long and painful march of the Roman patriot across the desert from Cyrene to Utica.

Such are some of the modes in which the description even of quiescent visible objects may be rendered poetical. I now proceed to the consideration of a wider range of resources by means of which Poetry, though still of the class called descriptive, may be entirely independent of the plastic arts ; and here Lessing’s definition is no longer applicable.

The mode to which I now refer is by addressing the other senses rather than, or together with, the eye. Indeed, after some investigation, I am tempted to conclude, that the prevailing principle with Poets, is to address any sense rather than the eye. I give you some passages from Shakspeare : the following two lines from the *Midsummer Night’s Dream* are remarkable as illustrating much of this principle in a small compass :—

“And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip’d by my side.” ‡

* “Paradise Lost,” Book I.

† Cary’s Dante, “Inferno,” Canto XIV.

‡ Act II., Scene 2.

The “spiced Indian air” is redolent of perfume; the gossiping is addressed to the ear; “by my side” implies the sense of touch; “by night” that objects are indistinctly visible; and “full often” indicates the lapse of time.

In Shakspeare’s descriptions of beauty, it will be seen how instinctively he adheres to the qualities which are the exclusive province of Poetry:—

“Admir’d Miranda

* * * * *

* * * Full many a lady

I have ey’d with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik’d several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow’d
And put it to the foil; but you, O you
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature’s best.” *

You will observe in these lines, first an idea of visible perfection without any attempt at the description of visible qualities; and next, a descriptive passage, addressed not to the eye but to another sense.

Compare the following description of Desdemona:—

“If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning’st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck’d thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I’ll smell it on the tree,—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!” †

Here again a vague impression only of visible perfection is conveyed, while the more special idea is not addressed

* “Tempest,” Act III., Scene 1.

† “Othello,” Act v., Scene 2.

to the eye. In a preceding passage, indeed, when Othello says—

“ Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow : ” &c.,

We have a visible image ; but that image is contrasted in imagination with another state, thus rendering the description more poetical. This power of alluding to an altered appearance, not yet existing, of the object described, is finely illustrated in Campbell's lines :—

“ On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow.”

Milton, in his description of the Garden of Eden, does not disdain the lowest sense, and reclaims the fruit “ burnish'd with golden rind ” from rivalry with Painting, by adding that it was “ of delicious taste.”* It may be added, that the metaphors derived from this sense are numerous in Shakspeare.

In accordance with this feeling for the distinctive style of their Art, we find that Poets, in descriptive passages, have frequently dwelt on sounds and perfumes, and on the sense of touch—even as susceptible of the freshness or warmth of the atmosphere—rather than on visible images ; at all events in preference to quiescent forms and appearances. In the lines of Gray :—

“ The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-roof'd shed.†

In those of Byron :—

“ It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard,
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word,
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.” ‡

* “ Paradise Lost,” Book IV.

† “ Elegy.”

‡ Parisina.

In such passages we recognise the style of poetic description; nor less so when Thomson tells of the leafy luxuriance

“Where the birds sing concealed.” *

When Anacreon directs the “best of painters” to represent the undulating tresses of his fair one, like a true poet he requires impossibilities:—

“And if painting have the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let ev’ry little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.” †

In the description of sounds, Poets are alive to the charm of what musicians call *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. Thus Scott:—

“Some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.
* * * * *

At first the sounds by distance tame,
Mellow’d along the waters came;
And, ling’ring long by cape and bay,
Wail’d ev’ry harsher note away.
* * * * *

Then bursting bolder on the ear
The clan’s shrill Gathering they could hear.” ‡

In the celebrated lines of Dante (for I pass from gay to grave) which translation cannot fitly render, the unlimited duration of the awful sounds described adds to the grandeur of the idea:—

“Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e’en I wept at ent’ring. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell’d the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stained.” §

* Spring.

† Moore’s “Anacreon,” Ode xvi.

‡ “Lady of the Lake,” Canto II.

§ Cary’s Dante, “Inferno,” Canto III.

Dante's predilection for what may be called the poetic elements of description is apparent even when he seeks to convey an impression of a scene in Nature. Here is a landscape by him in this taste :—

“Forthwith I left the bank ;
 Along the champain leisurely my way
 Pursuing, o'er the ground, that on all sides
 Delicious odour breath'd. A pleasant air,
 That intermitted never, never veer'd,
 Smote on my temples, gently, as a wind
 Of softest influence ; at which the sprays
 Obedient all, leaned tremblingly * *
 Yet were not so disorder'd, but that still
 Upon their top the feathered quiristers
 Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
 Welcom'd those hours of prime.” *

In most of these instances of the poetic style of description the sense of vision is not addressed at all, and undoubtedly the poetry is more exclusively poetry on that account. But I have already shown that the description of visible objects can be quite independent of any unfavourable comparison with Painting by a due attention to those poetic conditions which remove it from the character of “speaking picture.”

I have thus endeavoured, by a reference to an important branch of Poetry, to illustrate the position—that the excellence of any one of the Fine Arts will consist chiefly in those qualities which are unattainable by its rivals. I have dwelt the more on the department I have selected, knowing how much false criticism formerly prevailed on that subject ; and I have been induced to illustrate more fully what I believe to be the true principle, in order that the method of comparison which I recommend may be more clearly understood and consequently more easily applied in other cases.

* “Purgatory,” Canto XXVIII.

I invite you to pursue this method in your own respective Arts. For this purpose you may find it convenient to express the principle in a still more comprehensive form : thus—" Things being compared together, their character and relative excellence will consist chiefly in those qualities which are exclusively their own." You will first bear in mind that comparisons need not be made between things totally dissimilar. The point is to distinguish an appearance or idea from those with which it is, or may be, in danger of being confounded. Thus, in expressing death in Painting or Sculpture, it is plain that what we have to avoid is the appearance of mere sleep. Characteristic plastic expression is one of the touchstones of an Artist's ability, and successful examples become types of their kind. We recognise the painter of genius in that figure of Ananias ;* the painful manner in which he has fallen on his contorted hand distinguishes the case from any ordinary fall, and expresses a sudden visitation, even without the evidence of the acts and emotions of the surrounding figures.

Turner, knowing the difficulty, as every Painter must, of clearly expressing an idea distinct from any other, was always ready to appreciate examples of success in this particular, whether in old or modern works of Art. He was even an observer of contrivances for the same end on the Stage. He had long maintained that it was not possible to express, on the stage, the bottom of the sea. On hearing that a new attempt of the kind had been made in some pantomime, he inquired particularly what were the means resorted to. Various incidents were enumerated, at which he shook his head. At last he was told that an anchor was lowered from above, by its cable, till it rested on the stage. He reflected for a few moments, and then said, " That's conclusive."

* Raphael's Cartoon of the Death of Ananias.

All who are conversant with works of Art, must have frequently noticed the ambiguities in representation which Painters sometimes unconsciously fall into. Nor is Sculpture free from such possible oversights. The Student should therefore ask himself what the figures he has put together really express. He should divest himself of pre-occupations derived from other conceptions of the text he proposes to illustrate, and should even invite persons ignorant of the subject to say what the figures are doing. It would involve criticism on many works of Art, and would lead to a higher appreciation of others, if such productions could be described not by their nominal subjects, but by what they really express. We should sometimes find, on the one hand, that the personages represented were not only unworthy of their names, but that they were acting differently from what the story dictated: on the other hand, we should sometimes find a noble realization, and a world of beauty appreciable by the eye alone, which no verbal eloquence could adequately define.

The Poet exercises a power apparently unattainable by the Painter in conveying impressions of objects by means of similes. But let us look more closely into this seemingly exclusive attribute of Poetry. We find that if visible objects in Nature can suggest such elevating comparisons, the same objects adequately represented in Art may suggest similar ideas. The superior advantage of the Poet is that he can express the association as well as the original image, or rather, as we have seen, more fully: but it is not the less true that a worthy representation of the original object may kindle thoughts equivalent, and sometimes superior, to the Poet's similes.

The Painter should therefore ask himself, not only what does his representation really tell, but what is each depicted object really like. The best general answer to the second question, in accordance with the doctrine I have endea-

voured to explain, would be—the object should be like its prototype and like nothing else. But, not to mention that there are appearances in Nature so vague and mutable, that they may almost be said to have a Protean character—such as the forms of clouds and distant mountains which are sometimes so interchanged as to be agreeably ambiguous—not to dwell on these and such as these, including all the fairy transformations produced by atmosphere and light, we find that common incidents and objects, either under the influence of such effects, or in momentary states of beauty, may acquire a character far beyond their average reality; and when this passing charm is caught and expressed in Art, such appearances really suggest poetic similes quite as much as the original phenomena, and with this additional recommendation, that the causes of the impressions are permanent. We all know how readily finely coloured pictures are compared to the purity of the pearl, the bloom of flowers and fruits, and the sparkle of gems; and we know that the imitation of the most common substances is sometimes felt to convey ideas of splendour, transparency, and harmony which suggest the most enthusiastic comparisons. We also know that in condemning false colouring, we say it is like clay, or brickdust, or mud. It is plain then that the world of similes is involuntarily resorted to in our judgment of depicted objects no less than in defining our impressions of Nature.

It may at first appear a truism to assert that things totally dissimilar are in no danger of being confounded. The caution is indeed almost unnecessary with regard to forms, but less so with regard to effects of colour and light. Things very dissimilar in form may be so treated that their consistence, texture, and superficial qualities may be more or less confounded. For want of this discrimination, we sometimes see flesh that resembles porcelain, metallic drapery, soft rocks, and woolly armour. I again except

those Protean appearances in Nature before noticed, the mutability of which is in fact their characteristic.

If the foregoing positions are just, it may be inferred that the representations of Art should always be either equivalent or superior to the object or idea intended to be embodied: further, that the superiority of Art to average Nature cannot be attained by exaggeration, but by the selection of favourable and sometimes momentary states. The criterion thus proposed would, in its application, apparently condemn many a celebrated work. We shall find, however, that it sufficiently accords with the verdict of time; for no Painter has achieved an enduring reputation who has not embodied truth in some sense—truth either ordinary or rare, either familiar or exquisite, or both—in some department of the Art.

One of the uses of a comparison of the different Arts is to guard each against the undue influence of the rest. As regards Painting there seems, at present, to be little necessity for any caution of this kind. Since the beginning of the century, when a Continental School was led into an exaggerated imitation of Sculpture, there has been a universal reaction, and the instances were rare of any of our own Artists being infected by the classic mania. The influence of Poetry has been more apparent, and at one time superinduced a vague and fantastic element which threatened the solidity and independence of our School in an opposite way. At present there is no complaint to be made of a leaning to either excess. The peculiarities which exist in Painting vibrate, at all events, within the limits of the Art, and are characterised by opposition to other modes of Painting, rather than by a questionable adaptation of the attributes of the other Arts.

I observe, in conclusion, that the principle of distinctive character, as I have endeavoured to explain it, is not without a personal, and, in some sense, a moral application.

If the perfection of the Fine Arts depends on their developing, each for itself, the capabilities which belong to it—if nothing is gained, and if much may be lost by any one of them assuming the attributes of another; so the advanced Student, in aiming at distinction, should learn to be true to himself. For, if he seeks to be what he is not, to adopt the thoughts, the predilections, and the practice of others, without sometimes retiring into himself and communing with his own heart, his works will either be without character, or may be contaminated by affectation.

Let me therefore earnestly recommend you to preserve your intellectual freedom; and while you adhere to the essential elements of the Art which you may have chosen, and seek to reproduce in unequivocal representation the qualities of visible things, endeavour to adhere no less truly to your own feeling, subject only to the salutary modifications resulting from knowledge and experience. Nothing, however specious, which can be assumed in its stead, will secure you lasting success. On the other hand, the world, cold and indifferent as it may appear, will always recognise sincerity, and, (your sufficient ability being supposed,) will cordially accept that which is really your own.

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